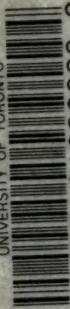


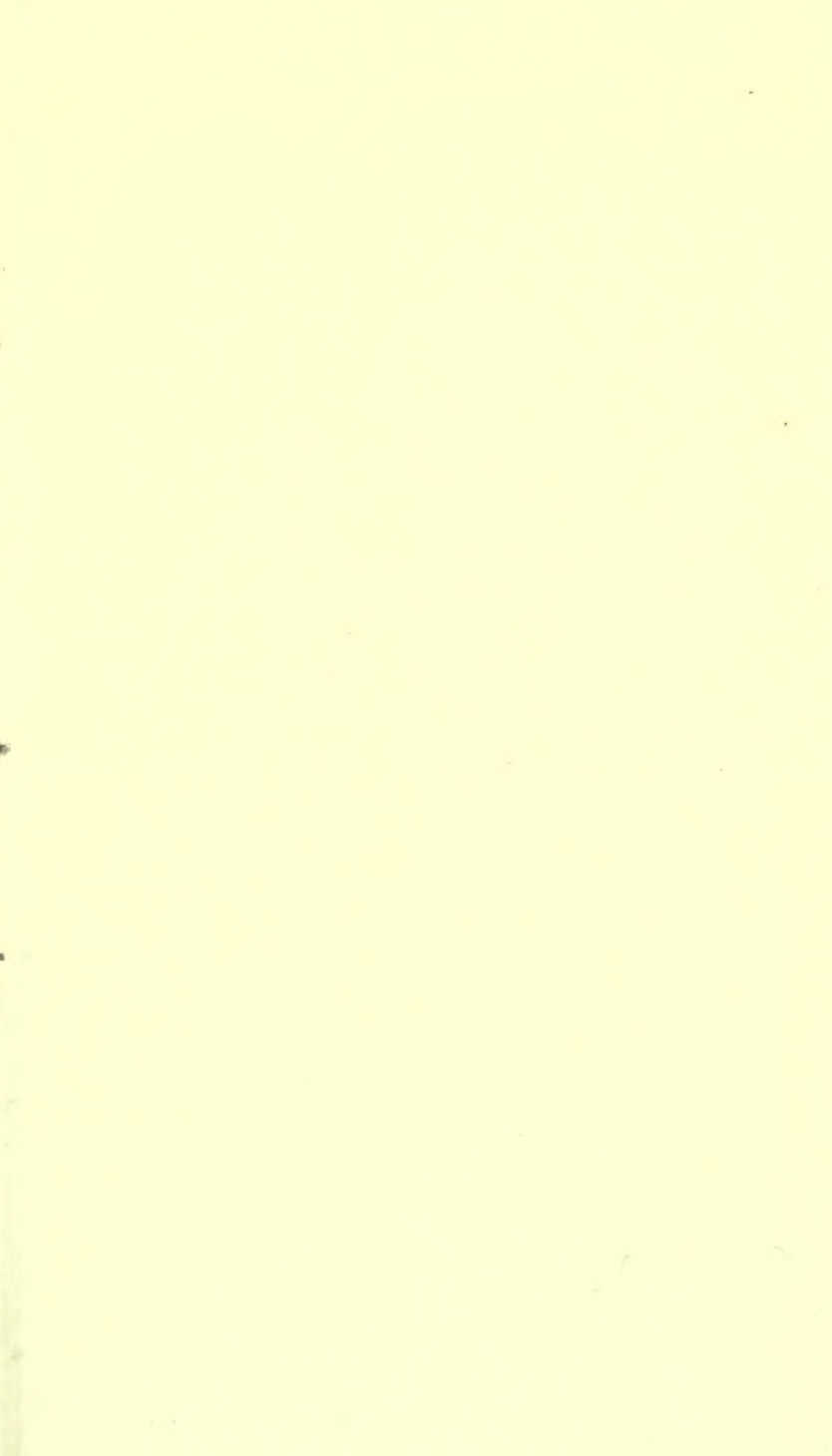
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I

From "The Bells" to "King Arthur"

From "The Bells"

To "King Arthur"

A CRITICAL RECORD OF THE FIRST-NIGHT PRODUCTIONS AT THE
LYCEUM THEATRE FROM 1871 TO 1895

BY
CLEMENT ^{William} SCOTT
///

ILLUSTRATED

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9. 1. 36.

LONDON

JOHN MACQUEEN

HASTINGS HOUSE, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND, W.C.

1897

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A PROLOGUE.

I have been repeatedly asked to publish in a convenient form some of the newspaper criticisms that I have written on the "drama of the day" during the last five-and-twenty years. I own that I was puzzled how to set about it, for if I printed all I have written about the London theatres for the last quarter of a century, the volumes containing the material would fill a decent-sized bookshelf. So it struck me that a good start might be made by boldly taking our leading theatre—the Lyceum—and reprinting the articles I have written in various journals on the productions by Henry Irving, from the memorable, never-to-be-forgotten evening when he startled all London with his *Mathias* in "The Bells," down to his latest play, the "King Arthur" of my friend Mr. J. Comyns Carr.

Note carefully that the articles contained in this volume are reprints and nothing more. I have made no attempt to polish, perfect, or alter in any way opinions rapidly made and as swiftly put into print. Most of them have been dashed off at high speed and pressure between the hours of midnight and half-past one the next morning. Some of them have been written after a night's restless and fitful sleep with that ever worrying

“first sentence” ringing in my ears. I do not profess to call any of them criticisms. They are the best newspaper reports that I could give in the time allotted to me, and I think without egotism I may say that the earlier articles are the first specimens of a style of picturesque reporting in connection with the drama encouraged by the Proprietors of the great and popular newspaper, *The Daily Telegraph*, which I have still the honour to serve, a style of comment which has since found favour with almost every journal, not only in London and the provinces, but over the wide world.

One brief word on this point. We newspaper critics are repeatedly told that we ought to postpone our comment until to-morrow, the next day, the day after that, for a week, a fortnight, or any length of time. Believe me, this will never be done, so long as newspapers continue to be conducted with spirit and enterprise. The production of a new play in London has become a matter of very important news in London, and no paper would be worth its salt if it did not say something about it the next morning. Some may call this item of news, criticism, others may sneer at it as a report, but I am confident that the report of last night’s play will be most universally read which is the best written, and on the whole most truthful and accurate. We are told that the picturesque newspaper report is unfair to the drama and injurious to the artist. My own experience would lead me to state the exact converse. The drama in this country has never flourished so greatly; the actors and actresses of our time have never been so widely recognised or so well paid as they have been since my good, faithful, and loyal friends on *The Daily Telegraph* encouraged me to go on and prosper with the work I

undertook to do. At any rate here is the record of some of my work. Many may think it extremely trivial, and not worth reprinting, but, at any rate, the words recorded here may recall old memorable nights at the play, and the casts of the various Lyceum productions may prove interesting to the playgoer.

It is needless for me to state there are countless Magazines, Reviews, and Gazettes, both monthly and quarterly, in which the drama is fairly, soberly, analytically, and temperately discussed from time to time. Twenty-five years ago few Magazines or Quarterlys dreamed of allowing a corner to the drama. To-day it rears its head in every printed periodical. If we have no Hazlitts, Charles Lambs, or Leigh Hunts on the daily newspaper press, there are many doors open to these sober and reflectful people elsewhere. But I cannot for the life of me see why we should not all work side by side. There are lovers of the drama in the early morning train, tram, or omnibus, as well as in the cosy club or library chair by the side of a comfortable fire.

In conclusion, I have only warmly and cordially to thank my good friends of *The Daily Telegraph*, *The Observer*, and *The Illustrated London News* for their kind permission to reprint these articles "with all their imperfections on their head," and also to offer the sincerest of thanks to a dear companion by my side who has aided me in preparing this book for publication.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

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“The Bells.”

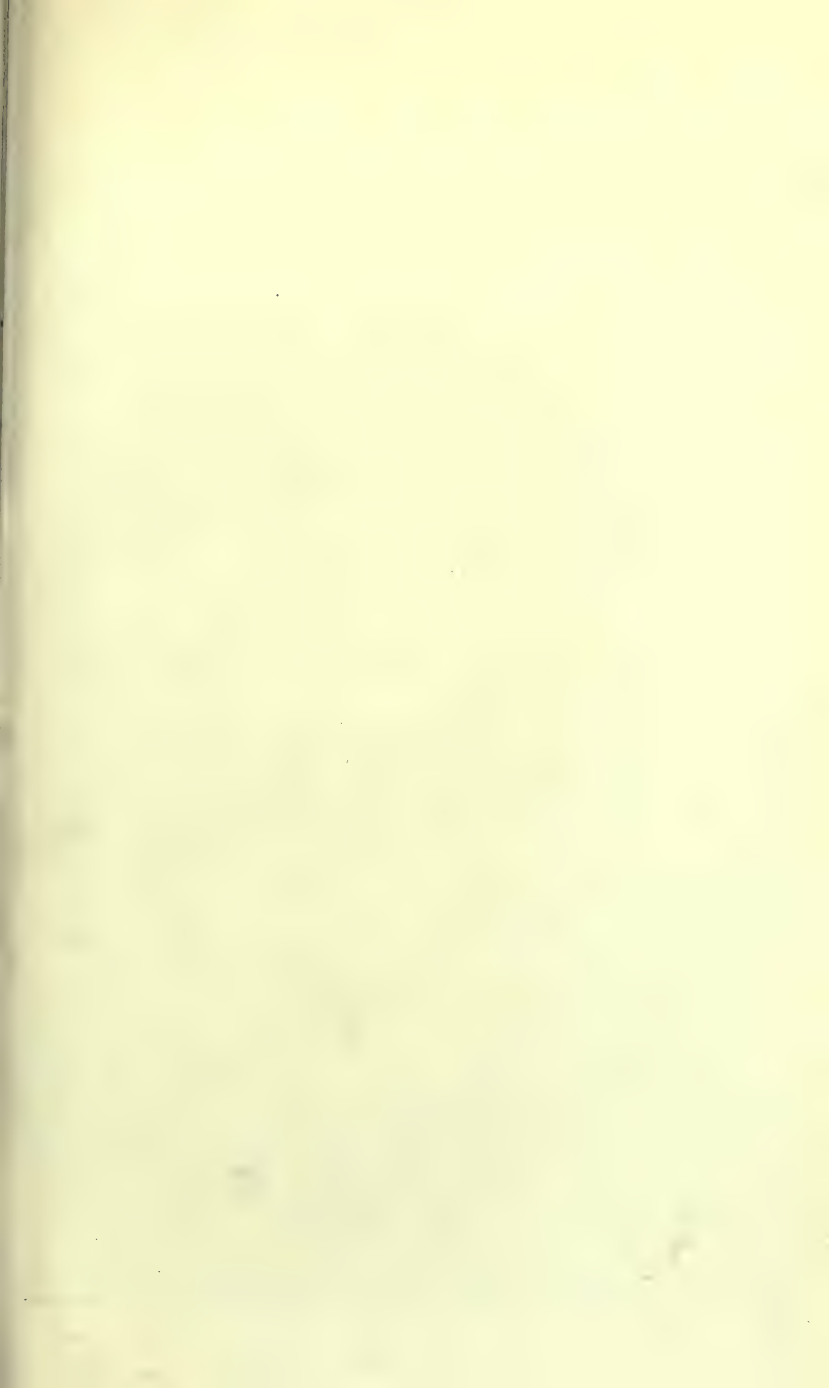
Adapted by Leopold Lewis, from “The Polish Jew,” by
M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
November 25th, 1871.

Mathias	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING
Walter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FRANK HALL.
Hans	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. F. W. IRISH.
Christian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. CRELLIN.
Mesmerist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. A. TAPPING.
Doctor Zimmer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. DYAS.
Notary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. COLLETT,
Tony	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FREDERICKS.
Fritz	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FOTHERINGHAM.
Judge of the Court	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GASTON MURRAY.
Clerk of the Court	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Catherine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss G. PAUNCEFORT.
Annette	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss FANNY HEYWOOD.
Sozel	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss HELEN MAYNE.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

- Act 1. The Burgomaster's Inn at Alsace.
Act 2. Best Room in the Burgomaster's House.
Act 3. Bedroom in the Burgomaster's House.
Vision, The Court.

Alsace, 1833.





“The Bells.”

We have so recently sketched the literary and dramatic history of that extraordinary psychological study, “*Le Juif Polonais*,” by M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian, on the occasion of the production of Mr. Burnand’s version, called “*Paul Zegers*,” at the Alfred Theatre, that it only becomes necessary to note the different treatment by Mr. Leopold Lewis, in his drama of “*The Bells*,” which was received on its first production with the most gratifying enthusiasm. We have before remarked upon the fact that the weird story, though written in dramatic form, was not originally intended for stage representation, and have given our opinion that, without picturesque scenery and detail, coupled with powerful acting, the study is comparatively worthless for histrionic purposes. Mr. Burnand departed widely from the authors’ intention, and by adding a prologue and toning down many of the terrible details, gave us more of a stage play, and much less of a psychological study. Mr. Leopold Lewis, on the other hand, has more faithfully followed the lead of the authors, has preserved the poetical pictures of Alsatian life, and, with one conspicuous and most important exception, gives us the idea of M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian. The exception in question must be recognised, because, as it seems to us, Mr. Lewis has, for the sake of a beautiful stage picture, sacrificed the most important dramatic point in the tale. We take it the intention of the authors was to represent the outward and inner life of a man whose conscience is burdened with the hideous weight of a murder committed fifteen years ago—of a crime, by means of which he obtained capital, success, and the best prizes the world can bestow. The fact of the murder having been committed by Mathias, the respected burgo-

master, is only to be suggested to the audience by his uneasiness and trouble when alone. In society he is to be the most genial and charming of men; in private he is to be torn with an agony of grief. The first act is artistically contrived to show this double life.

The scene is Christmas Eve, an occasion consecrated to domesticity. Though the snow is deep and blinding without, the hearth of the burgomaster is bright, and sorrow is unknown in the happy household. The wife is anxiously awaiting her lord's return; the daughter, happy in the love of a young and honourable man, has still a warm corner in her heart for the father she idolises. In comes Mathias from the cold, apparently the picture of health and happiness. He brings with him kisses for his wife, and a bridal present for the pretty daughter. He sits down to his supper as hungry as a hunter, and the first glass is raised to his lips to toast his family and his friends, when an accidental remark of one of the guests recalls the murder of a Polish Jew, who on this very night, at this very hour, started from this very inn, fifteen years ago, and was never seen again. The wine-cup is put down untasted, and for an instant a cloud comes over the happy face of Mathias. It is well to notice how the dramatic interest increases. Suddenly a noise of bells is heard across the snow, a sledge stops at the door, a man in Polish costume stands on the threshold, asking a blessing on the assembled family, and craving hospitality. Mathias, horrified at this terrible coincidence—for, of course, it is nothing but a coincidence; it is not the murdered Jew, nor the murdered Jew's brother, but merely a chance visit of another wanderer, similarly apparelled, to the inn—falls down in a fit, and the act concludes with the cry, "*Le médecin! courez chercher le médecin!*" Strange to say, this double Jew has been objected to by those who most admire and appreciate the story. "Who is he? and what is he?" they say, failing to see that he is merely introduced in order to re-enact, by a strange fatality, the same scene of fifteen years ago.

Be this as it may, Mr. Leopold Lewis has dismissed the second Jew; he has omitted the original termination of the act; he has given a wrench to the quietly revolving wheels of the story, and he supplies, instead of the

tragic incident, a picture of the actual murder supposed to be seen by Mathias during his delirium. The illusion is admirably contrived, and most effective. It called down shouts of applause from the audience ; but it has just this ill effect, it tells the listeners unhesitatingly that Mathias is a murderer, and this is scarcely what M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian desired to do at this moment. It is only in this instance Mr. Lewis departs from the French play in any important manner, though we own we could have wished the concluding lines of the original drama could have been preserved, which show that, in spite of all, the Alsatian family are unshaken in their confidence in the beloved burgomaster. The death of Mathias is ascribed by the kindly old doctor to the poor fellow's habit of drinking too much white wine. His family believe him to be an honest, upright fellow to the last.

We have before commented upon the extraordinary difficulty attending the proper representation of the character of Mathias, the murderer, particularly in the overlong dream scene, in which the guilty man is brought before his judges, and under mesmeric influences, re-enacts the murder. It must be unanimously granted that Mr. Henry Irving's performance is most striking, and cannot fail to make an impression. There are possibly very few who were aware that this actor possessed so much undeveloped power, and would be capable in such a character, of succeeding so well. His notion of the haunted man is conceived with great cleverness, and though, here and there, there are apparent faults, there are points of detail which are really admirable. The study, to begin with, is one eminently picturesque. Mr. Irving was never less mannered. The two most striking points in the performance are the powerful acting as the poor frenzied creature dozes off at the will of the mesmeriser, and the almost hideously painful representation of death at the end of the play. The gradual stupefaction, the fixed eye, the head bent down on the chest, and the crouching humility before a stronger will in the one scene ; and the very ugly picture of a dead man's face, convulsed after a dream, in which he thought he was hanged, are touches of genuine art, which, while they terrify, cannot fail to

be admired. Almost as telling was the low, terrified wail as the awful sentence is being pronounced, and Mathias sinks kneeling to the floor of the court. Vivid and picturesque as is Mr. Irving's art, he somehow failed to convey the genial side of the character of the man. The colouring in the first two acts was of too sombre a tone, and the requisite contrast was, therefore, not given. We believe that M. Talien made his best point by deceiving the audience, and taking it off its guard, by his extreme geniality. Mr. Irving's strength also failed him more than once. The monologue in the dream act is far too long, and Mr. Irving has not the power to carry it through to the entire satisfaction of those in front. The light and shade disappear when the actor has overtaxed his strength. But, taking the bad with the good, the performance is highly satisfactory, and by it, Mr. Irving has unquestionably increased his reputation. In such a character as this, trick and artifice are of no avail. It requires acting out, and cannot be played with. We have no desire to recall our opinion that such a part demands the genius of a Garrick or a Robson; but it is a subject for congratulation that Mr. Irving is able by it to do himself and the Stage such infinite credit. The other characters are comparatively subordinate; but cheerful assistance was given by Miss Pauncefort as the wife; by Mr. Herbert Crellin as the lover, who both looked and acted well; and by Miss Fanny Heywood, who, at the end of the second act, sang the touching "Air de Rauterbach" with delightful expression.

Even in these days of scenic splendour and taste in decoration, we seldom see a play so unexceptionally mounted. The interior of the inn in the first act, with its quaint furniture, its shelves of queer crockery, and its thoroughness from end to end, is a picture well worth study; and most striking are the frescoes on the walls of the court of justice, and the general arrangement of this scene. The management has evidently spared no trouble, and grudged no expense, to aid the tragedy and preserve the idyllic character of the story. Messrs. Hawes Craven and Cuthbert are the scenic artistes. The chef d'orchestre of the Théâtre Cluny, M. Pingla, has been borrowed from Paris on purpose to conduct

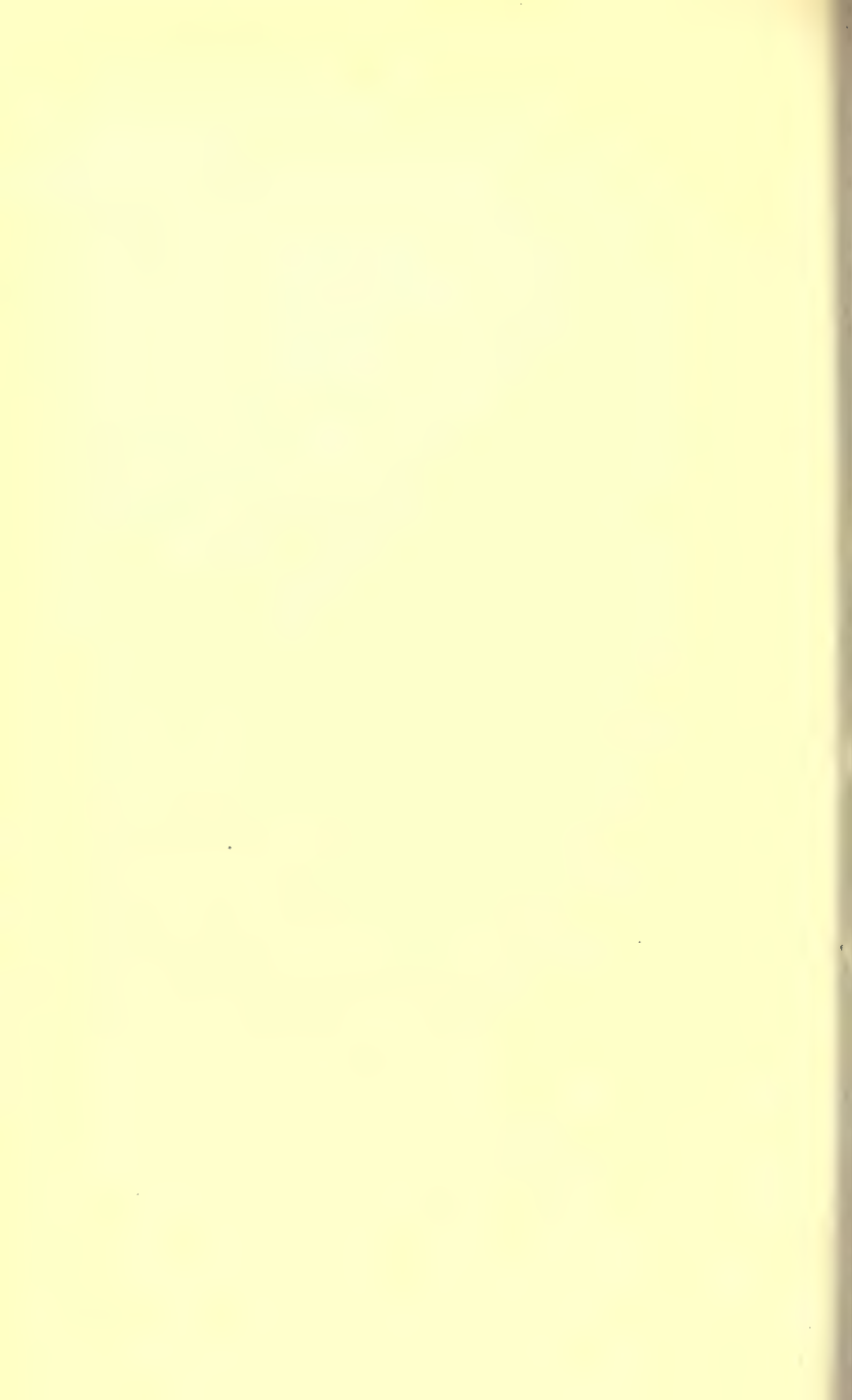
and give his assistance in the rehearsals; and with regard to this last subject, we may remark, and it is a point worth noting, that the play was rehearsed to perfection. There was not a hitch or a contretemps of any kind, and it went as well on the first night as it doubtless will when the representations are reckoned by hundreds. Weird enough is the story to be sure, but there is a strange fascination about horrible things, and for many reasons, "The Bells" is a play, which those interested in the drama as an art should not fail to see. After every act, Mr. Henry Irving was called, and when the usual compliment had been paid to all at the end of the performance, another shout was raised, and Mr. Bateman led on Mr. Irving, shaking him by the hand and patting him on the back. Without a doubt, the audience was much impressed by the new drama.



“Raising the Wind.”

By James Kenny. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
March 30th, 1872.

Jeremy Diddler	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HENRY IRVING.
Fainwood	-	-	-	-	-	MR. ODELL.
Plainway	-	-	-	-	-	MR. GASTON MURRAY.
Sam	-	-	-	-	-	MR. F. W. IRISH.
Miss Durable	-	-	-	-	-	MRS. F. B. EGAN.
Peggy	-	-	-	-	-	MISS LAFONTAINE.



“ Raising the Wind.”

It says not a little for the histrionic compass of an actor when we find him playing, in the same evening, two such opposite and important characters as Mathias and Jeremy Diddler. From “The Bells” to “Raising the Wind” is indeed a rush from grave to gay ; and Mr. Henry Irving has, by the masterful way in which he accomplishes the transition, still further established his reputation for versatility as well as power. Last night he acted the part of Jeremy Diddler for the first time in London, and his rendering of the hero of Kenny’s capital farce was distinguished by many subtle touches which make the true artist. It would have been more than strange had not the impersonation reminded us of the part Mr. Irving played for some time in Mr. Albery’s version of “Pickwick.” The characters of Jingle and Jeremy Diddler are themselves so similar, that it is no wonder we find unmistakeable traces of the one in the other. The incessant restlessness, the nervous, jerky walk, the unblushing impudence, the “seedy” get-up, the rollicking effrontery, are all common to the two parts and it is difficult to see how Mr. Irving could efface, more than he has done, the necessary resemblance.

Taking this for granted, no exception can be found to the latest representative of Jeremy Diddler. From first to last, Mr. Irving’s performance is instinct with power. His business, perfect to the minutest detail, must be the result of much hard study, and he shows thorough appreciation of the character. Many are the delicate touches which tell even more than the broader strokes in

the general effect. Whenever he is on the stage, Mr. Irving fills it. If he is not speaking, he is not idle ; he occupies his time with admirable detail ; the farce rattles along as briskly and as gaily as though we had never seen it before. This is partly due to the excellent way in which Mr. Irving is supported, and to the finished style—a characteristic of the Bateman *regime*—in which the farce is put on the stage. Mr. F. W. Irish, as Sam, fairly took some of the honours awarded, and Mr. Odell played Fainwood in a way that secured him a large share of the laughter. Miss Annie Lafontaine was a little too exuberant as Peggy, while Miss Laurelia Durable was represented most unctuously and efficiently by Mrs. F. B. Egan. It was really refreshing to see Kenny's admirable old farce again. If we are to have farces, let them be somewhat more after this pattern than they have been of late years. A crowded house, which cheered "The Bells" most enthusiastically, stayed almost without exception to see "Raising the Wind," laughed at and applauded it throughout its representation, and at its close, summoned Mr. Irving before the curtain. "A Pleasant Neighbour," with Mr. Irish as Christopher Strap, concluded the programme.

“Charles the First.”

By W. G. Wills. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
September 28th, 1872.

Charles I.	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Oliver Cromwell	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE BELMORE.
Marquis of Huntley	- - - - -	Mr. ADDISON.
Lord Moray	- - - - -	Mr. E. F. EDGAR.
Ireton	- - - - -	Mr. R. MARKBY.
Pages	- - - - -	Misses E. MAYNE and J. HENRI.
Princess Elizabeth	} Children of the King	Miss HARWOOD.
Prince James		Miss ALLCROFT.
Prince Henry		Miss WELCH.
Lady Eleanor Davys	- - - - -	Miss G. PAUNCEFORT.
Queen Henrietta Maria	- - - - -	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN
Cavaliers, Pages, Officers and Soldiers of Parliament, Attendants, etc., etc., etc.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act, Gardens near Hampton Court.
Act. 2. King's Cabinet at Whitehall.
Act. 3. Scottish Camp at Newark.
Act. 4. Whitehall at Daybreak.



“*Charles the First.*”

The task of approaching in anything like a critical spirit the important dramatic work of Mr. W. G. Wills, called by him, “*Charles the First*,” a new historical play in four acts, is a peculiarly delicate one. We are conscious that the majority of modern playgoers would sooner be told in a rough-and-ready way whether the play was good or bad, without beating about the bush, than that the critic should attempt to point out how far the play was a disappointment, and how far a success. In asking whether “*Charles the First*” is good or bad, we presume the public means, is it worth going to see? And this question can be instantly answered in the affirmative. Written by an author of cultivated taste, and keen, poetical feeling, who has, notably in his “*Medea*,” shown considerable knowledge of dramatic effect, a play full of most graceful fancy, studded with rare gems of poetry, mounted, and decorated, and dressed with lavish liberality and magnificence, exhibiting the best and most conscientious work of a valuable actor, “*Charles the First*” must be pronounced at once, disappointing and enjoyable.

Taken as a whole, it may not possibly please as a play, for it does not contain the threads of interest which a play requires, and, instead of happily combining light and shade, the work is clouded over with a gloom of profound melancholy. A mournful scene here and there, a pathetic situation every now and then, are essential in most works of the kind; but laughter should occasionally drive away the tears, and joy should be

happily combined with sorrow. But it is not so here. We are treated to a grim catalogue of the distresses of an unhappy man, and the effect upon most audiences is infinitely depressing. We may state at once that the author disdains criticism on the score of historical accuracy. If dramatists and novelists held fast to the facts of history—and who can be dogmatic on these points?—we should have no plays or novels worth looking at. The hands of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott would be alike fettered. In writing an historical work in connection with the reign of a most interesting—or, as others think, a most uninteresting—monarch, Mr. Wills unfurls the Royal Standard, and declares himself loyal, even to the very point of bigotry. We have no objection in the least to the Stuart proclivities of the author. His intention, evidently, is not to collect the dramatic suggestions from an important reign, but to declare for Charles Stuart à outrance. If he had been less obstinately loyal, he would have been more successful. Having to write a play on this reign, it was essential to the dramatic success of the story that Carolus Rex and Oliver Cromwell should fight it out on equal ground. It should have been a dramatic war between these men. They should have been running pretty parallel, from the first act to the last, or, as someone vigorously observed at the theatre on the first night, Mr. Wills should have written-up Charles, and allowed some one fixed with the spirit of Carlyle to take Cromwell in hand.

Strange to say, the only time that Mr. Wills does this very thing, the only occasion on which he brings the men together, the only instance which can be quoted of his seizing something dramatic in the lives of the two heroes, his efforts are crowned with success. The second act is the most telling position in the play, and here Cromwell is alone prominent. Elsewhere he is a mere cipher—a nonentity—a man not only uninteresting, but repulsive. Let Mr. Wills be Royalist by all means—it is the right line to take at the theatre—but the more marked he had made the character of Cromwell, the more interesting in proportion would the King have become. As it is—apart from this second act, full of spirit and dramatic vigour—the play suggests rather a series

of mournful pictures in the life of Charles the First than an ingathering of the dramatic incidents of his life and reign. These remarks are offered purely to illustrate the melancholy caused by the play, and the depressing feelings it suggests. Not to admire the rare beauty of the text, not to praise the graceful and refined conception of the leading characters, not to be thankful for the refined tone and excellent literary quality of the work, would be to treat churlishly the valuable work of an author who is a bright and valuable addition to our insignificant band of dramatists.

And this is how Mr. Wills dramatises the life of Charles the First. In a lovely scene, an almost perfect specimen of stage landscape, representing the gardens near Hampton Court, on the banks of the Thames, a lawn of flowers, with a background of green avenues and transparent water, the domestic side of the King's life is illustrated. He is a careless, happy father of a family, dotingly fond of his wife, ridiculously indolent regarding the aspect of the political horizon, only happy so long as he can carry the little ones "pick-a-back," recite to them the ballad of King Lear, throw himself on his back on the lawn, dance his children on his knee, and summon a gilded barge to take the happy family for a sail on the silver Thames, a scenic illustration of Mr. Goodall's well-known picture. Now all this is extremely pretty, but it is not dramatic. When the audience has feasted on the delightful picture of Mr. Hawes Craven, and applauded the disappearance of the summer barge to a sigh of melancholy music, the feeling supervenes that the story has not even commenced. The play has not thought of beginning. Not a thread of interest has been let fall. And, somehow, the want of dramatic interest told visibly on the actors. An opening scene between Miss Pouncefort, a superstitious, horoscope-divining lady of the Court, and Mr. Addison, a bluff and faithful old adherent of the King, was too long, and wearied the audience. Even Mr. Irving was ill at ease, and, often put out by the hesitation of one of the actors, he was uncomfortable and even amateurish. The picture, however, the dresses of all, and notably the picturesque appearance of Mr. Irving, made up after Vandyke's pictures, were pronounced perfect in their way.

Arriving next at the King's Cabinet at Whitehall, another quite admirable specimen of stage decoration, which provoked enthusiastic applause, and was so beautiful that it occasionally distracted the attention of the audience from the play, the story gives more promise. Queen Henrietta Maria—a most interesting and graceful figure in every picture—has heard that the King is to give audience at night to two strangers, and, fearing foul play, she has summoned to her aid the loyal gentlemen of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, who are posted by her orders in the corridors of the palace. By a back staircase, at the appointed time, come Cromwell and Ireton, and their interview with the King is the best dramatic scene in the play. The bluntness of Cromwell is met by the dignified bearing of his monarch. His threats are treated with profound contempt, and his suggested compromise of sacrificing his position for the vacant Earldom of Essex—for which incident we are told there is epistolary evidence in history, is rewarded with a withering and scornful rebuke. The King tears up the papers and stamps them under foot. Cromwell and Ireton drew their swords in the frenzy of their rage; when at the appointed signal from the Queen, the students from the Inns of Court rush in, and with a mighty shout of "God save the King," the curtain falls on a most stirring picture. A more rapid introduction of these loyal students at the Queen's signal would have improved the effect; but both the act and the acting it evoked were enthusiastically praised.

The Scottish camp at Lanark next introduces us to the half-frenzied anxiety of the Queen for the safety of her husband, who is fighting at the moment, and leads on to a compact between Ireton and young Lord Moray, for the delivery of the King to the Commons, which is carried on in a mysterious undertone, and is little understood. However, the King, hard pressed in the fight, rushes upon the scene in his coat of mail, and passionately entreats Moray for his promised aid from Scotland, to turn the battle. Moray, with a hang-dog look, is silent. The King, half-maddened with the scenes of slaughter he has witnessed, and anxious to stop the carnage, pleads piteously for the rescue. Still Moray is silent, and the pitiable secret is disclosed by the appearance of

Cromwell and his soldiers, who take the King prisoner, and compel him to yield up his sword. But there is one more thing to be done yet. It is the dignified denunciation of false friendship by the miserable King. Here actor and author have worked together, and secured the success of the most beautiful and pathetic scene in the play. Calling to mind an old picture of Judas, and illustrating it by the treachery of Moray, the King compels the young Scotsman to cower before the majesty of his presence and his words. The situation and expression of it are as noble as the almost parallel passage of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere in Mr. Tennyson's idyll. A heartrending situation has seldom been more eloquently expressed. With a voice, "monotonous and hollow as a ghost's," tearfully accentuated and exquisitely pathetic, the King's words contain so much of repressed love and terrible disappointment, that Moray sinks, beaten and abashed, to his knees, while the curtain falls slowly. Well might the audience shout for Mr. Irving at this point, for this was the artist's triumph. The situation and the acting in the second act were naturally infectious, but here it was the success of a most artistic appreciation and expression of a thoroughly poetical idea. There is no more beautiful passage than this in the whole play.

The last act takes us once more to Whitehall, at day-break, on the morning of the King's execution, and is almost wholly given up to profound and absorbing melancholy. Cromwell, haunted by terrible dreams, hesitates even now to carry out the fatal sentence, and though still coarsely brutal and pitiless, ventures to propose to Henrietta Maria the King's safety as the price of his abdication, and the delivery of the Prince of Wales into the hands of the Commons. The Queen, tortured to madness, refuses the terms indignantly, and there is nothing left but the last and awful farewell. The brave King, tear-stained and haggard, enters for the last ordeal, and prepares to part with friends, children, and wife. The parting scene is carried out with a minuteness of detail which is absolutely painful; and the audience, deeply conscious of the intense pathos of the acting, leave the theatre, some in tears, and some profoundly depressed.

If the play is ever to have any hold upon the public it will be mainly due to the most finished and excellent acting of Mr. Henry Irving, whose reading of the King's character is eloquent with poetry and expression. To say that Mr. Irving has never done anything better is but faint praise, and conveys to the reader but a trivial idea of the treat that may be in store for him. Physically gifted for such an attempt, it almost appears, as the character is unfolded, that to play Charles was the realisation of the actor's ambition. A careful avoidance of over-emphasis is everywhere noticeable in such strong scenes as exist, and the impersonation from first to last is stamped with a dignity and refinement most welcome to behold. But to the critic accustomed to watch carefully for nice points of expression, and subtlety of thought, the acting of this character is most noticeable on account of its being an instance of careful and reflective study. An actor, if he would truly act, should do far more than is set down for him. He should express hidden thought, as well as say given words. We are not saying that the conception of the character is a right one or a wrong one. We have nothing to do with the historical side of the question; but this we do say, that the dignified passion of the second scene with Cromwell, the melancholy and incisive pathos of the third with Moray, and the intricate elaboration of manly sorrow in the fourth with his wife, renders Mr. Irving's Charles a most interesting study, and most welcome specimen of acting. And, besides acting, Mr. Irving suggests a mind and a character which may be false to history, but which are nevertheless very interesting and beautiful.

It would be idle to deny that a stronger Henrietta Maria might have made a vast difference to the ultimate verdict of the play. Like Mr. Irving, Miss Isabel Bateman has never done anything so well, and she may be fairly congratulated on her graceful reading and charming conception of the character. An actress of less intelligence and poetical appreciation might easily have ruined the whole work, and it is fair to confess that the farewell scene is an instance of careful work and most elaborate study of business. There were strong dramatic scenes set down for Queen Henrietta Maria with which she could not grapple, but all in the house

were equally surprised at the promise of the actress, and grateful for so pretty a specimen of intelligent and loyal acting. It is an old-fashioned remark to say that an actor "struggled hard with an ungrateful part." But it is quite true in the case of Mr. George Belmore as Oliver Cromwell. He did not look the character, and though in the second act some thought he would have distinguished himself, the part soon fell away again, and Mr. Belmore appeared to give it up in despair. Mr. Markby, who played Ireton, struggled a little too hard to make a character part out of nothing—a too common experiment at this moment. Mr. E. F. Edgar assisted the situation at the close of the third act most effectively; but, unhappily, both Miss Pauncefort and Mr. Addison, though doing their best, were voted a little tiresome. We have hinted before, and we repeat again, that it is scarcely possible a play could have been better mounted or cared for by a manager than the play of "Charles the First" by Mr. H. L. Bateman.



“*Eugene Aram.*”

By W. G. Wills. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
April 19th, 1873.

Eugene Aram	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HENRY IRVING.
Parson Meadows	{	The Vicar of	}			MR. W. H. STEPHENS.
Richard Houseman	-	Knaresboro'	-	-	-	MR. E. F. EDGAR.
Jowell (a gardener)	-	-	-	-	-	MR. F. W. IRISH.
Joey (his son)	-	-	-	-	-	MISS WILLA BROWN.
Ruth Meadows	-	-	-	-	-	MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act 1. The Vicar's Garden.

Act 2. The Home Room of the Parsonage.

Act 3. The Churchyard, in the gray light of dawn.



“*Eugene Aram.*”

We honestly own, and as candidly confess, we feel to the full the responsibility of sitting down at a late hour, with a mind naturally excited, after witnessing a performance which we guarantee many hundreds who are now fathers of families cannot trump in excellence—though they summon up their recollection since childhood—to attempt the most difficult task of explaining the play of “*Eugene Aram*,” by Mr. Wills, and the acting of *Eugene Aram*, by Mr. Henry Irving. We will discard, if you please, all stereotyped phrases and formulas. It is nothing to say “*Eugene Aram*” is a success.

This is a cold and cruel compliment to author and actor. It is wearisome and common-place to start at once, and talk of calls, and the delight of an audience, and showers of bouquets and fixed attention, and the shouts for the author, and the appearance of Mr. Bateman, the manager, and the usual signs of a successful first night. All these things have been done before. They may mean very much, or they may mean nothing at all. What we wish emphatically to point out, and at once, is this : “*Eugene Aram*” is no ordinary play. The acting of Mr. Irving is no ordinary acting. The verdict on this exceptionally artistic night will not be pronounced by those who consider the play very terrible, or by those who nod and assent to Mr. Irving’s acting, and still say it is all very terrible, or by those who compliment Mr. Wills, and thrust in an aside as “Ah! yes, but it is all very terrible.” We believe fully and honestly the audience meant what it said last night. We believe all in the theatre were struck, amazed, and delighted.

But if they did not mean this, and went home saying exactly the contrary to what they expressed, “*Eugene*

Aram " as a play, and as an artistic study, will still be judged and pronounced upon by the whole art-world of London. Whether it is liked or disliked, it will attract to the Lyceum all who have any sympathy with, or appreciation for, art. Whether it is hated or praised, it will do infinite good to the stage. Whether it is terrible or not, it will declare emphatically we have an artist among us who did last night a thing, whether it be pleasing or displeasing, which is a distinct honour to the English stage, and a crushing death blow to the assertion that we have no actors amongst us, that acting is a lost art, and that the stage is kept up only for the amusement of the idle, the frivolous, the uneducated and the contemptible. Let those who will have every play made good in the end, and who would banish tragedy from the boards, avoid the Lyceum and "Eugene Aram." Let those who believe the theory of Mr. Boucicault, that an English audience must have a goody-goody termination to their amusement, steer clear of the new play. Let those who will not treat the drama as an intellectual study, and persist in viewing it as an after-dinner entertainment, take their stalls for another house. Let those who, in spite of contrary proof, bleat out the old platitudes about the degradation of the drama, the absence of life, heart, and soul in certain dramatic quarters, kindly stay away, for they are only impeding the progress of an onward, proud, and most praiseworthy movement.

But in all charity, let those who have some kindly feeling towards English dramatic art, in spite of innumerable difficulties, remain behind and see "Eugene Aram." Let them linger awhile, and note carefully the performance of Mr. Irving. It is not, perhaps, a play that will please the multitude. It is no *ad captandum* succession of surprises, situations, and trial scenes. Eugene Aram is not tried for his life. We have no barristers and courts, and judges and docks. We have no "forensic eloquence" with Mr. So-and-so, in a wig and gown. We have no ghastly gibbet with Eugene Aram hanging in chains on Knaresborough Heath. There is little for the posters, but much, very much, for the imagination. We have here photographed the mind of Eugene Aram, the mind of a man who has murdered another fourteen years ago, the mind of a wretch who has hoped to live down conscience, the

mind of a poor devil who is flung once more amongst roses and love, and just as he is smelling the flower it falls to pieces in his hand.

The play contains three scenes in the after-life of an undetected murderer. In the first, haunted with dismal recollection, he still clings to life and hope. In the second, brought face to face with an accomplice, he still struggles to brave all with a desperate love of life, and the as desperate exercise of an iron will. In the last, cowed and stung with the sight of his victim's skull, he confesses his crime to his destined bride, and dies in her arms before justice seizes him for the scaffold. This is briefly and incompletely the study of Mr. Wills, perfected in so masterly a manner by Mr. Henry Irving. Those who do not care to study it had better stay away. It would be unjust to declare, because they do not like it, the study is not worthy or the execution incomplete. We suppose most of us are familiar with the story of Eugene Aram, the murderer, stripped altogether of its romance. Eugene Aram, in complicity with one Houseman, for the sake of vulgar plunder, brained a rascal called Daniel Clark, hid his body in a cave near Knaresborough, in Yorkshire, and fourteen years afterwards, when acting as an usher at a school in Lynn, Norfolk, was arrested for the deed. Houseman, like a base knave, turned King's evidence against his friend. Aram, after a masterly and scholarly defence, attempted to show that Clark had been intimate with his wife, but he was convicted, and, after attempting suicide, was hanged. Mr. Wills, as would naturally be supposed, omitted all the vulgar incidents, and he tells in his poem the sad fate of Eugene Aram somewhat in this manner.

We are in the Vicar's garden at Knaresborough, fourteen years after the murder of Daniel Clark. It is almost a forgotten thing. The Vicar arrived in Yorkshire after it was committed. Old Jowell, the gardener, has some indistinct recollection of it, but the whole place is surely too exquisite to breathe of horrors. In the front is the church, at the side the vicarage, with the old porch smothered with jasmine, and redolent of roses. It is a delicious scene, hedged about with flowers; and one of the most natural and poetical summer pictures the stage has ever seen since Mr. Bateman took the Lyceum. A

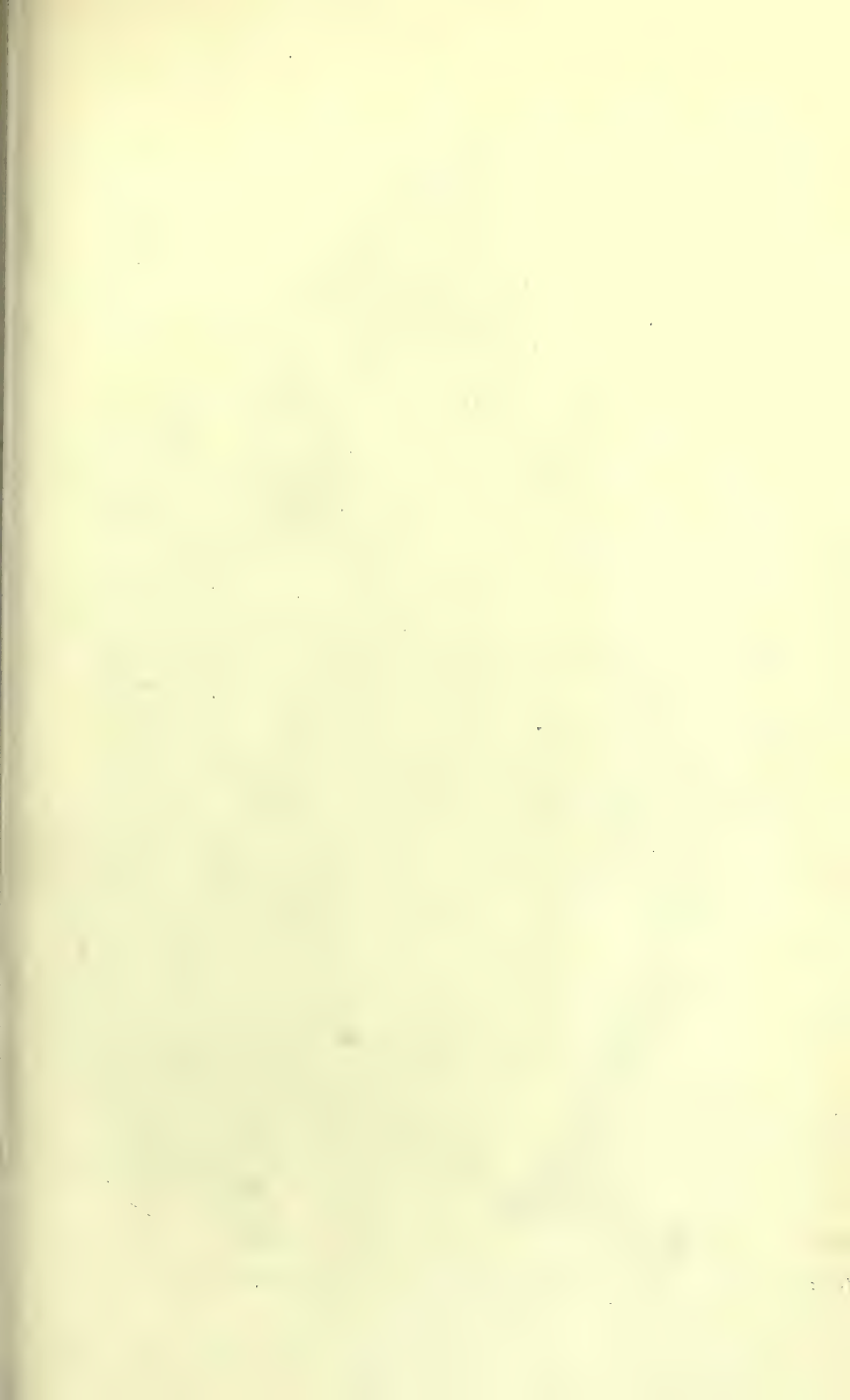
mysterious stranger enters into this Eden, and on the eve of the marriage of the Vicar's daughter with Eugene Aram, the schoolmaster. He borrows a spade and pick-axe from the old gardener, and hurries away—not before he has been invited by the Vicar to rest a night at the happy vicarage—to St. Robert's Cave, nominally on a geological expedition. The interest of the story begins with the entrance of Eugene Aram, a pale-faced, melancholy, despondent man; but let him pluck flowers for his to-morrow's bride.

"The garden cowslip, filled brim-full with scent;
A little rosebud opening tender lips,
As if they'd burst into a song of perfume;
But not so sweet as that old song of Ruth's—
A pansy? Yes, a pansy,
Two purple hoods, which hide one Golden secret!"

Wherever he walks, whenever he talks, when leaning on sundial, or looking at the children playing on the green, there is this same absorbed melancholy on his face, not quite driven away even at the approach of his beloved Ruth. In fact, she chides him for his melancholy, promising, however, to love him to the full, even though he had committed the atrocious deed; and this loving trust calls up a most tender speech from Eugene Aram:—

"Oh, love, say this for me. I did not come
To steal your heart, or link it to the lot
Of my most loveless life: it grew on me!
As soon would the grey bird, migrating south,
Resist the tropic burning that doth change
His moulted dullness into plumes of gold.
I have not courted it; the comfort came,
And filled my spirit with unbidden smiles,
And round my life, before I knew it, Ruth
Stole the green shelter of your love for me."

These two lovers know nothing of the oncoming storm, have heard nothing of the visit of Houseman. They have nothing to do but comfort one another, and gather flowers, when an evening anthem is heard in the old village church, and, as Ruth is folded in her loved Aram's arms, the curtain falls. This act is purely idyllic and contemplative. It shows us Aram's present





life, and allows us a glance at his past career. The story has commenced well, is replete with charm, and, even by the unenthusiastic, is pronounced pretty.

The second act is dramatic, for here Aram meets his old accomplice, Houseman, who has come down to dig in the cave, and therefrom to extract some treasure which will frighten Aram into giving hush-money. All is peace at first in the old vicarage. The Vicar and Aram are playing at chess, and Ruth coquettishly offers to read the testimonial given to the schoolmaster by the villagers, when, at the mention of his past blameless life, Aram hurries out of the room. He is just in time, for, at that instant, enters Houseman, at the invitation of the Vicar. At the name of Aram, he starts, declares himself an old acquaintance, and foolishly attempts to poison Ruth against her lover, by a hint at some former mistress. The poor girl trembles at the blow, and the clouds darken more and more. The meeting of Aram and Houseman is, of course, the dramatic scene of the play, and the audience is prepared for it when Aram, closing the door behind his departing bride, says :

" Now nerve of iron and a brain of ice—
Or in the closing of the door,
I close the door of Heaven."

It is a splendid battle between these desperate men, and the acting here is almost as good as any in the play. Houseman is a bully, and destitute of sentiment. Aram is in a white heat of passion. But Aram has his way. His arguments to Houseman are unanswerable, his threats are terrible. He is unabashed by the presence of the Vicar, and threatens his antagonist with vengeance before the magistrate. But suddenly there is a commotion without, and the whole situation changes. The villagers have been tracking the brutal stranger, and, digging in St. Robert's Cave, they have discovered the skeleton of Daniel Clark. They have found the knife of the murdered man, marked with his name. The old gardener recognises in Houseman the companion of Clark, but Houseman, in fiendish desperation, in the full assembly, denounces Aram as the murderer :

" 'Tis false ! I will not stand here as a guilty man—
The murderer of Daniel Clark *stands there !* "

From this instant, the whole tone of Aram's demeanour changes, and from being a white-hot, passionate man, he is a hang-dog, beaten, defeated fellow. This is a splendid change on the part of the actor, and, if we mistake not, will be accepted as a triumph of Mr. Irving's acting in this most difficult scene. It was so sudden and complete, it electrified the audience, and the play was deservedly stopped for the applause. Eugene Aram has little more to say. He makes a wild appeal on behalf of the very Houseman he has previously accused. He accounts for the presence of the bones in an ingenious, but improbable, manner. He refuses to accompany the discovering party, and begs to be allowed to remain behind awhile, and when behind, left alone with his conscience, once more he gives himself up to a noble soliloquy, with which Mr. Irving brings down the curtain, after such acting, as surprised as much as it delighted. It is a soliloquy of the craven man, looking at his haggard face in the glass, and fearing to gaze upon the bones of his victim. It made, deservedly—with all its delicacy, its thought, its study of attitude, and picture—a deep impression on the audience.

The third act will provoke much controversy. It is, in reality, one tremendous soliloquy, and the excellence of Mr. Irving's acting is at once pronounced with the statement that it held the audience almost from the commencement. Briefly, then, Eugene Aram hurries away to the churchyard to hide himself from his neighbours, is neglected by Houseman, who hurries off and escapes; is discovered by Ruth, half-dying, by a stone cross, tells this true woman the frightful secret on his mind, and, having confessed, dies in her arms, as the sun rises upon the peaceful village.

But in no such hurried manner will the acting be dismissed when time allows us to return to so welcome a subject. The play may be horrible, but such acting will not be dismissed by future intelligent audiences, in spite of the elaboration of the end of so terrible a life. That the actor could get variety out of such an unrelieved scene is marvellous. It is all on his shoulders, but again and again the interest revives. The confession was listened to with the deepest attention, and the oncoming death, now at the tomb, now writing against the tree, and now prostrate

upon the turf, brings into play an amount of study which is little less than astonishing, and an amount of power for which credit would have been given to Mr. Irving by few who have seen his finest performances. We feel we have but incompletely given an idea of the high thought and judgement given in the play, or of the varied excellence of Mr. Irving's acting.

With regard to Mr. Irving, such a performance will, of course, form the subject of many a future essay, analytical, detailed, critical, and, we trust, in some measure, worthy of so elaborate, sustained, and, in most respects, masterly study. But there are many who will not believe in any acting without some notion of the play and its literature, so we must allow Mr. Wills in some passages to speak for himself, prefacing the quotation with the assurance that his poetical play has been conceived in a most scholarly spirit, and elaborated with the most loving hand. The play is honestly full of fancy, delightful scenes and tender truths, at which we have not hinted at present.

Ruth tells Aram of her fears concerning her old rival :

" If I believed that in your heart there lurked
Ambition, anger, malice, envy, pride—
Yet poisonous weeds, in rank and tangled growth
Left room for one small violet—love for me ;
If I believed that crime may coil within
And even while you loved me you could kill me—
Still, as I shudder, I would cling to you,
Because I was a tenant of your heart ;
But—let there be no other woman there."

Aram discourses eloquently, it must be granted, on " true love " :

" When in the crowded court the felon stands,
Quelled by the heartless gaze of myriad eyes,
As strikes at noon on the unsheltered head
The blazing swelter of an Indian sun,
And in the friendly silence there goes up
That dread word *guilty*. Then a cry is heard
Amid the throng—some woman he had known—
And as he turns, her arms outstretched to him
Above the sea of heads like sinking spars—
This is true love, that clingeth e'en to shame!"

Of course, we have not the space for the quotation of the whole of Eugene Aram's poetical confession of his crime to Ruth, of the love for the first woman who deceived him, of her ruin by the man Clark, he murdered ; or for all the complicated details for the murder scene ; but we must find room for one extract, which most stirred the house, and was made a fine point by Mr. Irving, who, having imagined the murder, fell crouching before the phantom :

" I left her—straight into my breast there passes
 The soul of Cain—my will was not my own.
 In one fell thought I reckon a black score
 Against that man—all that I might have won
 And all his villainy had robbed from me.
 Methinks, as I went out from her, the flame—
 The topaz crescent of the tiger's eye—
 Blazed into mine, as with a patient stealth
 He nears his prey before the thunderous bound,
 No, I made sure—hate has so staunch a scent !
 I neither slept, nor ate, nor sate me down
 Till all was plain, and I was on his trail !
 I tracked the robber down. It was a dawn
 Like yonder morning, and the last night's rain
 Lay in still pools. I saw my mirrored figure
 Pass on along with me—another self that
 Came as 'twere to witness my intent.
 St. Robert's Cave—I tracked him to its mouth ;
 I looked within and saw two men. Houseman
 That man was one, the other
 Clark—I saw his face half-turned, toiled,
 Tremulous, pale in the orange light and damp with
 Fear ! Oh ! there are moments when God holds the
 Scales ; I faltered for a moment, the cold wind
 Whispered me pity, and a bird that chirped
 Touched a heart's nerve and softened me.
 I had refrained, but that the wretch held up
 A woman's ornament—her name upon it
 And read it with a mock. I sprang within—
 Confronted him, and shouted ' Coward ! Thief ! '
 Close at my feet there lay a spade, this seized
 I struck him down. I struck and struck again ;
 I only saw beneath my furious blows some writhing vermin—
 Not a human life. Great God !
 I can hear his cry, and see
 The wild quenched gaze he fixed on me."

The other characters—with the exception of Houseman, played with excellent discretion and praiseworthy contrast by Mr. Edgar, and Ruth, prettily rendered by Miss

Isabel Bateman—were of minor importance, though both intelligently rendered. Mr. W. H. Stephens was the genial old Vicar, and Mr. Irish the talkative gardener. The scenery and decorations even surpassed the artistic care of the Lyceum. No one will forget that summer garden of roses; the quaint old furnished interior or the sombre church yard with its overhanging yew-trees, and the distant view of Knaresborough expressed by a most poetical artist. The scenery comes from Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Cuthbert.

We have only in conclusion, the welcome task of congratulating the coming season on a certain attraction. In many quarters we anticipate there will be adverse criticisms. It will be said the play is horrible beyond endurance, and many will, unfortunately, miss the pleasure of Mr. Irving's acting, for fear of shuddering more than ever over "The Bells," or weeping more than ever over "Charles I." The three plays have literally nothing in common. "Eugene Aram" is no paraphrase of "The Bells," and no hint of Mathias is given in Mr. Irving's performance. Mr. Wills has executed a difficult task in our humble opinion remarkably well, and Mr. Irving's successful career has never shown such a stride as this in the right direction. The task of the play is herculean for any actor; and once more Mr. Irving has triumphed.



“*Richelieu.*”

By Lord Lytton. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
September 27th, 1873.

Cardinal Richelieu	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HENRY IRVING.
Louis XIII.	-	-	-	-	-	MR. JOHN CLAYTON.
Gaston (Duke of Orleans)	-	-	-	-	-	MR. BEAUMONT.
Baradas	-	-	-	-	-	MR. H. FORRESTER.
De Mauprat	-	-	-	-	-	MR. J. B. HOWARD.
De Beringhen	-	-	-	-	-	MR. F. CHARLES.
Joseph	-	-	-	-	-	MR. JOHN CARTER.
Huguet	-	-	-	-	-	MR. E. F. EDGAR.
François	-	-	-	-	-	MR. H. B. CONWAY.
De Clermont	-	-	-	-	-	MR. A. TAPPING.
Captain of the Guard	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HARWOOD.
First Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MR. W. L. BRANSCOMBE.
Second Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HENRY.
Third Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	MR. COLLETT.
Marion de Lorme	-	-	-	-	-	MISS LE THIÈRE.
Julie de Mortemar	-	-	-	-	-	MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.

Courtiers, Officers, Pages, Guards, Conspirators, etc., etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Saloon in the House of Marion de Lorme. Scene 2.—
Richelieu's Cabinet in the Palais Cardinal.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Apartment in Mauprat's new House. Scene 2.—Riche-
lieu's Cabinet, as before.

ACT 3.

Scene.—Richelieu's Castle at Ruelle. A Gothic Chamber.

ACT 4.

Scene.—Gardens of the Louvre.

ACT 5.

Scene.—King's Closet at the Louvre.

“*Richelieu.*”

“Let us agree to differ.” This serious, earnest, kindly compromise stands us in good stead occasionally. On some points of dramatic art there is no argument whatever. Discussion is out of the question, comparing of notes is utterly useless. Let us then out with it honestly, and own that the long-expected, anxiously-awaited performance of “*Richelieu*,” at one of the best of all our theatres was but very slightly to our liking. We are not afraid of our opinion, for we shall state the why and the wherefore; but it is truly an ungrateful task to speak anything but praise of a theatre which is the very home of art, or of an actor who is justly regarded as one of its most brilliant ornaments. We own at once we are in a serious minority. The old play went as it has probably never gone before. The principal actor was cheered and fêted with such a triumph as has fallen to few actors in our time. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved; the pit and gallery leaped upon the benches; the house shook and rang with the applause, but the excitement was unwholesome, and the cheers were forced. It was the wild delirium of a revival meeting, an excited, earnest enthusiast having previously created slaves, bent them all to his imperious will. The greater the shouting on the stage, the more the cheering of the audience. It was a triumph of din, an apotheosis of incoherence.

Seriously, we cannot fail to feel a little vexed when all our dearest hopes and ambitions are thus cruelly dashed to the ground. We talk of the old school, the old stilted elocution, the old unpardonable mannerisms, the old drawls, and groans, and sighs, and forced efforts to create effect, and, behold, we have a famous old play, as it appears to us, with the sense more

mangled, and the exaggeration more sublime. One can well pardon the artists for "o'er doing termagant," since last evening the delicacy and grace of acting were lost in a whirlwind of noise. Nice points and rare graces of thought were absolutely smothered and crushed out by this intemperate, leather-lunged audience, and of interesting examples of refined and thoughtful acting there were not a few. When the Cardinal changed suddenly from a long monotony of speech to a curt, natural, satirical aside; when the great Cardinal Richelieu lay back in his chair, apparently dying, but watching, like an old fox, the action of the irresolute King and the trembling secretaries, there was scarcely a hand, and but the faintest appreciative applause. When Julie pleaded for her lover's life with sincere feeling and genuine effect, there was not one spark of sympathy to be found. When the King by signs and hesitation, and halts and breaks, and curt rejoinders, showed the vacillation of his character, there were few—how very few—to applaud the care and thought of the actor.

The excitement and triumph of the evening were, we regret to say, reserved for coarser effects. When an actor tore passion to tatters; when voice failed, strength failed, intention was lost; when speech, and point, and poetry were lost in an almost unintelligible delirium, then out came the handkerchiefs, the hats, and the playbills. No doubt it is very difficult to reason with so excited an audience; but in their calmer moments it must be considered whether striking attitudes is the highest art, and if the exigencies of the drama are best satisfied by giving way to impossible feats of declamation.

Those who are well aware of the present generous excitement in dramatic affairs, and of the healthy enthusiasm for the revival of the best dramatic art, can well picture what an audience was gathered at the Lyceum when we were preparing for the revival of Lord Lytton's "Richelieu." Some there were who remembered the creator of the character—Macready, who could recall scene after scene, and sentence after sentence falling from the lips of this dramatic giant. Such as these remembered Elton as the King, and Warde as Baradas,

and Anderson as De Mauprat, and Phelps as Joseph. Another school was there who swore alone by the disciple of Macready—Samuel Phelps—and who persisted, like generous partisans, there was no Richelieu like the Richelieu of Macready's old friend. And yet another school—the latest and freshest of all the schools—knowing not Macready, believing not in Phelps—a school which had bound its faith to Henry Irving, who was to them the very pattern and the very picture of an actor. Who can wonder at the interest, who can be surprised at the enthusiasm? It was to be a night of nights. The old traditions were to be overturned. The great new actor was to come out in his true colours. The play was to be cast, mounted, appointed, decorated beyond all Lyceum precedent; all in the house were in tune with the new school, the new hope, the new revival, when the curtain drew up on "Richelieu."

Let us briefly summarise the acts according to the impression they seemed to make upon the audience. It was all tame, lifeless, and unintelligible until the appearance of Mr. Irving as Richelieu, and then the actor received such a welcome and a shout as fall but seldom to a monarch. The picturesque appearance of the man at once impressed the whole house, the splendid presence, the noble and most expressive face, the sunk eyes, ascetic features and thoughtful brow, the long taper fingers, and the refined dignity at once filled up the picture. We forgot that awkward halting (not decrepid) walk. We did not linger upon the occasional ungainly action. The man, Richelieu, as he stood, impressed and convinced the audience that a great performance was at hand.

But why did it not come? We had all read Richelieu beforehand. We had all made ourselves masters of the nervous and vigorous language. We had all made up our minds where points would be made, and where some poetical fancy would carry the audience away. But, strange to say, the delivery of the verse by Mr. Irving was monotonous and stilted. He seemed to say to the audience, "I am about to deliver some hundreds of lines of blank verse, and you all know that a tone and an air are assumed when legitimate blank verse is delivered." But, surely this was the old difficulty

all over again. This is just what we have so often protested against. We had hoped that verse might be pronounced without any air and special chant, and we who love natural and not conventional acting, had regarded Mr. Irving as the Horatius, boldly prepared to step forward and defend the bridge of unconventionality. But it was not to be. The attitudes were new, the business thoughtful; but poor Lord Lytton's verse was thrust into the old mill, and it was being wound off for the edification of the audience. It was not the kind of verse that deserved such treatment, and those who had read over the play beforehand, delighted in the thought how passage after passage would come out clear and new at the beckoning of Mr. Irving.

It was not to be. The effect was reserved to the end, and the speech apostrophising France, "Oh, god-like power! woe, rapture, penury, wealth!" went with very excellent effect. So effective, indeed, was it, so excellent, and so quiet, that it was like a red rag to the audience, who were determined on this occasion to have nothing but noise. The gods would have nothing to do with Mr. Irving, who had acted well, but insisted upon the appearance of Mr. J. B. Howard, an actor, who had done little else but show how little he appreciated the nicety of a young romantic character. The audience raved, stamped, screamed, and cat-called for Mr. Howard, and, injudiciously enough, Mr. Howard did not appear.

In the second act, the monotony of Mr. Irving's general delivery increased very much, and his best (and admirable) business with the sword, his failing strength, ending with a short, dry, hacking cough, was naturally but very little appreciated by an audience who believed in no acting that did not "fetch them." It was, to tell the truth, a dull act. The third act was even duller still, mainly owing to the darkness and the failure of Mr. Irving to make any impression whatever in his long soliloquy. The sudden end of the act with the "Richelieu is dead," and the picture, created a reaction, but the play was not at this point going well. No one doubted that the performance of Mr. Irving was intelligent and extremely picturesque. That came without saying. But many in the audience expected a great

performance, and it did not appear as if the power was forthcoming. As a picture, the Richelieu was everything that could be desired, but the acting was only of average merit. The excitement of the evening was reserved for the end of the fourth act, when Richelieu launches the curse of Rome on Baradas. We know the lines :

" Ay, it is so ?
Then wakes the power which in the age of iron
Burst forth to curb the great and raise the low,
Mark where she stands ! Around her form I draw
The awful circle of our solemn church,
Set but a foot within that holy ground,
And on thy head—yea, though it wore crown—
I launch the curse of Rome."

Seldom has such excitement been seen at a theatre, and seldom have we so entirely disagreed with the verdict. We said at the outset, we agree to differ. At this speech, and at the final words :

" Irreverent ribald !
If so, beware the falling ruins. Hark !
I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When the snow melteth there shall come a flood.
Avaunt ! My name is Richelieu—I defy thee,
Walk blindfold on—behind thee stalks the headsman.
Ha ! Ha ; how pale he is ! Heaven save my country ! "

the pit rose, and literally yelled for Mr. Irving. But what had been done ? Voice, strength, and energy overtaxed ; a speech delivered so incoherently, that few could follow one syllable ; one of those whirlwinds of noise which creates applause, mainly owing to an irresistible, but still unhealthy, excitement. We doubt not, many consider this very great acting. It looks so ; it sounds so.

In the last act, Mr. Irving once more commanded our sympathies, and once more disappointed us. What could be better than the action, the look, the attitude of the old man " semi mort " ? How really very fine was that scene when the secretaries told their story, and the Cardinal half-buried and half-dying in the chair, watched his irresolute master, and waited for the supreme moment of reaction ! But what followed, unhappily, with the

reaction—the loss of voice, the absence of power, the acting which looked wonderful, mainly from its extravagance. We refuse to prophesy concerning future verdicts. We merely declare that we disagree with that recorded last night. A more picturesque, a possibly more intelligent, Richelieu has seldom been seen. But Macready's Richelieu must have been far more effective, and it is quite certain, that the Richelieu of Mr. Phelps is a more precious contribution to the Stage. Let us not hesitate to be out-spoken in this matter. What with gorgeous decoration, marvellous costume, and noise, it is quite possible the critical sense may be deadened. The costume and noise had it all their own way last night—two disastrous enemies to a noble art. There were two performances which struck us as singularly good, strikingly artistic and careful—we mean the King of Mr. Clayton, and the Marion de Lorme of Miss Le Thièrè. The noisy advocates will laugh us out of court, and say they saw nothing there. But did they see Miss Le Thièrè watching between the pillars whilst the plot was hatching in the first act? Did they notice how pointed and how intelligent was this lady in the few lines she had to deliver, breaking with so much welcome upon much tedious commonplace? Again, did they see with what care and with what effect the irresolution of Louis was skilfully and deftly painted by a thoughtful artist? These parts are very small, it is true, but what a difference they make to a play when well acted!

Directly the contrast was created between Louis and Richelieu, Mr. Irving acted at his best. His very best scenes were with the King, and when the King, by deliberate contrast, brought out all his subtlety and most elaborate finish. There was other acting in the cast on which we prefer not to linger. The opinion of the audience on this point was emphatic and terribly decided. As to the dressing and decorations, for whose accuracy and taste the management is mainly indebted to Mr. Alfred Thompson, they appeared to be quite complete, and even more elaborate than those to which we have been accustomed at this theatre, where good taste so emphatically prevails. The whole evening was a picturesque success; but hitherto we have found at the Lyceum something more welcome than the scenery of

Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Cuthbert ; something more beautiful than the costumes of Mr. Alfred Thompson. It was an experiment, this Richelieu, and a daring one. The audience deliberately voted for the management. With great regret, and for reasons into which it is impossible to enter now, we cannot endorse the popular verdict.



“ Philip.”

By Hamilton Aide. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
February 7th, 1874.

Count Philip de Miraflore	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Count Juan de Miraflore	-	-	-	Mr. JOHN CLAYTON.
Count de Flamarens	-	-	-	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.
Baron de Beauport	-	-	-	Mr. F. CHARLES.
Saint Aignan	-	-	-	Mr. BRENNEND.
Monsieur de Brimont	-	-	-	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Thibault	-	-	-	Mr. JOHN CARTER.
Count Kitchakoff	-	-	-	Mr. HARWOOD.
Count de Charente	-	-	-	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Marquis de Lallemont	-	-	-	Mr. COLLETT.
Monsieur Virey	-	-	-	Mr. TAPPING.
Servant	-	-	-	Mr. A. LENEUVEN.
Madame de Privoisin	-	-	-	Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS.
Countess de Miraflore	-	-	-	Miss G. PAUNCEFORT.
Louise	-	-	-	Miss ST. ANGE.
Inez	-	-	-	Miss J. HENRI.
Marie	-	-	-	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act 1. Exterior of Ancient Moorish Castle in Andalusia. Parapet overlooking the Guadalquivir.

(Interval of 8 years is supposed to elapse between Acts 1 and 2.)

Act 2. Salon of Madame Privoisin in Paris.

Act 3. Exterior of the Chateau de St. Leon in Brittany.

Act 4. The Boudoir and Oratory of Madame de St. Leon.





“*Philip.*”

The enterprising management of Mr. H. L. Bateman, and the fame of Mr. Henry Irving, have caused the “first nights” at the Lyceum to rank high amidst theatrical events. No wonder then, that last evening, when a new and original drama, ambitious in design and purpose, by an untried author, was to be produced, the house in Wellington Street was thronged by a fashionable and critical audience. It had been given out that the play of “Philip” was a dress piece, that the scenery would be magnificent, and that the two leading parts had been specially written for Mr. Irving and Mr. Clayton. The scene was principally laid in Spain, and as a well known and extremely dramatic episode in one of Balzac’s novels formed the leading subject of the piece, a highly romantic drama was looked for, and the anticipations of the audience were not disappointed.

In the old days, Spain was favourite ground for the dramatist, affording as it did sunshine, romance, picturesque dresses, an ample excuse for poetic conceits. Mr. Hamilton Aïde, however, confines himself to a brief sojourn in Spain. The first act—which, in truth, is a prologue to the play—is the only one which is supposed to take place on Spanish ground, and Spain is only chosen for the purpose to suit the scenic artist and the costumier. There is no colour of Spanish surroundings in the dialogue; the story is not national in any sense; it would suit any country, fit any setting. Nor does the dialogue rise to the romance of the story. Though this literary shortcoming cannot be said to mar the truly dramatic character of the play.

Mr. Aïde falls as far short of the poetic grace and fervour of Mr. Wills, as Mr. Wills is behind Mr. Aïde in

dramatic construction, and—to coin a word—stage-craft. "Philip" is not weakened by what has been well styled unacted acts. The narrative progresses easily and naturally to the close, the author, like all good novelists and playwrights, having built up his drama on the groundwork of his best and final incident. "Philip," if it had not the elegance of action of "Charles I." and "Eugene Aram," has the dramatic strength and completeness of "The Bells," and, if we mistake not, will prove another Lyceum success.

The first act opens on the Guadalquiver, in Andalusia, and affords us a lovely exterior view of the residence of the Miraflores, a poor but illustrious Spanish family. Here we are introduced to the Countess Miraflore, the mother of two sons, Philip and Juan. The family is so much reduced in circumstances from the Countess's late husband's extravagance, that the two sons find it necessary to shoot and fish, in order to supply the table. Philip is a brave, manly fellow, whose spirits shake at his situation. He is a man of broad, liberal sentiments, influenced by somewhat revolutionary opinions; he inveighs against priests and the inquisition, and prefers the independence of labour to the miserable pomp of penniless pride. "There is courage in supporting poverty with dignity; there is self-sacrifice in proud seclusion," so says the Countess. "There may be for women," answers Philip; "I prefer those virtues in their active rather than their passive state. Why should we live half-starved up here in our pride when honest work is to be done? What are we better than the unlettered boors around us, if we waste our years in this ignoble sloth? Intellect is power, and the man who best applies it—no matter what his birth—is the true lord of creation." Juan holds the contrary view, and is not anxious to change his life of idle leisure, in spite of the drawbacks which afflict Philip. The family includes a young French girl, Marie, taken from a convent to be companion to the Countess. Both the brothers love her—Philip with a true and sincere passion, Juan in his own selfish way, thinking only of the present. Philip conjures her to confess if she loves Juan most, that he (Philip) may know his fate. While he woos her, Juan and his comrades, pushing off their boat from the shore, are heard singing

a boat song, which is singularly graceful, both in words and music :

"Oh, sweet it is when all the world
Around is calmly sleeping,
To watch the light, that tells by night,
My love her vigils keeping.

Ho-ai! ho-ai the boatman's cry,
She will never forget it, never!
When heard that strain will bring again
Old days on the Guadalquiver!"

Marie's young fancy is taken by the music. Philip thinks she loves Juan and determines to leave her at once. Juan having discovered his brother's secret, tells the Countess that Philip has proposed to marry Marie, the Countess in a fit of passionate pride turns the girl out of doors. Philip offers to accompany her. She rejects him, saying, "It should never be said I entrapped into a marriage the son of the woman who turned me out of doors." They part. Juan enters and attempts to follow Marie. Philip stops him, and taunts him with base designs upon Marie, which Juan does not deny. A quarrel ensues. Juan insists on following the girl. Philip snatches up his gun, and Juan, drawing his knife, stabs Philip in the shoulder. Maddened by rage and pain Philip shoots Juan, and the curtain goes down on a most effective situation, heightened by the refrain of the boat-song sung by Juan's companions on the river

Between the first and second acts there is a lapse of eight years. We are introduced to an elegant reception-room at a fashionable house in Paris. A select evening party is in progress at the residence of Madame de Privoisin. The entertainment is given in honour of M. de St. Leon, who has recently arrived in France from America, and has purchased the Chateau and estate of St. Leon, in Brittany, and is supposed to be a rich traveller, who despises titles, and for whom the feminine world of fashion is laying matrimonial traps. The stranger is Philip, and is recognised by Marie, who, as companion and friend, is living under the protection of Madame Piccors. During the ball, they have both opportunities of telling their respective stories, and Philip renews the offer of his

hand. He is accepted, and presently informs Madame de Privoisin that, under the shelter of her roof, he has discovered his first and only love, his wife that is to be. The lady calls her friends together to receive the news, and, concealing her own vexation, presents Marie to them as the future Madame St. Leon.

We find ourselves at home with a newly-married couple, in the third act, at the Chateau of St. Leon, in Brittany. The scene opens in the morning, when Louise and Thibault, two servants, are preparing breakfast. Louise is in the confidence of her mistress. Thibault is trusted by his master. An old man appears at the gate and is admitted. He gives the name of Maurice, and while Louise takes in his card, Thibault, who has also gone out at the time, overhears some muttering of the old man, who, the moment he thinks he is alone, assumes the gait and manner of youth. Maurice is, in short, no other than Juan, who has tracked Philip and his wife, and comes to them full of malicious ideas of revenge. Philip and his wife enter from the door of the Chateau to take breakfast in the garden, and M. Maurice informs Philip that he waits upon him on behalf of the firm of Ardre and Co., of Nantes, who once rendered Philip a service. Juan's purpose is to get Philip out of the way, and he induces him to at once pay a visit to the firm who solicit his patronage and advice in connection with a great commercial speculation. During the conversation, Juan adroitly refers to the tragedy in Spain, where two brothers loved the same girl, and one murdered the other. He says he is reminded of the incident by M. St. Leon's likeness to the murderer.

Philip is confused, and desires M. Maurice to walk in the garden, Madame's nerves having been upset by the sad story. Marie hears the terrible narrative for the first time. She has known nothing of the quarrel, or of the subsequent death of the Countess. To add to her grief and perplexity, while her husband and the stranger are away, Louise hands her an insulting love letter from a Parisian Count, of whom her husband is already somewhat jealous. She tears up the letter, and sends a fitting answer by her servant. Thibault finds a fragment of the letter, and he also overhears his mistress instructing Louise to deliver a letter to M.

Maurice, "the person who breakfasted here. Give the note into his own hands, he is at the 'Hotel du Commerce.' Remember, secrecy is most important." Marie is determined to learn all from the stranger. She had noticed that Philip made no effort to deny the crime, and that his conduct was that of a guilty man; and, further, M. Maurice had stated that the Countess, at her death, had charged him with a message to the girl Juan had loved so dearly. She was resolved to know what the message might be. Thibault tells his master what he has discovered; tells him of the discovery with great deference, and with all respect to his lady; but gives Philip the clue of what appears to be a most compromising business. The fragment of the letter Philip recognises as in the handwriting of the Count, of whom he is already jealous. M. Maurice he imagines to be the Count in disguise, who knows Philip's secret, and uses it in order to lower him in the estimation of his wife.

Such is Philip's reading of the complication, and he acts accordingly. He sends for his wife. She receives him strangely, she shrinks from him, does not speak with her accustomed amiability, as she is suffering from the agony of having discovered Philip's terrible secret. He knows she has discovered it, but he still misinterprets her manner. He asks for her confidence, he yearns for consolation, and with all the usual injustice of men under similar circumstances, sets up his own grievance above the just resentment of his wife. He is jealous and tries to draw from her the confession of her indiscretion. As she has nothing to confess, Philip gets angry and upbraids her for being friendly with Count de Flamerens, and does her further injustice by condemning her as a coquette. "You fooled with Juan as you did with me, till you brought us to that pass of madness when neither was master of himself. He would have killed me, but the knife slipped aside and I shot him! To save you—to protect you from his cowardly pursuit. Oh! woman, woman, you are all alike! You lure us to our ruin, then kneel down, repeat your paternosters and cry 'Heaven forgive us!'" After this outburst he repents of his anger, and entreats her tenderly to confide in him, to say if she has nothing to tell him, nothing for which she wishes his forgiveness before he goes to Nantes.

She does not speak. Her silence infuriates him. "So be it then," he exclaims. "But have a care. I committed a crime which cannot be justified, though it was for your sake. There is this difference now—you are mine, you are mine. And I will keep my own! As to the man—bear it well in mind—as to the man who tries to step in here, I will break him as I break this knife." Philip then snatches up a knife from the table, breaking it, and tramples upon it with uncontrollable fury, the curtain going down upon his jealous threats of vengeance.

It is the fourth act which gives evidence of the origin of the piece. The scene is one of the most effective interiors we have ever beheld, even at the Lyceum. It is Marie's apartment. The time is evening. The last rays of the setting sun come streaming through the window. Marie apostrophises the sun. It will never rise for her bright and clear as it had risen that morning! She is sorely perplexed about her husband. "His troubled mind is now a prey to wild delusions, feeding on some fantasy of jealousy. He holds to his plan of departure for Nantes to-night, and there is that about it, I know not what, which terrifies me with a presentiment of coming evil." Meanwhile, Louise has delivered Marie's letter to M. Maurice, whose reply is that he will not fail to wait upon her. Philip takes his leave, still endeavouring to make Marie confess that she has a knowledge of some intrigue against his honour.

The sunset gradually changes to moonlight, and Marie is startled by the old familiar boating song beneath the window. As the music dies away, Juan appears in his own proper person, dressed as in former days. Marie cowers in alarm. It is the murdered Juan. He approaches her, however, and, in her joy at seeing him again, she submits to his embrace, until he begins to make love to her, when she breaks away from him, and threatens to alarm the house. At this moment, footsteps are heard on the walk outside and Marie at once suspects that it is her husband who has returned. She hides Juan in the oratory only just in time to answer the violent summons of her husband at the door. He knows that there is a man in the room, and searches it. As he is about to enter the oratory, Marie flings herself before the door. "You cannot

enter there!" "Why not?" demands Philip; "what secret does your oratory hide?" "There is but one spot sacred in this house," responds Marie, with firmness. "You shall not profane it with your violence." "Out on this mockery!" exclaims Philip; "there is a man concealed there, and that man is your lover." Marie, indignant at these accusations, walks slowly from the oratory to a chair, and with courageous but calm self-possession bids her husband to satisfy himself. "But weigh well my words. Open that door, and should I stand before your eyes clear as day, henceforth all is at an end between us—we part for ever."

Then going to the bookcase he takes down a volume, and approaching Marie, says, "Remember this story of Balzac! Where the wife swears that no man is concealed in her closet, and the husband has it walled up. I will show more trust in you. Swear to me on this crucifix that no one is concealed there, and I will believe you." She swears, but with an evident reservation: "I swear that no lover of mine is concealed there." Philip gazes at her for a moment, then dashes the crucifix to the ground, and in spite of her entreaties, rings for Thibault, and finding that the masons have not left the house requests them to bring stones and mortar. "Madame has felt a draught from that door. Wall it up." Philip lights a cigarette, and the masons go to work. At length Marie confesses that there is a man in the oratory. Philip takes up a pistol, throws down the stonework, opens the oratory door, and recoils at the sight of Juan. A hasty explanation follows. Juan, foiled and abashed, is allowed to depart; and the curtain falls upon the reconciliation of the husband and wife. "The Heaven you pray to has indeed been merciful. Do you forgive me?" "My Philip!" is the response of the unselfish and devoted wife.

Mr. Henry Irving, as Count Philip de Miraflore, for a moment excited our fears. He was nervous himself at first, but he speedily recovered his composure, after the hearty applause which accompanied his entrance. His impersonation of Philip was artistic, sympathetic, and full of that peculiar and subtle power which found full play in "Eugene Aram." In the second act, Mr. Irving proved that he can really make love; the declaration of his

passion to Marie in the salon of Madame de Privoisin was made with true delicacy, and was more consistent with the circumstances under which it was uttered, than, if it had been characterised by the warmth of passion, which, to some extent, was exaggerated in the first act. It was in an interview with the disguised Juan in the third act that the subtlety of the facial power of Mr. Irving's acting was most keenly felt. The close of the third act in other hands might easily descend to burlesque; but the earnestness and depth of passion of the agonised Philip, together with the true womanly fervour of Miss Isabel Bateman as Marie, Philip's wife, lifted the audience to the tragic significance of the walling up of Juan in the oratory and brought about a climax most successfully.

Great dramatic points are often originated accidentally. Starting back at the appearance of Juan in the doorway of the oratory, Mr. Irving fell backwards over the mason's material. The action was so natural that the majority of the audience accepted it as part of the business of the situation, and the effect was so good that it may be well to repeat it. Mr. Clayton, as Count Juan de Miraflore, the step-brother of Philip, made up his part artistically, and played it well. His share in the struggle that closed the first act was natural and clever. Mr. H. B. Conway, if he did not display all the *finesse* of a French Count, played the part well from an English point of view. Thibault, a confidential servant, was admirably rendered by Mr. John Carter. Miss Isabel Bateman's treatment of Marie was artistic in the highest degree. Criticism has its uses. Many young artists are spoiled by praise. Miss Isabel Bateman has had experience of the bitters of criticism. She has certainly benefited by the knowledge of her faults which has been impressed upon her by her critics. Last night she never lost her head for a moment: she was calm, graceful, dignified. In repose, she displayed a special and peculiar power of her own, a suggestiveness of manner, which marks her as a true actress. We congratulate her on her success of last night—a success which was unequivocal, and complete. Miss Virginia Francis, as Madame de Privoisin, and Miss G. Pauncefort, as the Countess de Miraflore, were alike excellent; and after the experience

of two or three more performances, the acting without doubt will be still more effective.

The play was received with every possible mark of approval ; the performers were called and loudly applauded ; the author bowed from a box, but the audience demanded his appearance on the stage, and he was led before the curtain by Mr. Irving, amidst hearty expressions of approbation.

“*Hamlet.*”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
October 31st, 1874.

Hamlet	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HENRY IRVING.
King	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. THOMAS SWINBOURNE.
Polonius	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. CHIPPENDALE
Laertes	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. E. LEATHES.
Horatio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. G. NEVILLE.
Ghost	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. THOMAS MEAD.
Osric	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. H. B. CONWAY.
Rosencrantz	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. WEBBER.
Guildenstern	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. BEAUMONT.
Marcellus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. F. CLEMENTS.
Bernardo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. TAPPING.
Francisco	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. HARWOOD.
1st Actor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. BEVERIDGE.
2nd Actor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. NORMAN.
Priest	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. COLLETT.
Messenger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. BRANSCOMBE.
1st Gravedigger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. COMPTON.
2nd Gravedigger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MR. CHAPMAN.
Gertrude	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS G. PAUNCEFORT.
Player Queen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS HAMPDEN.
Ophelia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Elsinore; A platform before the Castle. Scene 2.—A Room of State in the Castle. Scene 3.—A Room in Polonius's House. Scene 4.—The platform. Scene 5.—A more remote part.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—A Room in Polonius's House. Scene 2.—A Room of State in the Castle.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—The same. Scene 2.—A Room in the Castle. Scene 3.—Another Room in the same.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—A Room in the Castle.

ACT 5.

Scene 1.—A Churchyard. Scene 2.—Outside the Castle. Scene 3.—A Hall in the Castle.



“*Hamlet*.”

“The History of Hamlet,” says an eloquent critic “is like that of Macbeth, a story of moral poisoning.” The subtle analysis of Goethe, the brilliant peroration of M. Taine, the scholarly criticisms of William Hazlitt, unanimously confirm this verdict. It is Goethe who tells us of the brilliant youth, a lover of art, beloved by his father, enamoured of the purest and most confiding maiden, who has perceived—from the height of the throne to which he was born—nothing but the beauty, happiness, and grandeur, both of Nature and humanity. It is Goethe who paints for us the fall of misfortune upon this sensitive soul. M. Taine, with the passionate style and antithesis of his nation, whirls us along through all the stages of the moral disease, admitting the feigned madness, but insisting upon the ethical disturbance of Hamlet’s mind, which, “as a door, whose hinges are twisted, swings and bangs with every wind with a mad haste and a discordant noise.”

William Hazlitt is so in love with the beauty of Shakespeare’s picture, that he would not have the character acted. He says there is no play that suffers so much in being transferred to the Stage. He has seen Mr. Kean and Mr. Kemble; but the English critic refuses to be satisfied. He cannot discover his ideal Hamlet. He wants someone to “think aloud.” He insists that there should be no “talking at” the hearers, but that “there should be as much of the gentleman and scholar infused into the part, *and as little of the actor!*” Such criticisms as these are of the highest value as guides to the consideration of the Hamlet of Henry Irving, and to the previous history of the actor who has determined to realise his highest intellectual effort in the exhibition of moral poison.

When we come to think of it, is it not true that the study, the experiences and the peculiar influence of Mr. Irving's art tend in the direction of such a Hamlet as was pictured by Goethe, William Hazlitt, and M. Taine? The actor who harrowed our feelings with the agonies of the conscience-stricken Mathias, conquering many prejudices by the power of his intelligence and the minute detail of his art; the poet—for it was with the inspiration of a poet that the sorrows of Charles I. were realised—who expressed the exquisite influence of home life, the crushed heart on the discovery of a false friend, the distressing agony of an everlasting farewell; the artistic dreamer, who, with consummate daring, thought an English audience could be appalled—and it nearly was—by the mental terrors of Eugene Aram, the school-master of Lynn—was not this the actor for an ideal Hamlet, was not this the adequate and faithful representative of the effects of moral poison?

It was thus that Mr. Irving's admirers reasoned, when, considering his antecedents, they instinctively felt that his Hamlet would be the true one. They did not argue and discuss as Germans do; they did not gesticulate and prate like Frenchmen; but, like sturdy, honest Englishmen, resolute in their convictions, they crowded to the doors of the Lyceum Theatre at half-past three in the afternoon, prepared to struggle for a performance which could not close before midnight. Here were devotion, impulse, interest. If the drama was to die, the public resolved it should not perish without an heroic struggle for the rescue. If an honest ambition was paramount, it should not lack recognition. It was an audience which will long be remembered. Far more important than the interested occupiers of the stalls and boxes, was the sight of the unreserved portions of the house—the pit and gallery, containing as they did members of that class which is the best friend of the drama. The audience that assembled to welcome Mr. Irving was a great protest against the threatened decline of the drama in a country which is becoming more and more educated every day. And so, with all on the tip-toe of excitement, the curtain rose.

All present longed to see Hamlet. Bernardo and Marcellus, the Ghost, the platform, the grim prelimi-

naries, the prologue or introduction to the wonderful story, were, as usual, tolerated—nothing more. Away go the platform, the green lights, the softly-stepping spirit, the musical-voiced Horatio. The scene changes to a dazzling interior, broken in its artistic lines, and rich with architectural beauty; the harps sound, the procession is commenced, the jewels, and crowns, and sceptres, dazzle, and at end of the train comes Hamlet. Mark him well, though from this instant the eyes will never be removed from his absorbing figure. They may wander, but they will soon return. The story may interest, the characters may amuse, the incidents may vary, but from this moment the presence of Hamlet will dwarf all else in the tragedy. How is he dressed, and how does he look? No imitation of the portrait of Sir Thomas Lawrence, no funereal velvet, no elaborate trappings, no Order of the Danish Elephant, no flaxen wig after the model of M. Fechter, no bugles, no stilted conventionality. We see before us a man and a prince, in thick robed silk and a jacket, or paletot, edged with fur; a tall, imposing figure, so well dressed that nothing distracts the eye from the wonderful face; a costume rich and simple, and relieved alone by a heavy chain of gold; but, above and beyond all, a troubled, wearied face displaying the first effects of moral poison.

The black, disordered hair is carelessly tossed about the forehead, but the fixed and rapt attention of the whole house is directed to the eyes of Hamlet: the eyes which denote the trouble—which tell of the distracted mind. Here are "the windy suspiration of forced breath," "the fruitful river in the eye," the "dejected 'haviour of the visage." So subtle is the actor's art, so intense is his application, and so daring his disregard of conventionality, that the first act ends with comparative disappointment. Those who have seen other Hamlets are aghast. Mr. Irving is missing his points, he is neglecting his opportunities. Betterton's face turned as white as his neck-cloth, when he saw the Ghost. Garrick thrilled the house when he followed the spirit. Some cannot hear Mr. Irving, others find him indistinct. Many declare roundly he cannot read Shakespeare. There are others who generously observe that Hamlets are not judged by the first act; but over all, disputants

or enthusiasts, has already been thrown an indescribable spell. None can explain it ; but all are now spell-bound. The Hamlet is "thinking aloud," as Hazlitt wished. He is as much of the gentleman and scholar as possible, and "as little of the actor."

We in the audience see the mind of Hamlet. We care little what he does, how he walks, when he draws his sword. We can almost realise the workings of his brain. His soliloquies are not spoken down at the foot-lights to the audience. Hamlet is looking into a glass, into "his mind's eye, Horatio!" His eyes are fixed apparently on nothing, though ever eloquent. He gazes on vacancy and communes with his conscience. Those only who have closely watched Hamlet through the first act could adequately express the impression made. But it has affected the whole audience—the Kemble lovers, the Kean admirers, and the Fechter rhapsodists. They do not know how it is, but they are spell-bound with the incomparable expression of moral poison.

The second act ends with nearly the same result. There is not an actor living who on attempting Hamlet has not made his points in the speech, "Oh! what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" But Mr. Irving's intention is not to make points, but to give a consistent reading of a Hamlet who "thinks aloud." For one instant he falls "a-cursing like a very drab, a scullion;" but only to relapse into a deeper despair, into more profound thought. He is not acting, he is not splitting the ears of the groundlings; he is an artist concealing his art: he is talking to himself; he is thinking aloud. Hamlet is suffering from moral poison, and the spell woven about the audience is more mysterious and incomprehensible in the second act than the first.

In the third act the artist triumphs. No more doubt, no more hesitation, no more discussion. If Hamlet is to be played like a scholar and a gentleman, and not like an actor, this is the Hamlet. The scene with Ophelia turns the scale, and the success is from this instant complete. But we must insist that it was not the triumph of an actor alone: it was the realisation of all that the artist has been foreshadowing. Mr. Irving

made no sudden and striking effect, as did Mr. Kean. “Whatever nice faults might be found on this score,” says Hazlitt, “they are amply redeemed by the manner of his coming back after he has gone to the extremity of the stage, from a pang of parting tenderness to press his lips to Ophelia’s hand. It had an electrical effect on the house.” Mr. Irving did not make his success by any theatrical *coup*, but by the expression of the pent-up agony of a harassed and disappointed man. According to Mr. Irving, the very sight of Ophelia, is the keynote of the outburst of his moral disturbance. He loves this woman; “forty thousand brothers” could not express his overwhelming passion, and think what might have happened if he had been allowed to love her, if his ambition had been realised. The more he looks at Ophelia, the more he curses the irony of fate. He is surrounded, overwhelmed, and crushed by trouble, annoyance, and spies.

They are watching him behind the arras. Ophelia is set on to assist their plot. They are driving him mad, though he is only feigning madness. What a position for a harassed creature to endure! They are all against him. Hamlet alone in the world is born to “set it right.” He is in the height and delirium of moral anguish. The distraction of the unhinged mind, swinging and banging about like a door; the infinite love and tenderness of the man who longs to be soft and gentle to the woman he adores: the horror and hatred of being trapped, and watched, and spied upon, were all expressed with consummate art. Every voice cheered, and the points Mr. Irving had lost as an actor were amply atoned for by his earnestness as an artist. Fortified with this genuine and heart-stirring applause, he rose to the occasion. He had been understood at last. To have broken down here would have been disheartening; but he had triumphed.

The speech to the players was Mr. Irving’s second success. He did not sit down and lecture. There was no affectation or princely priggishness in the scene at all. He did not give his ideas of art as a prince to an actor, but as an artist to an artist. Mr. Irving, to put it colloquially, buttonholed the First Player. He spoke to him confidentially, as one man to another. He

stood up and took the actor into his confidence, with a half deferential smile, as much as to say, "I do not attempt to dictate to an artist, but still these are my views on art." But with all this there was a princely air, a kindly courtesy, and an exquisite expression of refinement which astonished the house as much from its daring as its truth. Mr. Irving was gaining ground with marvellous rapidity. His exquisite expression of friendship for Horatio was no less beautiful than his stifled passion for Ophelia. For the one he was the pure and constant friend, for the other the baffled lover.

Determined not to be conquered by his predecessors, he made a signal success in the play scene. He acted it with an impulsive energy beyond all praise. Point after point was made in a whirlwind of excitement. He lured, he tempted, he trapped the King, he drove out his wicked uncle conscience-stricken and baffled, and with an hysterical yell of triumph he sank down, "this expectancy and rose of the fair State," in the very throne which ought to have been his, and which his rival had just vacated. It is difficult to describe the excitement occasioned by the acting in this scene. When the King has been frightened, the stage was cleared instantaneously. No one in the house knew how the people got off. All eyes were fixed on Hamlet and the King; all were forgetting the real play and the mock play, following up every move of the antagonists, and from constant watching they were almost as exhausted as Hamlet was when he sank a conqueror into the neglected throne.

It was all over now. Hamlet had won. He would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. The clouds cleared from his brow. He was no longer in doubt or despair. He was the victor after this mental struggle. The effects of the moral poison had passed away, and he attacked Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the Recorder scene with a sarcasm and a withering scorn which were among the results of a reaction after pent-up agony. But this tremendous act was even now not yet over. There was the closet-scene still to come—a scene which still further illustrates the daring defiance of theatrical tradition exhibited by Mr. Irving. If the Hamlet was to be a mental study it should be one to the last. The actor who could conquer prejudices so far, was bound to con-

tinue, and when the audience looked at the arras for the pictures, or round the necks of the actors and actresses for the counterfeit presentment of two brothers, they found nothing.

Mr. Irving intended to conjure up the features of the dead King by a mental struggle, not by any practical or painted assistance. Speaking of David Garrick, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald says, "it was a pity he did not break through the stale old tradition of Hamlet's pulling out the two miniatures instead of the finer notion suggested by Davies of having them on the tapestry—or the better idea still of seeing them with his mind's eye only."

It is this idea which Mr. Irving adopts, and with so striking a success that the audience could scarcely believe that they had for so many years been misled. It is unquestionably the correct view to take, and it can be done with the best possible effect. An act which was such an intellectual strain as this for both actor and audience could not fail to be felt. It was exhausting, overpowering. The play ought to have ended here. It was too much for one night.

The nervousness and paralysing excitement occasioned by such an evening, made its mark on the actors. It was too great an effort. The fear of being shut out from a glass of beer before midnight frightened the audience, and there were a few minutes of doubt and anxiety. But art conquered, and the audience obeyed. Miss Isabel Bateman came on to play the mad scene of Ophelia, at the very moment when the house was longing for reaction, and was hungry to be free. She conquered at the most important instant of the evening, and she crushed down cruel scoffs by her true artistic impulse. It was a great sight to see the young lady—a true artist—sitting down, playing with the flowers, and acting the most difficult scene that was ever written, at a moment when it required the greatest discipline to keep peace. But Miss Bateman conquered, with the rest of the artists, mainly owing to the admirable taste and assistance of an audience loyal to, and appreciative of, art. Not all the heresies of Garrick, nor the sarcasms of Voltaire, would permit Mr. Bateman to remove, either the King's praying scene, or the churchyard ceremonies. Poor Mr. Swinbourne went through the first, to a chorus of hammering

and shouting from behind; and Mr. Compton, as the First Gravedigger, had not time to remove his ten waistcoats. Still the audience, true to its purpose, never ventured to interfere. The strain upon the nervous system of Mr. Irving upon so important an occasion, the growing lateness of the hour, and the wealth of beauty in the play, prevented the success which will yet be obtained by Ophelia's mad scene, by Mr. Compton's acting of the Clown, or Gravedigger, and by Hamlet's churchyard passion. But let it not for a moment be supposed that Hamlet ended in an anti-climax. A fencing scene between Hamlet and Laertes, which would have rejoiced the heart of M. Angelo, and which will, owing to the practice and industry of both Mr. Irving and Mr. Leathes, make us forget the tradition of Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan in the "Corsican Brothers"; to say nothing of the murder of the King by Hamlet, which, as regards impulse, determination, and effect, has never been equalled, put the final touches to this overwhelming work.

It may be, that the intellectual manager will yet have to see how far "Hamlet" can be curtailed to suit this luxurious and selfish age. There are not many audiences which will relinquish their beer for the sake of art. This was a very special occasion. But the supreme moment for the audience had come when the curtain fell. If they had sacrificed their refreshment, waiting there, as many of them had done, since three o'clock in the afternoon, they had done something for art. They had, at least, deserved the pleasure of cheering the artist who had inspired them. It was no *succes d'estime*. The actor of the evening had, in the teeth of tradition, in the most unselfish manner, and in the most highly artistic fashion convinced his hearers. William Hazlitt, the critic, was right. Here was the Hamlet who *thinks aloud*; here was the scholar, and so little of the actor. So they threw crowns, and wreaths, and bouquets, at the artist, and the good people felt that this artistic assistance had come at a turning point in the history of English dramatic art. "A pensive air of sadness should sit reluctantly on his brow, but no appearance of fixed and sullen gloom. He is full of weakness and melancholy; but there is no harshness in his nature. He is the most amiable of misan-

thropes.” So wrote William Hazlitt of Hamlet. It might have been written to-day of Henry Irving. “I have acted Ophelia three times with my father, and each time, in that beautiful scene where his madness and his love gush forth together, like a torrent swollen with storms, that bears a thousand blossoms on its troubled waters, I have experienced such deep emotion, as hardly to be able to speak. The letter and jewel cases I was tendering him, were wet with tears.” So wrote Fanny Kemble of her father, Charles Kemble. The words might have been spoken of Henry Irving, whose scene with Ophelia will never be forgotten. This is not a critical essay on the distinguished merit of a most valuable performance, but a necessarily brief comment on the impressions registered by a remarkable evening at the play. Time will not allow one to linger as one might on the distinguished and loyal assistance of such artists and favourite actors as Mr. Thomas Mead, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Swinbourne, and Miss Pauncefort. The effect of Mr. Mead’s splendid elocution, and of Miss Pauncefort’s facial agony cannot be overrated. It would be highly pleasant also to congratulate such genuine young enthusiasts of another and more modern school, as Mr. George Neville, Mr. Leathes, Mr. Beveridge, and Miss Isabel Bateman. But our efforts, without prejudice, have been devoted to the actor who will be valued by his fellows, and to a performance which will make its mark in the dramatic history of our time. The position of Mr. Irving, occasionally wavering and pleasantly hesitating in the balance, has now been firmly established. The Hamlet of Henry Irving is a noble contribution to dramatic art.

“*Macbeth.*”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
September 18th, 1875.

Duncan, King of Scotland	- - - - -	MR. HUNTLEY.
Malcolm	- - - - -	MR. BROOKE.
Donalbain	- - - - -	MISS CLAIR.
Macbeth } Banquo }	Generals of the King's Army	{ MR. HENRY IRVING. MR. FORRESTER.
Macduff	- - - - -	MR. SWINBOURNE.
Lennox } Ross }	Noblemen of Scotland	{ MR. STUART. MR. G. NEVILLE.
Menteith	- - - - -	MR. MORDAUNT.
Caithness	- - - - -	MR. SEYMOUR.
Fleance, son of Banquo	- - - - -	MISS W. BROWN.
Siward, General of the English Forces	- - - - -	MR. HENRY.
Young Siward, his son	- - - - -	MR. SARGENT.
Seyton, an officer attendant on Macbeth	- - - - -	MR. NORMAN.
Doctor	- - - - -	MR. BEAUMONT.
Porter	- - - - -	MR. COLLETT.
An attendant	- - - - -	MR. BRANSCOMBE.
Murderers	- - - - -	MESSRS. BUTLER & TAPPING.
Apparitions	- - - - -	{ MISS BROWN. MR. HARWOOD. MISS K. BROWN.
Lady Macbeth	- - - - -	MISS BATEMAN (MRS. CROWE).
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth	- - - - -	MISS MARLBOROUGH.
Hecate	- - - - -	MISS PAUNCEFORT.
Witches	- - - - -	{ MR. MEAD. MR. ARCHER. MRS. HUNTLEY.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A Desert Place. Scene 2.—A Heath. Scene 3.—Palace at Forres. Scene 4.—Macbeth's Castle. Scene 5.—Exterior of Macbeth's Castle. Scene 6.—Macbeth's Castle.

ACT 2.

Scene.—Court of Macbeth's Castle.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Palace at Forres. Scene 2.—Park near the Palace. Scene 3.—Palace at Forres.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—The Pit of Acheron. Scene 2.—England. A Lane. Scene 3.—Dunsinane: Ante-room in the Castle.

ACT 5.

Scene 1.—Country near Dunsinane. Scene 2.—Dunsinane: Room in the Castle. Scene 3.—Birnam Wood. Scene 4.—Dunsinane Castle. Scene 5.—Dunsinane Hill. Scene 6.—Outer Court of the Castle.



“*Macbeth*.”

“Well, and what of ‘*Macbeth*’?” This is the question which will travel about to-day with lightning speed, finding its way into our houses, and stopping us at every corner of the streets. The question is as inevitable as its consequence. It will be followed by a pause, and answered with a sigh. The art world, proud of the possession of a new actor, and pleased with the recollections of what has been called a Shakespearean revival; the acting world, primed with the memory of the Kembles, and Keans, and Macreadys of a past period; the musical world, smarting under the indignity of the banishment of Locke, who, as it turns out, never wrote music for “*Macbeth*” at all, but for Davenant’s jumble of Shakespeare and Middleton; the decorative world, positive on the question of kilts, eager on the subject of armour, and fanciful on the matter of colour; the students with the new “*variorum*” edition at their fingers-ends, prepared to write essays on the exact bearing of the “weird sisters” on the story, and anxious to point out the precise moment when the idea of Duncan’s murder flashed across *Macbeth*’s brain; the controversialists—some ready to prove that *Macbeth* was the most injured individual that ever lived—and others prepared with an argument that he was the blackest rascal that ever disgraced society, this one putting the whole blame upon Lady *Macbeth*, that one sheltering her with the husband’s villainy, and the third compromising the whole thing by saddling the witches with a detestable crime; society, eager for a new topic of conversation; cynics, ready for a fresh complaint; criticism waiting another victim—we see them all elbowing and jostling one another as they rush eagerly forward to put the question, “Well, and what of ‘*Macbeth*’?”

To one and all the result is the same. First there comes a pause, and then follows a sigh. It is natural that it should be so. When we look round the stage at the present day and remember the glimmer of light which is cheering and brightening dramatic art ; when we feel that we have all been buoyed up with fancies for the future, and toying with the pleasures of hope ; when we know that the first worthy attempt to do honour to Shakespeare has been crowned with signal success ; when we are positive that we have amongst us a young actor who is both student and artist, and is loyally devoted to his profession ; when we have positive proofs that capitalists are not wanted to help us to bolder efforts in the drama's cause, and that the public is prepared to support what is earnestly undertaken and fairly accomplished—it is not so very unreasonable that, thinking over this "Macbeth," we should pause.

When we remember the rapid manner in which opinion changes, and the easy transition from hope to despair ; when we see positively and clearly a mind not quite able to communicate its rare and treasured gifts, and a frame not physically capable of bearing the weights pressed down upon it ; when we feel the fatal influence of a meritorious mistake upon the future of the poetical drama ; when we dread the advance of a hectoring swaggering crew, who "knew from the first it was all nonsense," who taunt the enthusiastic with their shattered prophecies, who "saw from the first how it would end," who, of course, are wiser than ever after the event ; when we are almost assured that sufficient critical attention will not be paid to a study which, however unsuccessful, it would be criminal to call careless—well, under these circumstances, a sigh is inevitable, as we calmly consider the second Shakespearean revival at the Lyceum. "Well, and what of 'Macbeth'?" The question comes to us as it does to the rest, and we must not shirk it. We might be as anxious to avoid it as Macbeth is to free himself from destiny, but the silence cannot be for long. There may be a pause,—there must be an answer.

It would be possible, no doubt, to hide the responsibility of an opinion on an ambitious performance under a covering of elaborate disquisition. It would be far

more pleasant at the present moment to contrast the curious mistakes of Hazlitt and Lamb with the unanswerable arguments of Fletcher to show precisely how sound is the wisdom which banishes the music from "Macbeth" and disperses Davenant's motley rabble; to point out how many lines which are supposed to be Shakespeare's, have been discovered in Middleton's "Witch"; to give a catalogue of the scenes, which are shown by the experts not to have been written by Shakespeare at all; to give our views on the third murderer, who is declared by many commentators to be Macbeth himself, and by Mr. Irving to be merely the attendant; to set forth at length the metaphysical bearing of the "weird sisters" upon the tragedy as a whole; to argue out the vexed question of Banquo's ghost; and to show by copious extracts how thoroughly we agree with Mr. Irving in his idea that the murder of Duncan was not suggested by Lady Macbeth or prompted by the weird sisters—those mischievous spirits of evil—but had occupied the thoughts, suggested the "horrible imaginings," and caused the "black and deep desires" of Macbeth before he met the sisters, and before he communicated the interview to his wife.

But an opinion must not be lost in a disquisition, and the question we are asked to answer is, "How did Mr. Irving play Macbeth?" That question will best be answered by running through the scenes of the tragedy, and attempting to show what impression they made. We do not suppose that the oldest playgoer in the house can remember the play of "Macbeth" to have commenced more admirably. The weird effects, almost too daring for representation, were on this occasion crowned with signal success. The marvellous mystery which has hitherto provoked laughter here inspired awe. Shakespeare, genius and artist as he was, desired that these terrible and fitful apparitions should be the keynote of the great tragic harmony, which was to follow. This was the prelude of the terrible tale, not to suggest the crime, not to poison hitherto a pure and unsullied disposition, not to come suddenly upon a free and frank soldier, ignorant of evil, but mischievously to work upon a disordered mind, fiendishly to play with an irritable fancy, and fatally to

give a definite object to a dreamy idea. For these reasons, and these reasons alone, the weird sisters were surely introduced. To think otherwise is to rob the tragedy of its highest poetical significance, and to deny Shakespeare his most subtle idea.

Marvellously well is this idea carried out at the Lyceum. The sisters are in the air, revealed by an occasional lightning flash, and heard above the rumblings of a storm. They are, indeed, black and midnight hags, and lean and scraggy, as they patter round the cauldron, dismally weaving their spells and chanting their hideous monotone. The very gloom which Shakespeare intended to overshadow his tragedy and the very horror he wished to inspire, are felt by the audience. Who could doubt now that the music, beautiful as it may be, would be an artistic mistake. Nothing more appropriate could be conceived than those hollow voices, and this spoken chant. But Macbeth comes hurriedly upon the scene, and the house breaks into applause. Standing in front of a wild picture, and in the lurid glare of a setting sun, the Scottish General is wonderfully picturesque. So far, all is well, and the house is full of hope. Scenes of rare beauty, a stage filled with fine soldiers, drilled to perfection; a Macbeth who, in spite of unkind preliminary comments, looks the part; and the witch element, far better than anyone could have expected—these are the ideas which pass rapidly before the mind.

But, before the second scene is over, the audience cannot quite grasp Mr. Irving's idea of Macbeth. Many of them are confident he is correct in destroying the tradition of a tragic butcher, who wades through slaughter to success. A moral coward, outwardly brave if you like, but full of treachery and deceit, plotting against those who have shown him most favour, and contriving his crimes so as still to curry favour with the world—such is Macbeth. The world thinks that Macbeth must be a good fellow because he is a brave soldier; but Shakespeare—who mirrors the conscience of Macbeth—tells us what a moral coward a brave soldier can be. Having carefully studied the play, they are prepared, perhaps, for abstraction and pre-occupation—for the worry of a man's mind getting the better of the soldier's



"ALL HAIL, MACBETH! THAT SHALT BE KING HEREAFTER."



daring; but the melancholy is given in too decided a key, and surely it is not necessary to slur over the text in order to express despondency. However, Mr. Irving is terribly nervous, and his helmet shivers and rattles as he walks.

He gains confidence in the scenes with Lady Macbeth. The reading of the letter by Miss Bateman is striking, in its way, and attended with some success, though the subsequent speech is taken distressingly low. The vigorous termination of Lady Macbeth's speech, "The raven himself is hoarse," however, brings down applause. Macbeth's, "If we should fail," is an inspired change upon the part of Mr. Irving; and though Lady Macbeth's hissing description of Duncan's murder is too long sustained, it is certainly effective. But the act is over, and no one can hide the feeling of disappointment.

In facial expression Mr. Irving is even better than ever; once more his face is an index to his mind; once more his attitudes are eloquent with expression and meaning; he is a picture as he enters from the tapestry, and he has grasped so far the true—as we hold—meaning of Macbeth's character. He is full of irritable fancy and morbid apprehensiveness. He has broken the enterprise to his wife, and now that fate and time have conspired to bring it about he beats about the bush, and "will proceed no further in this business." He is a pitiable object, for he is a moral coward. Tortured by conscience, hungry with ambition, upset with the weird interview, and now roughly handled by his wife, who despises his indecision, and is quite as ambitious as he is, Macbeth is a sorry sight, and though Mr. Irving may not have taken the actor's view of Macbeth up to this point, he has certainly satisfied the students of Shakespeare.

Why, then, should there be any hesitation in accepting Mr. Irving's Macbeth, and why does the feeling of disappointment arise? The fact is, we are conscious of what the actor means, and are confident of the care devoted to the study, but see, with alarm, he is unable thoroughly to carry out his ideas. To make matters worse, there are certain sad faults of intonation, and curious views of elocution, which turn us away dis-

heartened from the actor's design. The manner is occasionally so dreamy, and the voice so lowered, that the text cannot be heard. He seems to be rehearsing to himself, and forgetting the audience. Point after point is lost, and idea after idea squandered by the actor's extraordinary method of delivery. We do not agree with those who are so eager to notice and condemn what they call "mannerisms," for all actors are, more or less, mannered. There are very few, even of our best artists, who do not possess some peculiarity which is capable of being imitated. But when a mannerism, from being unobjectionable, becomes a chronic disfigurement, it is time that every effort should be made to remove it.

There was a time when Mr. Irving was looked upon as the leading representative of a new and natural school, and when his art was regarded as a welcome protest against a class of tragedians, who could not speak a line of Shakespeare without commencing a doleful chant. His Hamlet was rightly regarded as such a protest, and was heartily welcomed as such. But it would appear as if the young actor had become a convert to an old faith, and that he thinks, as some of his forefathers did before him, that the dignity of Shakespeare cannot be supported without the assumption of the actor's Gregorian. It is curious that when Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are together they cannot speak with some amount of nature, and it must be patent to all that delicate changes and emphasis are lost when a trick of tone is assumed. The second act is played in a magnificent scene representing Macbeth's Castle, and painted by Mr. Hawes Craven. Nothing is wanted to make the picture perfect but a suppression of the lightning, which is sufficiently shown at the upper window of the long stone gallery. Here is spoken, of course, the celebrated soliloquy, "Is this a dagger which I see before me," and it is spoiled unfortunately by the old faults of elocution, and by such a thorough absorption in the poet's idea that the actor fails to bring it home to the senses of his audience.

Quickly we are hurried to the murder scene, robustly and conventionally acted by Miss Bateman, who is certainly a strong contrast to her feeble and over lachrymose husband. The act has a spirited and welcome finish,

which was accepted as a relief after the sombre incidents which have preceded it. The King is dead, Macduff has entered, Lady Macbeth has swooned; and Macbeth, with his soldiers shouting with wonderful vigour, retires up the stage as Macduff, Malcolm, and Donalbain are left talking as if to mark the suspicion which has already set in. The third act, containing the banquet scene, will probably be considered the least satisfactory portion of the performance, inasmuch as the actor is physically unable to carry out his excellent ideas. Banquo's ghost is introduced in a novel and not very satisfactory manner; and we think, on the whole, that the new practical and transparent ghost might be omitted with safety. But this is a minor consideration when we are thinking how admirably effective might have been Mr. Irving's idea of covering up his face with his cloak as he falls shrieking to the foot of the throne, had his strength been as powerful as his welcome imagination. The whole scene is well conceived, as, indeed, is the whole performance. But still it is unimpressive.

The evening, as it turned out, was one of strange surprises, and prophecies were ruthlessly falsified. The weird element, which had been feared as ludicrous, turned out to be one of the principal features of the revival. The scenery and costumes, which were supposed to be subordinate, were found to be of the greatest possible value. The sleep-walking scene of Lady Macbeth did not secure the anticipated effect, and instead of succeeding best in the conscience-haunted soliloquies and mind-tortured passages of the play, Mr. Irving gained his best victory in the last act of "Macbeth." The various changes from the inside to the outside of the castle, during the advance of Malcolm and Macduff, are marked by a moving panorama, which like the rest of the scenery, could scarcely be better, and it was in this act, of all others, that Mr. Irving seemed to break away from the measured tone he had adopted, and to abandon himself to the passion of the scene. He hurries from point to point with vigour and impetuosity, and adequately expresses the wild despair of a superstitious, but withal, a brave, man. Amidst all the varied pictures of this striking tragedy none will be better remembered than that of Macbeth, hunted down at last,

and hacking with desperate energy at the firm sword of Macduff, with his suit of mail disordered, and his grizzled hair streaming in the wind. "Well, they may say what they like—it was a very good fight," was the remark when the curtain fell, and unquestionably both Mr. Irving and Mr. Swinbourne deserve great credit for the spirited termination of the play.

Although we cannot consider that the strong efforts to encourage natural acting in this country will derive much assistance from "Macbeth," look at it from what point we may, and though we cannot see that the style of elocution here introduced is in any instance superior to that of the school whose doctrines we had hoped were no longer obeyed, there were no signs on the first night to show that the falling back into old ways was considered distasteful. We frankly confess that we have little sympathy with the theory that abnormal pauses and stilted tones are necessary for the expression of poetry; and we have still less faith in the new doctrine which would make us believe that it is a sign of genius to be unintelligible. The love of Shakespeare and the poetic drama will not be encouraged until his words, and his thoughts, and his poetry, are brought home to the hearts and understanding of an audience.

A hundred instances might be shown of how sense and poetical glamour are lost from the want of observance of natural delivery and the knowledge of the effect of words upon men's minds. But we may cite three which will illustrate our meaning. They are, for example, Lady Macbeth's charge, "From this time such I account thy love," so capable of intense expression; Macbeth's, "Then fly, false Thanes, and mingle with the English epicures," which seemed so dragged out as to be unnatural; and, lastly, and perhaps the most striking instance of all elocutionary mistakes, Macduff's most exquisite refusal of Malcolm's sympathy, "He has no children!" What a chance here for touching every heart! but how can it possibly be done when pronounced "he (pause), has (pause), no (pause) children (pause)?" The whole meaning of the sentiment is destroyed. However, our views are clearly not those of the Lyceum audience, who cheered with as much heartiness as on the first night of "Hamlet," and



"OF ALL MEN ELSE I HAVE AVOIDED THEE!"

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showed by their demonstrative demeanour that they enjoyed the one play as much as the other.

Mr. Irving was called out in the old fashion, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the play was announced for immediate repetition. That the greatest possible pains and loving care have been bestowed on the work by Miss Bateman, and all assisting her no one would attempt to deny; but beyond the interest which must invariably follow from the announcement of such artists as Mr. Irving and Miss Bateman in characters new to them, and from the latest theatrical edition of "Macbeth," there are few remarkable features in the revival. Amongst those features are certainly the weird sisters, and the decorative as well as the scenic work. Mr. Mead, Mr. Archer, and Mrs. Huntley, Mr. Hawes Craven, and Mr. Cuthbert, and the manufacturers of the armour deserve great praise. Macduff, Malcolm, and the subordinate characters were played in a careful and conventional manner. If the revival of "Macbeth" does not prove to be so successful as that of "Hamlet"—and this could scarcely have been expected—Mr. Irving may be assured that there are many less trying characters which demand his trying attention. He once half promised Sir Giles Overreach, and might well restore "Werner." The thought and culture devoted to Macbeth by the young student deserved, no doubt, a happier fate; but no great actor has ever succeeded equally well in all the Shakespearean characters he has assumed. Many indeed, like Mr. Irving, have not been gifted with the physical strength or robust vigour necessary for the trying demands of a tragedy like "Macbeth."

“*Othello.*”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
February 14th, 1876.

Othello	- - - - -	MR. HENRY IRVING.
Duke	- - - - -	MR. COLLETT.
Brabantio	- - - - -	MR. MEAD.
Roderigo	- - - - -	MR. CARTON.
Gratiano	- - - - -	MR. HUNTLEY.
Lodovico	- - - - -	MR. ARCHER.
Cassio	- - - - -	MR. BROOKE.
Iago	- - - - -	MR. FORRESTER.
Montano	- - - - -	MR. BEAUMONT.
Antonio	- - - - -	MR. SARGENT.
Julio	- - - - -	MR. TAPPING.
Marco	- - - - -	MR. HARWOOD.
Paulo	- - - - -	MR. BUTLER.
Desdemona	- - - - -	MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.
Emilia	- - - - -	MISS BATEMAN (MRS. CROWE).

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A Street in Venice. Scene 2.—Another Street in Venice.
Scene 3.—A Council Chamber.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—The Harbour at Cyprus. Scene 2.—A Street in Cyprus.
Scene 3.—The Court of Guard.

ACT 3.

Scene.—Othello's House.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Othello's House. Scene 2.—A Street in Cyprus.
Scene 3.—Exterior of Iago's House.

ACT 5.

Scene.—A Bedchamber.

“ *Othello*. ”

There are three headings under which Mr. Henry Irving's *Othello* might naturally be discussed ; first, in relation to the physical capacity of the actor for so serious an undertaking ; next, in a comparison between the new *Othello* of to-day with those of yesterday ; and, lastly, in the effect produced by the actor upon minds susceptible of influence, and in the impressions which outlast the excitement of the moment. We own to preferring the ultimate course. To dwell upon what are called mannerisms, is not only an ungrateful office, it is virtually to condemn some of the greatest actors who have preceded Mr. Irving. As every writer of influence has a marked style, so has every actor of worth a decided mannerism. To tone down one and the other, so as not to suggest a suspicion of exaggeration, is the legitimate aim of the artist. We do not pretend to deny that Mr. Irving's mannerisms are marked, and we do not acknowledge that they are invariably or constantly kept in submission ; but this much may be claimed for him, that the deep earnestness of the student continually outweighs any deficiencies in style. With regard to the second head, it must be confessed that, as a matter of taste, most comparisons are to be deprecated ; but, for all that, they are occasionally inevitable where celebrated actors are concerned. Mr. Irving has, however, done so much good work for the Stage, and is so earnest in his desire for its elevation, that no one can be disposed to discourage, in the cheapest possible manner, the ambitious aims of an English artist.

Let us, therefore, dismiss the two first points which are capable of discussion, and come to the last. How are we all impressed by Mr. Irving's *Othello* ? What

kind of a man is he in appearance, in temperament, and in influence? To his appearance very little exception can be taken, and it can be commended as well for its artistic accuracy as its daring unconventionality. No turban, no white burnouse, no sooty face, no "thick lips," and no curled hair! It is an Othello in scarlet, with just a suggestion of Mephistophelian glow, and the bare hint of a Zamiel-like gloom. The face is slightly tinged with walnut-brown—according to the Edmund Kean precedent, so much applauded by Coleridge—whilst the long black hair of the recent Hamlet and Macbeth waves down the Moor's back, and tumbles in masses over his temples. It is when we come to the temperament and influence of the new Othello that we feel disappointed. We had hoped to find a genial soldier and a passionate lover persuading us, against our own convictions, that Desdemona rightly loved him. This is what Shakespeare must have meant when he made his hero a Moor. He desired his nature to be supreme over any physical disabilities. His object was to paint a hero and to pit him against the Venetian prejudice of spells and witchcraft. But in soldierly bearing, this Othello is without dignity; in presence, he is destitute of command; and, in the expression of love, singularly undemonstrative. We scarcely think of him either as a soldier or a lover. He appears before us as a man, frenzied with passion and almost paralysed with disappointment. In the speech to the Senate, he has fascinated few; in his welcome to Desdemona after the battle, he has impressed no one. When Cassio is dismissed from his commission, no pulse is stirred. Long before Iago has commenced to pour out his poison, Othello appears in a dream, and to be cultivating a strange and unaccountable melancholy. When he clasps his wife to his arms, "If it were now to die 'twere now to be most happy," the touching sentiment is not uttered with the rapturous sob of a lover, but with a slow and deliberate mournfulness as if there were a consciousness of coming misfortune. Already, when life should be sunshine with Othello, he seems to be touched with the finger of Fate, and to be feeding on depression. He is so dreamy and abstracted that we scarcely follow his thoughts, and cannot always under-

stand his words. With the temptation by Iago the change comes, but not gradually and by fine degrees. The suggestion of Desdemona's infamy does not slowly torture her husband, but instantly paralyses him. He does not reject the idea, or brood over it, or sweep it away from his mind merely to be revived again. It transfixes him with horror. He gazes into vacancy, open-mouthed, and in a daze. As we look at him we are instantly reminded of the sarcasm of the French critic, "*Son premier mouvement fut de rester immobile !*"

Once recovered from the stupor, Othello appears to have no power over his utterance or his actions. He tosses his head and sways himself about. His eyes roll with the ferocity of an animal, and sometimes the very pupils seem to disappear. Not only does his frenzy come to fever pitch. It is ever boiling over. All dignity is lost, and all command over himself at an end. He flings himself out of the room as if he were mad, and although the concentration of nervous energy when he half throttles Iago is marvellous, the language of the threat is scarcely intelligible, and the exhibition of a man so completely beyond control is painful in the extreme. From this moment we feel that the physical exertion as here expressed has been too much for any man, and although the same kind of frenzy bubbles up again and again, it is too surely felt that the last vestige of strength is expended, and that Othello is played out.

The voice fails, and the limbs do not obey. For instance, the fury of the murder is not forthcoming ; the tenderness of the after-love is faint ; and the requisite reaction for the last grand speech, with all its revival of soldierly dignity is looked for in vain. It is an Othello we pity, but one with whom we have scarcely sympathised. If he could have impressed us more with his nobility and his affection, we might have extended to him more sincere appreciation. He has seldom fascinated and too often frightened. It is, we fear, too late in the day to repeat what has been often urged at different times, and in varied language. There are characters in the Shakespearean drama under whose sway the deepest intention is wasted in the want of physical power. Brain, industry, and nervous energy may do much, but voice, concentrated

strength, and grace do much more for the highest forms of tragedy. At certain important moments, Mr. Irving, knowing well what he wishes to do, is still not master of himself, and somehow, the fascination of such plays as the "Bells" has made him over enamoured with his own style. This style, or mannerism, is increased rather than corrected, and we observe fresh instances of that habit of so losing the character in the dream of an idea that it becomes extremely difficult for the audience to follow the actor. It ought not to be necessary to know the text in order to keep up with the artist, but rather to be so attracted by the interpretation as to hurry back to the book. If Mr. Irving could always correctly express what he means, he would be one of the greatest of English actors. These failings are only brought prominently to notice when such characters as the Moor of Venice are attempted. The physical necessities required for a Hamlet and an Othello are not to be compared.

Now, this very revival of "Othello," which, as a whole, is extremely well acted, affords one conspicuous instance of what may be called real or concentrated power, as contrasted with the nervous excitability, which is often mistaken for strength. We refer to the Emilia of Mrs. Crowe, a performance which could scarcely be excelled. For here we see the strong, passionate outburst of indignation, and all the time the faculties completely under control. No excitement of the moment destroys Emilia's clearness of utterance. It adds fuel to her fire. When she hurls out her denunciation she is as firm as a rock: she does not budge one inch, and the true test of force is its quick, sharp effect upon the sympathies of the audience. This welcome strength and natural passion are not only noticeable in the celebrated speech, "A halter pardon him and Hell guard his bones!"—a speech that always tells, but seldom strikes home with such marked effect. In the last act, when Emilia has to express the opposing feelings of indignation, horror, and almost hysterical despair, Mrs. Crowe quite surpassed herself. Not a trace of mannerism, or suggestion of trick, could be found. The actress gave herself up to the passion of the scene, and showed, unmistakably, what could be done with Emilia. In these two scenes Mrs. Crowe ob-

tained the truest and most legitimate applause of the evening.

The Iago of Mr. Forrester will be highly praised by all who recognised the determination of an actor to strike out a new line for himself, and to study a character according to his own conviction. Already recognised as a painstaking and intelligent actor, Mr. Forrester now shows himself an artist, particularly in the scenes where coolness, decision, and diplomacy are substituted for the old tricks of slouching villainy or carneying hypocrisy. The actor might still be urged to study and perfect the soliloquies on which the whole value of Iago rests. They are capable of the utmost variety of expression, as all know who have seen Mr. Fechter play the part, and they can be made picturesque as well as expressive. It is not sufficient to speak the soliloquies: they should be acted. But Mr. Forrester has yet time to work up that side of his task, which, in all main essentials is extremely gratifying. In point of facial expression, nothing was better seen in the whole tragedy than Iago in the last act, as he stands wounded and detected. Over his features still plays a faint expression of scorn. He is a villain, it is true, but his character is marvellously interesting. The mask has fallen, and the hypocrite is discovered. But he does not show a blush; he merely stifles the indignation of pain with the dominant delight at the success of his plan. The face of Mr. Forrester in the last act is a study. Desdemona, in the hands of Miss Isabel Bateman, is, perhaps, overburdened with melancholy, and the lady may well be recommended to omit the "Willow Song"; but the actress is interesting for all that, and, sometimes, prettily pathetic. The emphatic declaration of her innocence, when accused by Othello, was genuine and charming enough. On the other hand, it would be difficult to find a Cassio more manly and sympathetic than Mr. Brooke, or a Brabantio more dignified and solid than Mr. Mead. Mr. Carter as Roderigo promises well, but his pockets should be sewn up: the young actor is too fond of getting rid of his hands; and it does not do for a Venetian gentleman to so constantly remind us of the inelegance of the Nineteenth Century. All who desire to see a very satisfactory performance of one of the most cele-

brated tragedies of Shakespeare, looked at generally, will thank Mrs. Bateman for the opportunity afforded them, and they will further have cause to approve her taste in respect to the beautiful Venetian pictures and elaborate dresses with which the play is adorned. The Grand Duke's Council Chamber, by Mr. Hawes Craven, is a masterpiece of decorative art and mechanical arrangement.

“Queen Mary.”

By Alfred Tennyson. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
April 18th, 1876.

Philip of Spain	- - - - -	MR. HENRY IRVING.
Gardiner, (Lord Chancellor)	- - - - -	MR. SWINBOURNE.
Simon Renard, (Spanish Ambassador)	- - - - -	MR. BROOKE.
Le Sieur de Noailles, (French Ambassador)	- - - - -	MR. WALTER BENTLEY.
Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon	- - - - -	MR. CARTON.
Lord William Howard	- - - - -	MR. MEAD.
Sir Thomas White, (Lord Mayor of London)	- - - - -	MR. HUNTLEY.
Count de Feria, attending on Philip	- - - - -	MR. BEAUMONT.
Master of Woodstock	- - - - -	MR. COLLETT.
Lord Petre	- - - - -	MR. STUART.
Messenger	- - - - -	MR. SARGENT.
Steward to Princess Elizabeth	- - - - -	MR. NORMAN.
Attendant	- - - - -	MR. BRANSCOMBE.
Mary of England	- - - - -	MISS BATEMAN (MRS. CROWE).
Princess Elizabeth	- - - - -	MISS VIRGINIA FRANCIS.
Lady Clarence	- - - - -	MISS PAUNCEFORT.
Lady Magdalen Dacres	- - - - -	MISS CLAIRE.
Joan } Two Country Wenches	- - - - -	{ MRS. HUNTLEY.
Tib }	- - - - -	{ MR. ARCHER.
Maid of Honour to Princess Elizabeth	- - - - -	MISS HALL.
Alice, (one of the Queen's Women)	- - - - -	MISS ISABEL BATEMAN.

Aldermen, Citizens, Soldiers, Secretaries, Pages, Ladies-in-Waiting,
Etc., Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene.—An Apartment at Whitehall.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—The Guildhall. Scene 2.—The Gatehouse at Westminster.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Apartment at Woodstock. Scene 2.—Whitehall.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Street in Smithfield. Scene 2.—Apartment at Whitehall.

ACT 5.

Scene 1.—Mansion near London. Scene 2.—The Queen's Oratory.



“Queen Mary.”

The question whether Mr. Tennyson's “Queen Mary” is, or is not dramatic, from the accepted literary standpoint, has been settled long ago by students. The time has now come for considering its theatrical value. Some of the noblest plays in our literature are useless for the purposes of the stage, and the works of many a poet, although moulded in dramatic form, would merely produce discontent if produced in a theatre. It must, therefore, be a subject for considerable congratulation that “Queen Mary” has been seen, and so far, has commanded respectful attention. Obvious changes were demanded in the printed poem before it could risk the ordeal of the footlights, and it has been hoped that the experience of the dramatist might have been called in to guide to success the imagination of the poet. But it appears as if compression were considered to be of far more importance than reconstruction. Having omitted many characters and more scenes, having introduced two speeches and altered the conclusion of the final act, it was hoped that “Queen Mary” would be ready for the stage; but, theatrically considered, the drama is even less dramatic on the stage, than it was found to be in the book. The Laureate imposes two conditions on all who see his play.

First, they must be acquainted with history; and, secondly, they must be familiar with his poem, otherwise the story of “Queen Mary” will not be presented in a very clear light. The merely episodic allusion to the Wyatt rebellion, and the suppression of it altogether, destroys one of the foundation stones of the drama; the absence of Cranmer and Pole robs the play of much of its colour; and no attempt

has been made to connect the sorrows of the Princess Elizabeth with the troubles of the time, or the domestic trials of the Queen. As we read the book, there is a certain interest, however scattered; we feel that the antagonism of Protestants and Catholics is the main cause of Mary's sorrows; we are sensible of the glow of the faggots at Oxford, and seem to hear the voice of the preacher, and the low murmurings of the angry crowd.

But in the play we perceive an absence of warmth, and a studied suppression of colour. Instead of a succession of dramatic positions, we are treated to a series of domestic pictures, in which Mary pleads for affection, and Philip coldly disregards her prayers. It is true that Queen Mary goes down to the Guildhall, and receives the adherence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen; it is equally true that certain murmurs from a discontented crowd, and exciting messengers rushing to the Queen, convey the impression that a rebellion has taken place and been quelled; but we must know the book thoroughly well in order to comprehend the Guildhall visit, and the reason of the Princess Elizabeth's imprisonment. No doubt, hundreds of instances could be cited where dramatists have acted in defiance of the dogma that, so far as incidents and interest are concerned, a drama should be self-sustaining. Shakespeare himself was frequently no master of dramatic construction, as modern playgoers understand that art. But then, on the other hand, it must be owned that this very practice has robbed the Stage of its richest histrionic treasures, and has compelled us to own that many of the most glorious plays of Shakespeare do not harmonise with the exigencies of the modern Stage, and do not fulfill the conditions which all audiences impose.

The story of Queen Mary's life is divided into five periods. She is first represented as fondling the portrait of Philip, and seeking for sympathy from the waiting-maids who surround her, and the ambassadors who throng her Court. The long conversations with De Noailles, Gardiner, and Renard, are, no doubt, historically interesting, and examples of spirited poetry, but they are not apparently designed with any end tending to assist

the dramatic idea. They exhibit at some length the fondness of the Queen for her future husband, but it is not until Renard suddenly appears with the formal offer of Philip's hand that the action of the play commences. The Queen rushes out to the Council, and returns deadly pale, swooning at the words, "My Philip is all mine." So far, so good. The play appears to have commenced exceedingly well; so well, indeed, that some are inclined to question the policy of such a strong and dramatic conclusion. But, on the other hand, many who are familiar with the Stage, do not find fault with this. In the course of the act, Miss Bateman has twice commanded an outburst of enthusiasm from a full house.

Once, of course, in the line, "I am an English Queen—not Roman Emperor," which directly touched the susceptibilities of the audience, without the slightest attempt on the part of the actress to make a point or stir an argument; and the second time, for a true and impassioned delivery of the speech concerning the relative claims to the throne of Mary of Scotland and the Princess Elizabeth. It is certain that if the other acts can keep up to the standard of the first, the objections to the undramatic character of the poem will have been obviated. The second act is divided into two scenes—the first containing a visit to Guildhall, and the loyal adherence of the citizens to the Crown, the second occupied in the old Gate House at Westminster, with the hurried explanation of Wyatt's defeat. On this episode we have already ventured to remark. Both scenes contain sufficient dramatic element if united to any interest connected with Wyatt. But standing alone, as they do, and not worked up by the dramatist, they have a hurried and scrambling effect. But, this difficulty notwithstanding, the act ends with some fire, as the excited Queen condemns Elizabeth and Courtenay to the Tower. There are few opportunities here for acting, and it can only be said that the Guildhall scene might have been more dignified with a more capable representative of the Lord Mayor, and that the rebellion would be improved for stage purposes if the rabble did not express its discontent in so emphatic and monotonous a manner.

The third act is also divided into two scenes: the first at Woodstock, where the Princess Elizabeth is im-

prisoned—a scene, no doubt, full of charming poetical conceits and idyllic beauty, but unnecessary for stage purposes, inasmuch as the Princess has the faintest possible connection with the story, and is not involved in the main thread of the plot. The milkmaid's song, and the long speech in which Elizabeth wishes she were a milkmaid, so that she might escape the horrors and dangers surrounding her, might advantageously be omitted. In the second scene, however, in the Palace at Whitehall, Philip of Spain appears for the first time, and a favourable feeling is awakened by the Titian picture presented by Mr. Henry Irving, and by his admirable assumption of coldness in love and determination in policy.

The dialogue with Renard, when Philip stands playing with his dagger, was no less excellent than his excellently "bored" expression during the conversation with the Queen. The act ends quietly enough with Philip's sarcasm about the supper, and his escorting of the Queen to table. Experience warns us that the third act is a critical point in a play, and this particular act is not helping us on to the end. However, Mr. Irving's performance is at once so finished and subtle, so thoroughly devoid of mannerism and defect, that the absence of action is atoned for, and that long scene of the Princess Elizabeth almost forgotten. In the fourth act, matters do not improve, and it would be difficult to account for the necessity of Joan and Tib, and their account of Gardiner's death in Oxfordshire dialect, seeing that the religious controversy is so carefully eliminated from the story. The scene, however, is well played by Mrs. Huntley and Mr. Archer, and may be taken as a relief from the matrimonial difficulties of Mary and Philip, which, again, form the ground work of the fourth act. Mary still pleads, and Philip still sneers. Renard advises a little more courtesy, and his master still grumbles at the English climate; and so the act ends on no shadow of a point, and without the slightest attempt at marking the progress of the story.

The fifth act has arrived, and it is high time that any dramatic power held in reserve should at once be expended. The interest must be revived now or never, and in spite of the awkward fact that Philip and Renard—who had been made interesting by the careful acting

of Mr. Brooke—have both fallen out of the story. Philip is off to Spain, and will never return, and with him has gone Renard, his confidential friend. So the thread of the tale remains in the hands of Queen Mary, whose forlorn sorrow constitutes the sole attraction of the last act. Once more there has been an attempt to create a fictitious sympathy with Elizabeth. Once more it has failed. But still the readers of the poem have hopes from the scene in which Mary cuts out the face of her husband's portrait, and tramples it under foot. It comes too late. The grief of the Queen has been lengthened out too far; the death has been too indefinitely postponed. The interest, so long delayed, has gone out of England with Philip, and a source of relief is felt when the Princess Elizabeth hurries on the scene, and is enabled to close the eyes of the dead Queen Mary.

The historical play, written by the Laureate, has thus been discussed as a contribution to Literature and as an offering to the Stage. It only remains to say that it has been presented with all the wealth of costume, the beauty of decoration, and the conscientious care which distinguish a management celebrated for its devotion to the higher work of the Stage.

Dresses by Isai, of Milan; scenery by Hawes Craven and F. C. Ellerman; and appropriate music, selected by Mr. Robert Stoepel, sufficiently proclaim the desire of Mrs. Bateman to present "Queen Mary" to the public in a manner suitable to the claims of its distinguished author. Everything has been done for this play, both by management and artists, that the most sensitive author could desire. It has been mounted magnificently, acted with intelligence, and received with the good nature and encouragement which spring naturally from a desire to foster the impetus given to dramatic art by the production of a play by Alfred Tennyson. "Queen Mary" has been advantageously placed before the public, and its fate rests upon the public's voice.



“The Belle’s Stratagem.”

By Mrs. Cowley. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
June 12th, 1876.

Doricourt	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Mr. Hardy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. ARCHER.
Sir George Touchwood	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Flutter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BROOKE.
Saville	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BENTLEY.
Villers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CARTON.
Courtall	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. STUART.
Letitia Hardy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.
Mrs. Racket	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS.
Lady Francis Touchwood	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Lincoln’s Inn. Scene 2.—An Apartment at Doricourt.

Scene 3.—A Room in Hardy’s House.

ACT 2.

Scene—Ballroom.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Hardy’s House. Scene 2.—Doricourt’s Bedchamber.

Scene 3.—Queen’s Square. Scene 4.—A Room in Hardy’s House.



“The Belle’s Stratagem.”

The revival of Mrs. Cowley’s old comedy of “The Belle’s Stratagem,” for the benefit of Miss Isabel Bateman, was the means of restoring to Mr. Henry Irving the character which first placed this now popular actor in a prominent position on the London Stage. Like the traveller who, having obtained an eminence, looks back with interest on the path by which he ascended, Mr. Irving may possibly have regarded the event of last evening as affording a pleasant opportunity for a similar retrospective survey. Nearly ten years have elapsed since Miss Herbert, on re-opening the St. James’s Theatre, added “The Belle’s Stratagem” to those specimens of our elder dramatic literature, previously reproduced to such advantage to her management, and assigned to Mr. Irving, then chiefly known as an actor of repute in the provinces, the character of Doricourt. The value of the acquisition thus made was at once acknowledged, but, notwithstanding his scene of mock-madness in the comedy possessed some unusual vividness of colouring, it would have been a bold prophecy to then declare that the representative of the fastidious gentleman, whose admiration had to be secured by such whimsical devices, would, before very long, become capable, as Hamlet, of attracting crowded audiences at another theatre for two hundred successive nights. Apart from the personal considerations which last evening gave a special interest to the Lyceum performance, the revived comedy afforded a numerous assemblage the satisfaction of bestowing well-deserved congratulations on Miss Isabel Bateman, who acted Letitia Hardy in a very graceful and sprightly fashion. The simulation of hoydenish simplicity forming the stratagem,

by which the masquerading young lady wins the heart of Doricourt, was especially successful, and when Mr. Henry Irving, largely sharing in the honours of the evening, led the *bénéficiaire* forward to receive the congratulations of the house, no doubt could be felt of the genuine heartiness of their expression.

“Richard the Third.”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
January 29th, 1877.

King Edward VI.	- - - - -	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Edward, Prince of Wales	} Sons to the King {	Miss BROWN.
Richard, Duke of York		Miss HARWOOD.
George, Duke of Clarence	} Brothers {	Mr. WALTER BENTLEY.
Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards King Richard III.)		Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Henry, Earl of Richmond	} - - - - -	Mr. E. H. BROOKE.
(afterwards Henry VII.)		
Cardinal Bouchier (Archbishop of Canterbury)		Mr. COLLETT.
Duke of Buckingham	- - - - -	Mr. T. SWINBOURNE.
Duke of Norfolk	- - - - -	Mr. HARWOOD.
Lord Rivers (Brother to King Edward's Queen)		Mr. CARTON.
Lord Hastings	- - - - -	Mr. R. C. LYONS.
Lord Stanley	- - - - -	Mr. A. W. PINERO.
Lord Lovel	- - - - -	Mr. SERJEANT.
Marquis of Dorset	} Sons to the Queen {	Mr. SEYMOUR.
Lord Grey		Mr. ARTHUR DILLON.
Sir Richard Ratcliff	- - - - -	Mr. LOUTHER.
Sir William Catesby	- - - - -	Mr. J. ARCHER.
Sir James Tyrrel	- - - - -	Mr. A. STUART.
Sir James Blunt	- - - - -	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Sir Robert Brackenbury	- - - - -	Mr. H. SMYLES.
Dr. Shaw	- - - - -	Mr. TAPPING.
Lord Mayor	- - - - -	Mr. ALLEN.
First Murderer	- - - - -	Mr. T. MEAD.
Second Murderer	- - - - -	Mr. HUNTLEY.
Queen Margaret (widow of Henry VI.)	- - - - -	Miss BATEMAN.
Queen Elizabeth	- - - - -	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Duchess of York	- - - - -	Mrs. HUNTLEY.
Lady Anne	- - - - -	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.

Pages, Ladies, Nobles, Soldiers, Aldermen, Messengers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A Street.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—King's Ante-Chamber. Scene 2.—Prison in the Tower

Scene 3.—Ante-Chamber.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Chamber in the Tower. Scene 2.—Hastings' house

Scene 3.—Council Chamber in Baynard's Castle.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—The Presence Chamber. Scene 2.—Room in the Tower

Scene 3.—Tower Hill.

ACT 5.

Scene 1.—Richmond's Encampment. Scene 2.—The Royal Tent

Scene 3.—Richmond's Tent. Scene 4.—The Battle Field.

“*Richard the Third.*”

A great success, associated with a gratifying surprise, secured for the very numerous and highly appreciative audience, gathered within the walls of the Lyceum, on Monday night, a thorough intellectual treat, which it is rarely the privilege of a management to afford. The enjoyment derived from the performance was undoubtedly heightened by the pleasureable astonishment with which the playgoer made the unexpected discovery of a new source of dramatic delight. It is not often that a frequenter of theatres can recall in the course of a long experience one particular night when the channels of thought seemed to be flushed by a tide of new sensations. Yet something of this kind must have been felt on Monday evening by many an old playgoer among the deeply attentive auditory watching the performance of Shakespeare's tragedy of “King Richard III,” really acted, for the first time since the days of the great dramatist, from the original text. It seems a strange confirmation of the truth, paradoxically contained in the familiar assertion, “that nothing is so new as that which is old,” to find a play presented at the Lyceum so late in the present century which is not merely an absolute novelty to the present generation, but one acted with closer fidelity to the author's intention than has been known since Richard Burbage embodied the hero at the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, with Shakespeare at hand to offer valuable suggestions concerning stage “business.” Before Colley Cibber brought out his compilation called “Richard III,” at old Drury Lane, in 1700, Shakespeare's tragedy had not been acted for more than half-a-century, and only twice since has any attempt been made to present it approximately in the original form.

What was called the restored play of "The Life and Death of Richard III," was performed at Covent Garden, on March 12, 1821, but it proved to be only another "arrangement," inferior in dramatic effect to that made by Cibber. In deference to what was supposed to be the taste of the public at that time, Cibber's clap-trap "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!" and the bombastic couplet, "Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain; Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again" were preserved, with many similar passages. It is scarcely surprising that a performance compounded in this fashion, failed to please either the believers in Shakespeare or Cibber, and after one repetition the experiment was declared hopelessly to be a failure.

Had Mr. Macready, who became manager of Covent Garden Theatre eighteen years later, retained his position for another season, it was his intention to include "Richard III" among those memorable revivals which so incontestably proved the advantage of presenting the text in its original purity. At Sadler's-Wells, during the long and honourable lesseeship of Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood, the nearest approach was made to the design only partially carried out by Mr. Macready; and when "Richard III" was included, in March, 1845, among the series of the Shakespearean plays brought out in such steady succession, the ordinary acting edition was discarded with characteristic contempt. The attempt to return to the original text had, however, then to be made with great caution, and, highly creditable as was the effort, the result was not in any way so completely satisfactory as the exceedingly effective, yet scrupulously reverential, treatment the play has received from the Lyceum management. By judicious compression and occasional transpositions, perfectly permissible, and bringing the fine old chronicle play into complete harmony with the modern stage, Shakespeare's own work is presented in the most attractive form.

It would be, perhaps, ungracious to speak with absolute scorn of Colley Cibber's concoction, which has kept almost undisputed possession of the Stage for more than 170 years, and which has been identified with the successes of David Garrick, George Frederick

Cooke, Edmund Kean, and a long line of Richards more or less historically illustrious. Nevertheless, the objurgations of earnest admirers of Shakespeare and stern sticklers for the superiority of the original text, would now seem to be more than ever justified by the triumphant issue of the daring, yet discreet, venture of the Lyceum management. The rightful monarch of the poetic drama has dethroned the usurping playwright. The absurdities of the ordinary acting version of the play have been repeatedly pointed out. We all know that the murder of King Henry VI by Richard in the Tower, transferred by Cibber from the last part of "*King Henry VI*," was a violation of dramatic unities as well as a confusion of chronology, for the crime was no longer necessary to Richard when the action of the later tragedy begins. We all feel that the lines borrowed from the chorus in "*Henry V*," and other sources are inappropriately placed in the "acting version," and that throughout his adaptations Cibber sacrificed all other qualities for the sake of clap-traps and rapid actions.

In the original form of the work, as was forcibly apparent to the audience, there is harmony of purpose, intelligibility of motive, gradual development of story, and completeness of character.

Through the whole of the five acts, the drama moves along, majestically laden with a store of poetry and passion, and the spectator feels that his attention is demanded by the natural progress of the action, and not distracted by watching for the mode in which the prominent actor will deliver his favourite points. The sense of absolute novelty attached to the Lyceum representation is not alone advantageous to the audience. The performance excites curiosity without inviting comparison, and Mr. Henry Irving here stands consequently upon safer ground than he has hitherto occupied in his Shakespearean assumptions. No recollection of the superiority of some preceding tragedian in the delivery of a familiar passage need here trouble either actor or auditor. With the entire abandonment of all the speeches for which audiences used to wait in an attitude of applause, Mr. Irving has wisely cast aside all traditional accompaniments of the character.

It is little to say that his impersonation is thoroughly

intelligent, and shows evidence of a deep, scholarlike study of the part, for with the first attribute he has been justly credited through the whole of his notable histrionic career, and an actor who aims at a prominent position is bound to bestow the unflagging attention of a student on every line he speaks. But his Richard is not the truculent tyrant, who has so long stamped about the stage in scarlet doublet and flapping, russet boots, with black ringlet wig and bushy eyebrows, supposed to symbolise in their hue the darkness of his deeds of villainy. His deformity is no more obtrusive than is needful to justify the references of the text, and halting gait, appropriate to the character, absorbs a certain mannerism of movement which had occasionally an unpleasant effect in previous impersonations. The dark colours in which Shakespeare painted Richard, to brighten by contrast the figure of Richmond, Queen Elizabeth's grandfather, are not deepened by any lamp-black, borrowed from the foot-lights.

Mr. Irving, above all things, makes it clear to his audience that Richard is an absolute master of the arts of dissimulation, and this view of the character he supports with admirable consistency. He is never unduly boisterous in his rage, never prone to exaggeration in his scoffs and sneers; while, with all his craft of conduct and subtlety of scheming, a certain degree of kingly dignity is associated, preventing the wearer of the robes of royalty from degenerating into the swaggering, vulgar ruffian of a stage melodrama. Throughout the play a perfect picture of the period has been evidently sought after, and, it is eminently satisfactory to add, has been most effectively secured. When the curtain rises on that picturesque street of old London, through which comes the sound of the merry peals from the churches, proclaiming the joy of the citizens at the restoration of peace, we are collectively taken back to the time of the Plantagenets. A few soldiers pass, and at once the Duke of Glo'ster enters, in strict accordance with the poet's directions, speaking the memorable soliloquy, "Now is the winter of our discontent," which gives the keynote to the whole play. Clarence and Brakenbury accompany the guards to the Tower, the interview with Hastings takes place, and the first round of acclamations



"BE NOT SO HASTY TO CONFOUND MY MEANING."

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follows Richard's highly-significant delivery of the lines :

" And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle ! "

Then comes the funeral of Henry VI, with the impressive accompaniment of a chant of choristers, the first triumph of the arch-hypocrite in his conquest of the affections of Lady Anne, won, " in her heart's extremest hate " and the act-drop falls on the crafty dissembler's chuckling satisfaction at the smoothness of his tongue being more than a compensation for the angularities of his figure, and " shine out, fair sun till I have bought a glass, that I may see my shadow as I pass," become the cue for the audience bursting forth into rounds of congratulatory plaudits, no less heartily conveyed than honestly deserved. The second act includes the chamber in the Tower, with Clarence's well-remembered recital of the dream, the dialogue between the two murderers, the warnings and malediction of Queen Margaret, and the death of Edward IV, all unknown to the playgoers only habituated to the acting version, while the encounter of Richard with his mother, the Duchess of York, brings the curtain down on an effective picture.

In the third act, though the scene in the council chamber—here most substantially constructed with broad massive stairs and lofty gallery—appears much in the familiar dramatic form, the well-known situation is strengthened by the improvement made in the ordinary stage business, and Richard's affection of meek humility in accepting the proffered crown becomes much more impressively rendered. The impeachment of Hastings, transferred by Rowe to his tragedy of " Jane Shore," here restored to its original position, sustains the interest of the play at a very essential point ; and the scene with the young Princes, the meeting on Tower-Hill and the stir and bustle of the preparations for taking the field, keep the attention well on the alert through the fourth act.

In the fifth act, divided into five short scenes, the judicious manner in which is contrived the effect of the ghostly visitors to Richard in his tent, did

not fail to be noticed, and the deep feeling of remorse and despair conveyed by Mr. Irving, in the utterance of "There is no creature loves me," sent an absolute thrill through the hushed assemblage. The excitement of the battle-field of Bosworth is well maintained, without being unduly prolonged; and when, after a swift combat, Richard is slain and Richmond proclaims his victory, the curtain quickly falls, and an audience, who have not felt one moment of weariness through the five acts, gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Irving and his associates in art for an evening's enjoyment of the highest intellectual kind. This remarkable revival of a play, which comes upon the town like a new revelation of Shakespeare's grandeur of conception and treatment, is destined to a long career, if the measure of public patronage be proportionate to the amount of care bestowed on the production.

That Richard is the most elaborately wrought-out character in which Mr. Henry Irving has ever appeared, many will contend with good show of argument, but no one can doubt that it is his greatest triumph as an actor. In none of his previous assumptions has he shown a firmer grasp of purpose, and in none has he so thoroughly succeeded in concealing defects which have occasionally marred his excellent intentions. As Richard, Mr. Irving thoroughly identifies himself with the design of the dramatist, showing his villainy in subordination to his ambition, and masking both under an almost impenetrable veil woven out of the webs of deceit and treachery. To such a performance the warmest praise may be unhesitatingly accorded, not only on account of its absolute freedom from all the tricks of stage artifice, but for the minute touches—the by-play with the white rose, for instance, in the scene of the council chamber,—all of which helps so much to give just the finishing touch to a highly-coloured artistic picture. Rarely, too, has such efficient support been rendered a prominent actor.

The extreme grace and delicacy displayed by Miss Isabel Bateman, as Lady Anne, merit especially a cordial recognition. A young actress, who can deliver difficult speeches, with so much intelligence, correctness of elocution, and expressiveness of gesture, ought to

be assured of a bright future in her theatrical career. Her progress has always been watched with growing interest, and her latest achievement will go far to strengthen the hopes of those who have sanguine expectations of the position on the Stage she may ultimately attain. The well-known powers of Miss Bateman are well employed in giving the utmost force to the Cassandra-like predictions of the grief-maddened Queen Margaret, and her aspect was as wild and weird as the words in which her warnings and maledictions are framed. Miss Pauncefort and Mrs. Huntley, as Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York, are most appropriately placed in the cast, and the young Princes find suitable representatives in Miss Brown and Miss Harwood, whose natural intelligence has been skilfully directed.

The grim humour of the First Murderer is so adroitly conveyed by Mr. T. Mead, that an especial compliment at the end of the act in which he appeared was felt to be due to the actor, and his sterner associate in crime had an adequate representative in Mr. Huntley. Mr. Walter Bentley, by his admirable rendering of Clarence's dream, secured also an immediate recognition of his elocutionary powers, and won honours in a position that a young actor might justly feel some professional pride in obtaining at an early stage of his career. The valuable aid of such an experienced tragedian as Mr. T. Swinbourne gave to the Duke of Buckingham marked prominence. Mr. E. H. Brooke, in a dazzling suit of steel armour, looked a most chivalrous champion as Richmond; and the more subordinate parts were very carefully and creditably filled by Messrs. Harwood, Carton, R. C. Lyons, Pinero, A. Stuart, J. Archer, and Louthier. The musical introductions, which added greatly to the effect of the representation, entitle the orchestral director, Mr. Stœpel, to a full tribute of acknowledgment; and the scenery of Mr. Hawes Craven; and the accuracy of the general accessories, claim the warmest commendation for the completeness they give to one of the most interesting revivals the stage has witnessed for a considerable period.

“The Lyons Mail.”

Adapted from “Le Courrier de Lyons,” by Charles Reade. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, May 19th, 1877.

Joseph Lesurques	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Dubosc (Captain of a gang of Robbers, known as the Five Hundred)	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Jerome Lesurques	- - - - -	Mr. T. MEAD.
Didier (betrothed to Julie)	- - - - -	Mr. E. H. BROOKE.
Joliquet (servant at the Inn)	- - - - -	Miss LYDIA HOWARD.
M. Dorval (a Magistrate)	- - - - -	Mr. F. TYARS.
Lambert	} Friends of Lesurques {	Mr. LOUTHER.
Guerneau		Mr. GLYNDON.
Postmaster at Montgeron	- - - - -	Mr. COLLETT.
Coco (a waiter)	- - - - -	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Garçon at Cafe	- - - - -	Mr. TAPPING.
Guard	} To the Lyons Mail Coach {	Mr. HARWOOD.
Postillion		Mr. ALLEN.
Courriol	- - - - -	Mr. R. C. LYONS.
Chappard	} Members of the Gang {	Mr. HUNTLEY.
Fouinard		Mr. J. ARCHER.
Durochat (Disguised as a Traveller)	- - - - -	Mr. HELPS.
Julie (Daughter of Lesurques)	- - - - -	Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS.
Jeannette	- - - - -	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.
Gendarmes, Citizens, etc.		

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

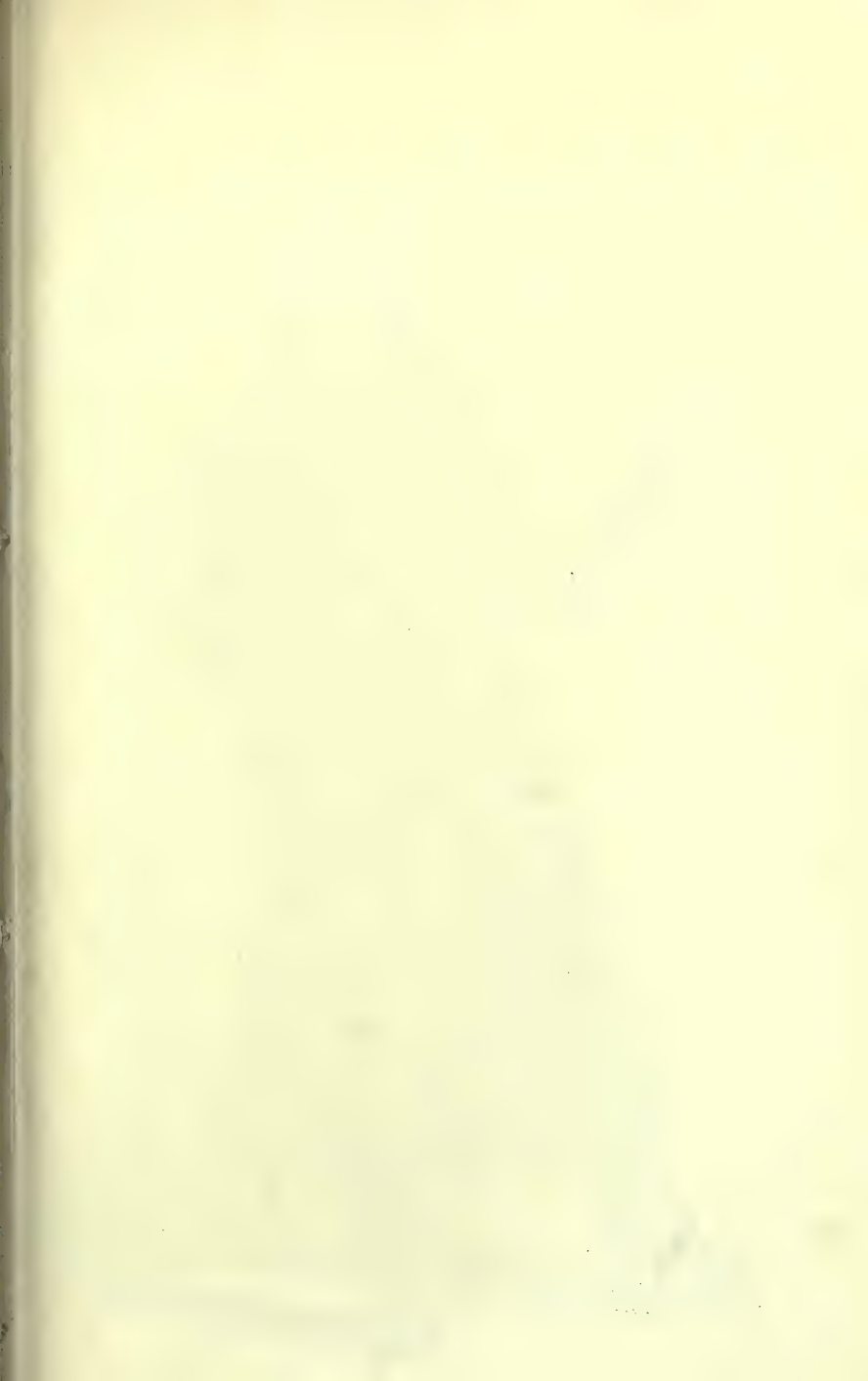
Scene 1.—Room in the Cafe, 17, Rue de Lac, Paris. Scene 2.—Exterior of the Inn at Lieursaint, on the Lyons Road.

ACT 2.

Scene.—Salon in the House of M. Lesurques.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Panelled Chamber overlooking the Garden in M. Lesurques' House. Scene 2.—The Prison. Scene 3.—First Floor of a Cabaret, overlooking the Place of Execution.





“The Lyons Mail.”

The “most lamentable of injudicious mistakes” innocently committed at the close of the last century in France, has been handed down to us as a solemn warning, by means of an excellent drama. Playgoers in almost every continent of the world ought to know the story of the “*Courier of Lyons*,” and, having known it, they will be familiar with the fate of poor Joseph Lesurques. In the days of the Directory, the solemnity of the laws of circumstantial evidence received a rude and irreparable shock from the fact that an innocent man suffered death for a crime of which he was entirely guiltless. A freak of nature in making two men so exactly alike that they could not be recognised apart, ultimately explained the execution of a guiltless man, warned society of the fatal injury inflicted on a blameless family, and gave the stage a legitimate mission.

Let us first run briefly over the circumstances, in fact, which led to the drama. A ruffianly murderer, escaped from the galleys, conceived the project of robbing the Lyon’s mail, which was known on a certain day to be carrying a treasure in bank notes; and, aware of his likeness to a popular citizen, one Joseph Lesurques, he, with devilish ingenuity, arranged his plans so as to escape from justice by entrapping a being incapable of committing a crime. He selected for his accomplices those with whom Lesurques was in daily communication; he arranged the scene of the murder at a lonely inn, kept—as very few people knew—by the old father of Lesurques; he schemed that the deed should occur contemporaneously with the precise instant when the son had paid a clandestine visit to his father; and in every single point circumstances came with their damning evidence against the blameless Lesurques. The

father, who came up at the instant of the murder and robbery, recognised his son. The boy at the inn swore to him. His clandestine visit, designed with an honourable motive, was apparently incapable of explanation, and Lesurques was guillotined as a malefactor. Such dramatic incidents as these, so interesting to the spectator, and so teeming with tragic despair, were not likely to escape the attention of the dramatist. Fiction is ennobled with truth as a foundation, and with Lacressoniere to create the double character of murderer and victim, the Gaieté Theatre, in Paris, obtained a great success in the year 1850. Mechanically intricate and dramatically ingenious, the "*Courier of Lyons*" held the town.

The inherent truth of the story told in its favour; the danger of the recurrence of such a disaster gave it impetus; and the descendants and heirs of Lesurques signed a round robin, authorising the use of the name of their ancestor as a warning to posterity. Once produced in Paris, such a play was not likely to escape the attention of London. There were several versions of it—at the Standard, at the Victoria and the Adelphi—where Leigh Murray was the hero. But the best English version was that of Charles Reade, produced at the Princess's Theatre, in 1854, with Charles Kean in the double character, David Fisher as the fop, Addison as the guilty horse-dealer, Charlotte Leclercq as the daughter, and Kate Terry as the innocent, fresh and child-like boy, Joliquet, whose evidence is of such vital importance. Such a subject as this belonged to Charles Reade, and he attacked it with all his sense of dramatic propriety, and all his soul of righteous indignation. He gave the play a far better ending than the French authors ever conceived, and carefully arranged the relative interests of the ruffian and his victim.

Wishing to revive the drama for Mr. Irving, Mrs. Bateman naturally went again to Mr. Reade, and in his latest re-arrangement he has once more improved the best English version. By restoring the scene between the father and the son, the play obtains a serious—if a terrible—moment and counteracts much inevitable bustle; and by lengthening out the farewell between father and son, the dramatist judiciously uses those

powers of pathetic expression of which Mr. Irving is a recognised master. Some may object to the position of a father consulting with his son to commit suicide, sooner than disgrace his family on a scaffold, and many will recall the farewell of Charles I. in the last adieu to his daughter. But the rejection of the suicide counteracts the risk, and such a farewell as that of Charles I. is beautiful even in replica. As this old drama has evidently been revived for the sake of giving Mr. Irving one more opportunity of exhibiting a mind-study, as elaborate as it is absorbing, and of showing his power of intricate reality, we may, perhaps, be excused for dwelling longer on this double character of Lesurques and Dubosc than on the play, which ought to be sufficiently well known by this time. The task assigned to the actor is one of great difficulty. It must be hampered with the perplexities of stage arrangement, and he must clearly express the varieties of disposition of two distinct men. Description of this kind in a novel would be comparatively easy; but think of the instant power requisite to convey to an audience the lifetime of two distinct individualities in a couple of hours. Here is Lesurques, innocent man, the affectionate father of a loving household, an honest fellow, who does good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame, modest in demeanour, and nervous in susceptibility, suddenly confronted with an alarming accusation. In such straits, good name and affectionate friends stand over the accused, and shield him from attack.

Not so with Lesurques. His father is the first to suspect him, to accuse him, and to denounce him. The waves of evidence gather over him until they almost drown his courage. He is astonished, he is eloquent, and he is paralysed. Everyone is against him, everyone in the wide world. His family shudders—his friends are cold. The "*mens conscia recti*" is a faint support; but still Lesurques meets his fate like a man, and like a gentleman. Cast away the type of humanity, and behold Dubosc, alike Lesurques in feature, but utterly distinct from him in disposition—a brute, a drunkard, a relentless demon, and a common murderer. He cares for nothing in the world but his ugly self. He casts off the woman who has befriended him; he treats his companions in

infamy like curs; he gloats like a beast over the execution of an innocent man; and he fights for dear life like a tiger. These are surely tremendous difficulties with which the actor has elected to grapple, and, though the canvas on which they are stretched is the poor, well abused melodrama, no less credit is due to Mr. Irving for his subtlety of conception, and for his mastery of detail.

Of the two characters we own to preferring Lesurques though we are aware of the difficulty in expressing the companion picture. The scenes in which Lesurques is engaged during the examination, and at the interview with his father, are highly studied, and effective at every turn. In the one we find the flurried terror of accusation, and in the other the dignity of despair. For the sake of the acting of Mr. Irving in this last scene we thank Mr. Reade for restoring it. The relative positions of father and son are marked with consummate taste. Mr. Irving is not vehement under accusation; he is dignified. His father speaks, and he must bear the blow. For an instant, scourged to madness by the violence of his attack, he is urged to put an end to his miserable existence; but the courage of his innocence sustains him, and he comes out of the difficulty a hero. This scene, so complex and so important, no doubt obtains its sustaining strength from the acting of Mr. Mead, and it will be well to congratulate at this point, this old actor on his spirited and Lafont-like reading of the grey-haired father. True, at times, the utterances may be a little staccato, occasioned by long years in other scenes where emphasis is unduly marked; but there is a strength, a firmness and a grip on such acting as this of incalculable value to the scene. The power and intensity of the father brought out the calmness and righteous indignation of the son. In fact, the scene was admirably played and held the house.

When we return to the acting of Mr. Irving, as Dubosc, the assassin, we are conscious of the extreme difficulty of contrast, but cannot regard the study as so complete as the other. The brutality and drunkenness were elaborated to extreme finish, but there was something about the hoarse voice and swaggering demeanour which suggested a too modern ruffian. We did not quite want here the wife-killer of St. Giles's, or the murderer of Nancy. The Dubosc was a brute of the police-courts,

and the wonder stole upon the imagination how such a polished gentleman—apart from the face—could have been mistaken for such an obviously degraded wretch. People are recognised by voice as well as by face, and we cannot help thinking that a more polished ruffian—externally—would have more completely perfected the illusion. The excellence of the performance excites minuteness of criticism, but comments, such as we have ventured to offer, do not detract from the studious skill and deliberate emphasis of Mr. Irving's acting.

It will be gathered, from the remarks already made, that Mr. Mead made a strong mark by his performance of the father Lesurques, and amongst the assistant characters Miss Isabel Bateman should be congratulated on the earnest manner in which she insisted that she had studied and thrown all her heart into the character of Jeanette, the injured wife. At the outset, it is true, there was too deliberate an imitation of the manner of Mrs. Crowe, without the compensating power; but in the scene where Jeanette accuses Dubosc, there was a determination, a meaning, and a dramatic verve quite at the command of the young actress, and eminently effective. It is something, at any rate, to hear a dramatic note firmly struck, and Miss Isabel Bateman did this when, as the ill-used, wounded, neglected wife and mother, she sacrificed her love for the sake of humanity. Unfortunately, there were some mistakes, which, perhaps, might have been avoided by more careful selection of artists—such, for instance, as the boy Joliquet and the fop Courriol. All notion of youth, innocence, and frankness, and fear, disappeared in the mincing mannerisms and conscious assertiveness of Miss Lydia Howard, whose overtraining conquered nature deplorably, and Mr. R. C. Lyons was not less ill at ease as Courriol, a modern Osric, with the most stagey veneer.

It is strange, that when so many actors could so successfully perfect such small characters as these, a blot should have been unnecessarily made on a play demanding good acting all round. It will not do in these days to neglect the care due to the smallest parts, and if it were worth the while to do so, fault could be found with many of the minor characters. The play ended at the extraordinary early hour of ten o'clock, and, as there was

nothing to follow, an animated discussion took place between Mr. Irving and his friends in the pit and gallery. Calls were made for Mr. Reade, calls were made for Mr. Irving, appeals were made for a speech, and, at one time, there seemed a likelihood of a debate on the relative value of farces persistently put up at the Lyceum. But Mr. Irving, with commendable diplomacy elected to refer the matter to the management. Mrs. Bateman will not fail to see that the prices charged for admission demand a longer entertainment.

“*Louis XI.*”

By Casimir Delavigne, adapted by Dion Boucicault. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, March 9th, 1878.

Louis XI., (King of France)	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Duke de Nemours	Mr. F. TYARS.
The Dauphin (afterwards Charles I. Age, 16)	Mr. ANDREWS.
Cardinal D'Alby	Mr. COLLETT.
Philip de Commines (the Historian)	Mr. F. CLEMENTS.
Count de Dreux	Mr. PARKER.
Jacques Coitier (the King's Physician)	Mr. J. FERNANDEZ.
Tristan l'Ermite (Grand Provost and Executioner)	Mr. W. BENTLEY.
Oliver le Dain (the Barber Minister)	Mr. J. ARCHER.
François de Paule (Founder of the Hermits of St. Francis)	Mr. T. MEAD.
Monseigneur de Lude	Mr. HOLLAND.
The Count de Dunois	Mr. LANETON.
Marcel	Mr. E. LYONS.
Richard	Mr. SMITH.
Didier	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Officer of the Royal Guard	Mr. HARWOOD.
Montjoie (Herald of France)	Mr. CARTWRIGHT.
Toison d'Or (Herald of Burgundy)	Mr. TAPPING.
King's Attendants	Messrs. EDWARDES AND SIMPSON.
Marie (Daughter of Philip de Commines)	Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS.
Jeanne (a Peasant)	Mrs. ST. JOHN.
Martha (Wife of Marcel)	Mrs. CHIPPENDALE.

French and Burgundian Lords, Guards, Bishops, Priests, Peasants, Pages, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

Exterior of the Castle, Plessis les Tours.

ACT 2.

Throne Room in the Castle.

ACT 3.

A Forest Glade.

ACT 4.

The King's Bedchamber.

ACT 5.

The Throne Room.

“*Louis XI.*”

Those who would stimulate the mind and sharpen the dramatic appetite with the anxious, clear-cut, and, in many respects, noble art-study that has happily resulted in the *Louis XI* of Mr. Henry Irving, may be earnestly recommended to judge the centre figure apart from its surrounding framework. A sensitive and fastidious age like ours, with its nervous horror of prolonged death-scenes on the stage, its hatred of intense expression, its shuddering opposition to that exquisitely fine realism at which the artist's ambition strains, its hunger for variety, and its distrust of concentration, in turning its back upon the kind of play an actor must use in order to exercise his highest gifts, virtually raises an opposition to the spirit of tragedy. The noblest expression of an actor's art can no more be confined in the limits of comedy, drama, or melodrama, than can a thoroughbred horse develop his powers in a courtyard or a paddock.

When an actor departs from the stereotyped lines of dramatic effect, and grapples boldly with psychological problems, he must remove his kid gloves, and put on his armour. He must pour out the sorrows of his heart as Lear, show the dauntless courage of Macbeth, express the absorbing passion of Othello, fight to the grim death as Richard, and fall like Julius Cæsar, if he would concentrate the attention of his audience, not merely on a passing scene, an ingenious situation, or a theatrical surprise, but on the conflicting passions of a great character. It is deliberately unfair to the actor to charge his account with the form of art in which psychological studies must be expressed on the stage. When people go to the play, and, after watching a masterly exposition

of the varied passions of one of the giants of the world's history, delicate in its subtlety, sensitive in its irony, studied to the very finger nails; when they see, in the space of a couple of hours, the concentrated essence of a tremendous life-time, and then complain that Louis XI is a terribly long time dying, that the realism of death-throes is very painful, "that they don't like to have their feelings harrowed up," that they "don't go to the play to be made miserable," and so on, they merely mean that tragic expression has no interest for them, and they imply that, if they had their way, the art of acting should be deprived of its highest and most intense aim. The study of a character such as Louis XI, is surely not complete without elaborate detail, and the tragedian who would embody such a character must be judged by the quality of the task he undertakes.

No one pretends to put this play of "Louis XI" on a very ambitious pedal of literary exercise. Mr. Boucicault, understanding the temper of his audience, has carefully relieved the classical severity of Casimir Delavigne's work. He has turned its course occasionally towards the lighter paths of the drama, has given it scientific opportunities and chances for theatrical effect; and, though the actors in it are little assisted by rhetorical flowers, dignity of language, and nobility of poetical expression, still, at any rate, there is a very fair and suitable framework for a character that might have been selected for treatment by Shakespeare or Racine. It is the character of Louis XI with which we have simply to deal. The immediate predecessor of Richard the Third in history is as absorbing a stage study. The very same year that the usurping King of England was murdering young Edward V, and his brother, in the Tower, the medical attendants of the dying King of France, and murderer of Nemours, were pouring the warm blood of infants into his exhausted veins. There were giants in those fifteenth century days, albeit they were wicked giants; and object to mere matters of detail as we will, no one can follow the play of "Louis XI" without having the attraction rivetted on the picturesque monster.

The actor triumphs when the force of his art obliterates the surroundings of the scene. Mr. Boucicault has done what he could to suit the French play to an

English audience. Save for a feeble and pointless first act, serving no purpose as a prologue or introduction, the scenes as they stand give fair opportunity for showing the cruelty in life and the agony in death of the terrible King of France. We see him crafty in trick, fawning in abasement, hypocritical in religion, and terrified in his death agony. The author of the passing scenes is assisted by decorative and scenic art. The richness of costume, the care of archæology, the beauty of scenery, the sounds of soft music, the wail of the distant hymn, the pomp of the religious ceremony—all serve their legitimate purpose. But from the moment that the usher in the doorway calls aloud "The King," scenery, crowds, tapestry, armour, drawbridge, and portcullis, monkish chant, and rustic dance all go to the background, and the actor is the prominent figure. This is as it should be, and it is in this fact that the latest triumph of Mr. Irving as a student and an artist is contained. There may be differences of opinion, and justly so, upon this or that matter of detail. Comparisons will be made with that lost and valued actor, who did so much for the English stage, and first centred our absorbed interest in this remarkable effort. There may be complaints of the actor's manner in minor and insignificant matters; but such a study as this should be treated in a broad, manly, and comprehensive spirit, and it is not too much to say—and we say it without hesitation—that Charles Kean, were he alive, would, with that liberal and art-loving spirit that distinguished him, be the last man to grudge Mr. Irving his legitimate success, or to refuse him the genuine praise that must follow so comprehensive and so powerful a performance.

Nay, we go further, and draw, from the genuine and generous conduct of Mrs. Charles Kean in the matter of this revival, the inevitable conclusion that our lost actor would cordially have rejoiced to find that the traditions and dignity of the stage were upheld in so true and so laudable a spirit.

Let us return, then, to that moment when King Louis XI comes upon the scene, for from that instant every eye is firmly fixed upon the centre figure, and seldom after that the attention wanders from Mr. Irving. Pages of dialogue could not so well express the meaning of

the man as does the actor's appearance. His thin, drawn, cruel face, his curious crafty eye, his uncertain voice, broken, petulant, and shrill, his restless manner, give the first idea of the character.

Mark, also, how a certain invincible determination tries to conquer the palpable signs of age. This is not mere trick of limping, it is the very feebleness of senility. The thin shanks are old, the feet are old, the tread upon the floor is age itself. Throughout this long scene, containing the defiant threats of Charles the Bold, the actor's manner, voice, bearing, and attitude, change a dozen times. He never seems to be acting. The art is concealed. Touches of irritable passion are succeeded by quick, sharp strokes of irony, and comedy shows her face again and again. Before the King has been seen for ten minutes, all seem instinctively to understand his disposition. The cruelty is in his eye, the irresolution in his manner. He will bully one minute, and cringe another. He dares and threatens until grappled with, and then whines for pardon. He cheats his conscience, and endeavours to hide his cowardice with subterfuge—his tyranny with religion. He scratches nervously at his lower jaw when craftily considering how far he can go, and hypocritically pats the head of the Dauphin, of whose youth and popularity he is profoundly jealous. Amidst such remarkable detail, it is impossible to dwell long on much of the light and shade that so well illustrate the character; but we may point to the attitude of the King when taking his throne and awaiting the deputation as a remarkable illustration of Mr. Irving's finished art.

Once more the idea of extreme age and feebleness is expressed in the relief of sitting. The figure falls limp into the throne. The jaw drops, a wearied expression comes over the features, and, without a word uttered, there is conveyed the depression attending formal ceremony. This is but one instance of many showing the sharp incision of the study, and it may be affirmed, without hesitation, that the first act in which the King appears is the most remarkable illustration Mr. Irving has given of his command of detail and absolute identification with the character assumed. Here, at any rate, old mannerisms disappear; not that any actor has ever lived without

mannerisms, but, down to this point, there is nothing to identify the actor with his part. It may seem ungracious to point out one instance of what looked like mistaken emphasis, or rather, over-accentuation, in such a remarkable scene; but the keen interest it created must plead as an excuse.

The sudden breaking off from the suggestion of Nemours to the attitude of prayer at the sound of the "Angelus," was, perhaps, too marked an exhibition of outward hypocrisy. At this point, the mere mechanical movement of the lips, and assumed devotional spirit, would be sufficient without emphasis. The hypocrisy is conveyed in the attitude, and does not require accentuation. Without wishing to indulge in any comparison, we may remark that it was here that Charles Kean made his most marked effect. He did not mutter the prayer, as much as to say to the audience, "Don't you see I am praying?—and how ridiculous is prayer at this moment?"—the sudden change of manner conveyed all that was requisite. At this particular moment, and again in the prayer to the Virgin at the *prie-dieu*, there was just a suspicion of trying to do too much—a slight mistake in art which was proved by the laughter momentarily provoked—and there would be no justification for lingering on these slight matters were not the whole performance so instinct with truth and care. If the attention were not so completely rivetted that it followed every turn and twist of the actor's meaning, there would be less excuse for suggesting an alteration as simple as this. The second act of the play is one that most vividly sets forth the King's character, and is as such in many respects the most interesting; but it should not necessarily detract from the more powerful situation gradually working up to the climax of the King's death.

The third act contains the well-known pilgrimage of the King to the Saint's shrine in the forest glade, and here the audience enjoys a moment's interlude of comedy relief. Excellently assisted by Mrs. Chippendale, as the rustic Martha, who, with woman's tact, sees through the grim superstition of the tottering monarch, and promises him a hope of revived love and a dream of life for a hundred years, and gaining the support of Mr. Edmund Lyons, a quick judge of marked

character, who plays the booby peasant doomed to say the wrong thing at awkward moments, Mr. Irving entered thoroughly and earnestly into the lighter scenes of the play. Showering the gold upon the heads of the rustic dancers, and sardonically grinning over a welcome conquest and a visionary promise of long life, the old King, still showing the possession of a tiger's power, gradually approaches the realms of a deeper tragedy. Comedy by quiet and modulated steps is left behind with the scene where the monarch, with cat-like softness and studied deception, extracts from Marie the secret of her love for Nemours, and the fact of his presence in their midst. From that second the passion of the situation increases, and we gradually approach that moment when the Duke de Nemours, hidden by his father's friend behind the arras of the King's chamber, surprises his grim old enemy at his orisons, threatens him in the silence of the chamber, extracts from him a craven humiliation, and gives him, as a supreme revenge, his life.

In all this scene Mr. Irving had what is known as uphill work. Owing to a certain coarseness of treatment, and a rough, ill-disciplined form of elocution on the part of Mr. F. Tyars, who played Nemours, the scene certainly lacked harmony, and wanted finish. In a dramatic sense it is the finest moment of the play, but Mr. Irving struggled with the greatest difficulty against unsympathetic aid, and succeeded only by the most determined resolution. Sympathetic treatment was here essential. The better Nemours acted, the more terrible would have been the abject terror of the King. But, as it was, the want of appreciation shown by Mr. Tyars, his lack of heart, and his failure in delicate treatment, told seriously against the prostrate King, whose efforts had already been severely taxed. Away from Nemours, the King had been acting admirably. There was no want of unison in the scene of the confession, for the Confessor, François de Paule, was played by Mr. T. Mead with rugged earnestness and sound effect. There was no failure in colour when relieved from the presence of Nemours. The half-maddened King summoned his attendants, and in an agony of fear, despatched his guard after the retreating assassin. Far finer than the best scenes of his Richelieu,

Mr. Irving here abandoned himself to the tempest of the situation, and the curtain fell upon applause, spontaneous, hearty, and well-deserved.

The death scene remained as the fitting conclusion to the history of this melancholy life, and whatever objections may be taken to death realism in the abstract, the passing hours of this bad great man, as illustrated on the stage, are eloquent with truth and vividly impressive as a clever study. The conscientious objections of such people as protest against the dark shadows of the valley of death being illustrated by art, deserve a certain respect; and if it be granted that tragedy, the tragedy of such a life as that of Louis XI, is not to be robbed of its orthodox conclusion, then surely art more delicate has seldom been bestowed upon a painful subject. The death of Louis XI on the stage, is no more reprehensible than the death of a hundred other heroes of tragedy; and those who, distrusting tragedy, take this as an illustration, incur a grave responsibility. If the lives of all stage heroes are to pass away without pain, then the limits of art are circumscribed. Mr. Henry Irving had no such scruples. He attacked his task boldly, and he succeeded in being impressive without attempting to be morbid. He had to illustrate a double death—a death of weakness, and a death of reality. He had to describe a death-like want of animation, an interval of sleep, and the last grand struggle. Such a study cannot be too elaborate for those who believe in the power of art. So long as it was not shocking it was within the bounds of art. A complete change had come over Louis XI when he tottered into the throne room to die. They had clothed him in his robes of regal office, given him crown and sceptre, and flattered his last moments with pomp and insignia.

He was a splendid mockery in the hour of death, a hideous example of the vanity of man's power. Clothe him as they would in crown and velvet, the inevitable must, in the end, prevail. These were the thoughts suggested by the acting of Mr. Irving. He was a melancholy wreck, a decorated effigy. There was something grand even in this dogged determination not to die; but, fight as he would, King or not, it was death that gained the victory. The quick, horrible spasms, the pause

of relief after them, the colourless eye, the twitching of the fingers, the nervous plucking of the regal robe, all told of the ghastly inevitable. A final spasm, and then came a torpor. To all beholders, the King was dead. The doctor felt his pulse and then his heart. The Dauphin, in the silence of the death-chamber, took his father's wasted hand. It fell inanimate. But then came the last spasm, the spasm of returning life, and, as the Dauphin placed upon his boyish brow, the crown he was to wear, he felt upon his shoulders the clutch of the dead King's fingers. He lived for that moment of reproach. He lived to repent and forgive his enemies, and when, with bated breath, the old formula was uttered, "*Le roi est mort, vive le roi,*" all was silence and all was peace.

The stage management of the last scene was without reproach. This is an art too little recognised. Good at other points, the arrangement of the final passage was distinguished for its dignity, its impressive character, and its intense solemnity. The situation gathered strength as it went on. The revival of the King, and his check of the Dauphin's impetuosity, were excellent enough; but from the moment that Marie summoned the courtiers to the fall of the curtain, there was not an instant where levity was possible.

And this is the secret of earnest stage work. So impressive, indeed, was the solemnity of the death-scene, that for some time the audience, demonstrative to a fault hitherto, refused to cheer, and it was only with this effort of reaction that Mr. Irving was called again and again before the curtain to thank those who so cordially thanked him, and to say many grateful words concerning the goodwill and encouragement of Mrs. Charles Kean. In discussing a success of this kind, it is impossible to dwell with proper force upon the minor assistance that helped to swell the actor's triumph.

There were certain blots on the general performance, no doubt, but such essential characters of the Dauphin and Oliver were sustained with earnest intelligence by Mr. Andrews and Mr. Archer. The female interest is weak enough, and Miss Virginia Francis did as what she could with Marie; but the best of the unrecognised aids, apart from the general tone of the stage arrangements, were

the distant musical strains, no doubt perfected by Mr. Robert Stoepel. That far-off hymn to Heaven for the King's life, as he sat warming himself by the massive grate, is one of those suggestive and excellent effects which are so thorough, that they are not readily forgotten. Such touches as these give a gleam of poetry to scenes which seem to pass away, but, in reality, linger affectionately in the memory. They do so because they are true, and because it is true that the Louis XI of Mr. Henry Irving will be recognised as his most complete and scholarly study.

“Vanderdecken.”

By Percy Fitzgerald and W. G. Wills. First produced at the
Lyceum Theatre, June 8th, 1878.

Philip Vanderdecken	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Nils (an old Pilot, father of Thekla)	- - - - -	Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Olaf	- - - - -	Mr. WALTER BENTLEY.
Pastor Anders Been	- - - - -	Mr. EDMUND LYONS.
Alderman Jorgen	- - - - -	Mr. A. W. PINERO.
Jans Steffen	- - - - -	Mr. R. LYONS.
Soreen	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.

Sailors, etc.,

Nurse Birgit	- - - - -	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Christine	- - - - -	Miss JONES.
Jetty	- - - - -	Miss HARWOOD.
Old Nancy	- - - - -	Miss ST. JOHN.
Thekla (the Pilot's daughter)	- - - - -	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY-

The scene of the play is in Norway, at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century.

ACT I.—Evening.

Scene.—Cottage of old Nils, the Pilot, near the entrance of the Christiania Fjord.

ACT 2.—Daybreak.

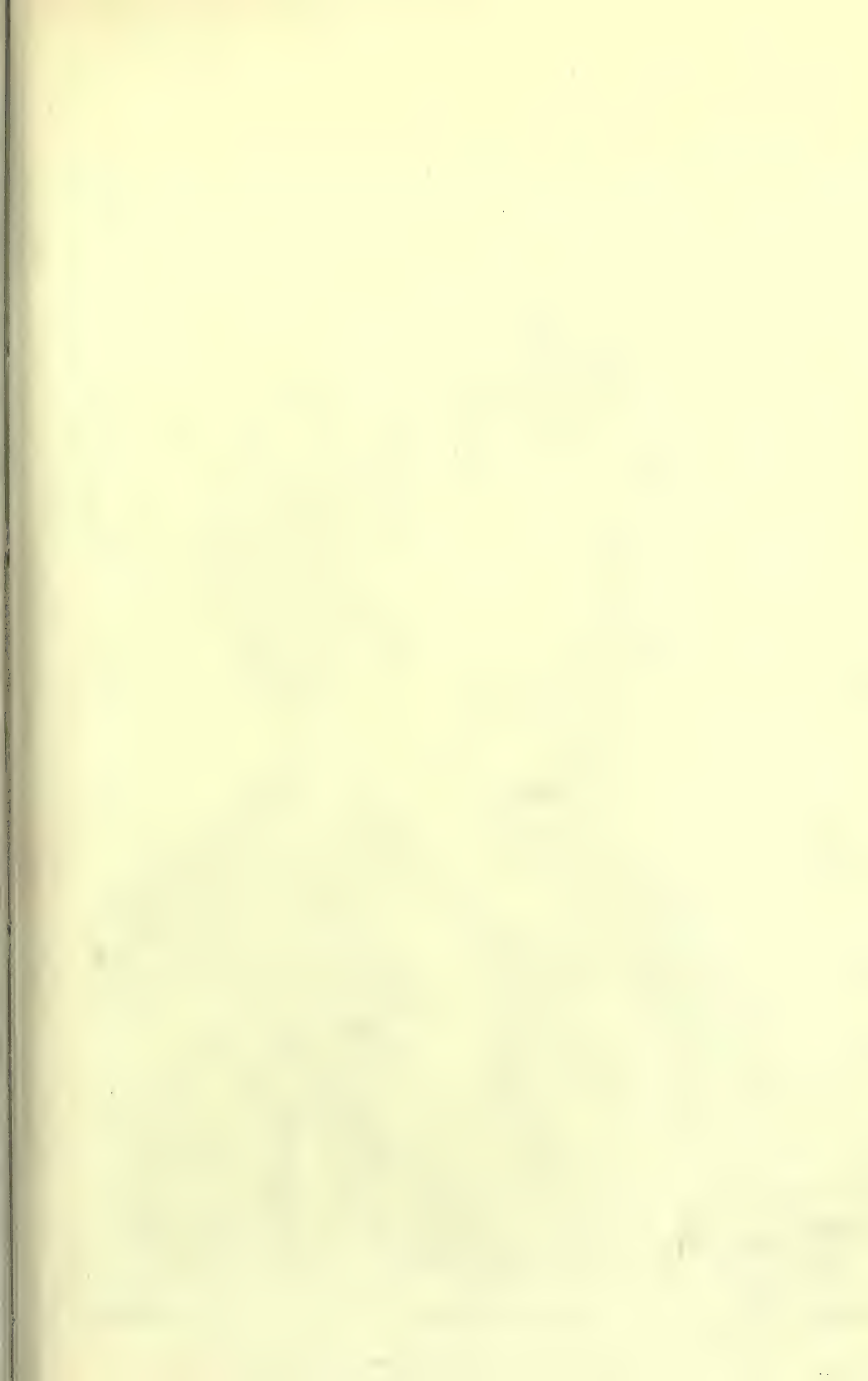
Scene 1.—Quay of the Fishing Village. Scene 2.—Interior of the Cottage.

ACT 3.

Scene.—Path leading by the cliff to the cottage of Nils ; distant view of the Skager Rack.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Interior of the Cottage. Scene 2.—Deck of the Phantom Ship. —The Haven.





“*Vanderdecken.*”

The everlasting German legend of “The Flying Dutchman” passed through three important stages in this country before it found itself set round with certain jewels of poetry, and honest gold of artistic expression at the suggestion of Henry Irving. We have met it in fiction, in old-established melodrama, and on the lyric stage. It has now been revived by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and Mr. W. G. Wills, in the “romantic poetic drama,” “*Vanderdecken*,” and before we proceed to our task—our most pleasant task—of complimenting the authors on the daring of their fancy, and the artists on the excellence of their performance, it may surely be interesting to trace this curious legend from the pages of a favourite magazine to its position as the first bold attempt to scorn theatrical conventionality, and to encourage imagination in dramatic art. In the month of May, 1821, appeared in the pages of “*Blackwood’s Magazine*,” a striking story called “*Vanderdecken’s Message Home; or, the Tenacity of Natural Affection.*” The last half of the title best described the legend as it was then known.

Sailors tempest-tossed round the Cape of Good Hope had fancied in their nervous superstition that they had seen the blood-red sails of the Phantom Ship of *Vanderdecken*, who was doomed for an impious expression to beat about this stormy sea until the Day of Judgement. Tormented by an everlasting regret, longing to get back to Holland and meet the friends they could not believe to be dead, it was the custom of *Vanderdecken* and his crew to board distressed vessels in a storm, and leave upon their decks letters for loved ones at home. Every

ship that carried such letters was doomed. This was the story, in 1821, told by a superstitious Jack Tar.

It had no finality and little dramatic moment. Vanderdecken was seen ; his phantom sailors, with tears in their eyes, asked affectionately after friends who had been dead a hundred years or more ; the messages were put on board, and by a merciful lurch, they were consigned to the bottom of the sea. But that was all ; there was no mention of Vanderdecken's visit to the shore, and no idea of any woman in the legend. It was a tale of the "tenacity of natural affection," and no more. Be that as it may, the story in "Blackwood's Magazine" suggested an Adelphi melodrama to the industrious Edward Fitzball. "The Flying Dutchman" appeared on December 6th, 1826. T. P. Cooke played the pantomimic character of Vanderdecken, who came out of the sea in blue flames, and waved a black flag decorated with a skull and cross bones ; but he was soon so disgusted with the part that he gave it up to Mr. O. Smith. In those days people did not trouble themselves much about ideality or imagination. The play happened to contain some very good music, composed by Herbert Rodwell ; John Reeve was said to be very amusing as Peter von Blummell, a Dutchman ; and the vampire business of Vanderdecken was highly to the taste of the audience. We now arrive at the *Renâissance* period of art, when Wagner took up "Der Fliegende Holländer," and saw in the legend a field for the seeds of his then imperfectly developed theory.

Thanks to Heine, the one thing wanting was obtained. The story was bare and cold without female influence and interest, and so the poet conceived the beautiful idea of a limit to the life-long torture of Vanderdecken, on condition that he found on one of his visits to earth every seven years, a woman who would sacrifice herself for his sake, and win for him and her an eternal and intensely sympathetic rest. We know how Wagner has worked out the legend, impassioned as it has become, by the feminine inspiration. We know how the poet-musician has described it in melodious language, and adapted it for the lyric stage. Mr. Carl Rosa gave us the opera in English. It has been sang in Italian as "L'Olandese Dannato."

We now arrive at its latest and, in many respects, its most poetic form. Watching, as we do, the intense earnestness of this new play, its defiant disregard for conventionality, its steady, unflinching art-purpose, its submissive devotion to the meaning of the legend, be it good or bad, be it popular or not, its thorough determination to bring out of it all that is imaginative, and to repress every vulgar accessory, we shall not be rash if we conclude that Mr. Henry Irving has been impressed—sensibly and earnestly impressed—with the fact of the Wagnerian method in lyric art. "Vanderdecken," as written by Mr. Wills, and as conceived by Mr. Irving, is not a play that will ever be received without cavil or controversy. It will be detestable to some; it will fascinate others. By many it will be ridiculed as the concentrated essence of dullness; to some, by means of its colour, its hidden music, and its silent suggestiveness, it will give satisfaction and delight.

On these abstract points of art the whole world cannot possibly agree. A ghost story is accepted in certain circles as a childish folly; elsewhere society submits to the fascination of the unknown, and silently turns down the gas. The downright honest people, who declare that Vanderdecken and his phantom ship are "all rubbish" will go to the Lyceum and sit in open-mouthed astonishment at Mr. Irving's method and intention: they will all ridicule it and turn their backs upon it. But we may take the liberty of observing, as now illustrated, it cannot appeal, and probably was never intended to appeal, to this order of mind. To many the new play may be dull, tedious, bombastic, or ridiculous, but let us see before we so hastily condemn what had to be done, and with what success it had to be accomplished.

An old pilot, Nils, admirably played by Mr. Fernandez, with quaint, quiet humour, and a keen appreciation of illustrative character, is hospitably entertaining his friends in his Norwegian cottage, near the entrance of the Christiania Fjord. At once the mind of the spectator is conveyed to the scene. The picturesque costumes, the shape of the beer jugs and flagons, the rough, hardy tone of the picture, do more than a dozen pages of conversation. It is a favoured occasion. The pastor comes in, the Alderman follows at his heels; the neighbours sur-

round the board, for the discussion at this moment is the imminent betrothal of Thekla, the old pilot's daughter, to Olaf, the bravest young sailor on the coast. Thekla is a strange girl—we are prepared for that. She is dreamy, unsettled, imaginative. She has fallen in love with the face of an old picture discovered in a ruin; and though she passively submits to the affection of Olaf, she is distracted and absorbed. Her appearance on the scene convinces us of the truth of the description. She looks hunted, pale, and is in a dream. Her eye is restless, and her mind absent. As the night is wild, the conversation of the fishermen has turned upon the legend of "The Flying Dutchman," and Thekla is asked by her father to recite the ballad. She trembles, and obeys.

At once the secret of Thekla's disease is discovered—she loves an imaginative hero, and his name is Vanderdecken. She sways and rocks to the pulse of the ballad music. She is lost in the fancy of the story. The soul in her eyes seems travelling to some immeasurable distance, and the climax of the legend is greeted with a thunderclap. We must pause here to congratulate Miss Isabel Bateman, on her recital of this fine poem by Mr. Wills. It struck the first note of the prelude to romance. So earnest, so absorbed, and so rapt was the actress that she held the house. This was no mere recitation in the accepted theatrical sense; but the meaning of a life illustrated in a ballad, and this was just what was wanted.

The ballad over, the party is broken up. A ship in distress has been seen in the distance; the services of Nils, the pilot, are urgently required; amidst prayers and blessings the men depart, and Thekla, left alone with her nurse, sees out at sea the blood-red sails of Vanderdecken's phantom ship. All, so far, had been admirably done. The action has been brisk and dramatic, the story has been cleverly introduced, hidden music and distant scenery are distinctly appropriate, and the prologue ends with a buzz of anticipation. The sailors return from sea, and discuss the mystery of the craft they have met. Suddenly, strangely, and unexpectedly a sail on the quay is lifted aside and Vanderdecken stands before the astonished men. Calmly he answers their questions: courteously he accepts the invitation of old Nils. Left alone with Vander-

decken we gather, in a beautifully written soliloquy, the secret of this forlorn and most miserable creature. His time has come for a visit to earth. Once more he must seek for the woman who is to save him from an eternity of waiting. "Where is this woman ordained for my release? What mien, what nature, of what form is she? Who is she? What is she? Whence shall she come? Comes she to-night? A hundred years' repentance for one brief moment's sin! How long! Oh, God! how long!"

This is Vanderdecken's solitary wail; this is the soul torment of the "ghost that haunts the sea," a terror to himself. As Mr. Irving delivers this soliloquy, standing absorbed in anguish, it is impossible not to admire the picturesque appearance of the man, the grace of the outline, the careless art of the costume. At once he is a picture within a picture. But in order to fully understand what is to follow, and to meet the objections that will be subsequently raised, let us pay particular attention to the concluding lines of this melancholy rhapsody. They form the melody of the whole play.

" I go to meet her as in a trance !
My senses are dulled with sorrow !
Sleeping without the rest, but with the dreams,
A dead man with the consciousness of death ! "

When complaints are made of Mr. Irving's method, and of his slow, sad impressiveness, let us remember that he is not real. He is a phantom speaking to a girl in a trance; and if the first love scene is thoroughly comprehended, it is difficult to believe that the mysticism of the situation could be better conveyed. It is "a dead man with the consciousness of death." Gradually, but surely, the influence of Vanderdecken over Thekla is declared. Thekla has lived upon dreams of this one face in all the world; Vanderdecken has lived in this self-same love situation long ago. Both have loved, but both have hungered for this moment. It is a dream revealed. What wonder that the father, home, duties, responsibilities, and the present dread of Olaf, fade before the girl's delighted eyes? With flashes of rare fancy, Mr. Wills paints the wanderer, Vanderdecken, tempting his love to

follow him with pictures of arctic and tropical scenery. These passages so interested the audience that their record here is justified :

" Dost thou see yonder, where I point my finger ? Nor'ward ?
 There lies a region untrod by foot of man,
 And nigh the Pole, a mighty, vast and bright,
 As Archangels on guard by Heaven's portals,
 Float great icebergs radiant with rainbow glories.
 Here and there above the sea, from point to point,
 Shine emerald caverns and diamond lustres large as suns ;
 At night all turns to opal, and the stars
 In frosty splendour seem to crown the bergs,
 Whilst the Aurora flits and dances up—
 That silent ecstasy of Arctic nights,
 That halo of the Pole !
 Would'st thou go there with me ? Look south'rd !
 There lie the tropics ;
 The sea, a realm of heaving sapphire,
 And the skies, a mimic Heaven.
 Yonder are lands
 Untracked by man ;
 But Nature's lavished hoard of all things beautiful
 And reverend. The trees
 Crypts of dim verdure of such shadowy growth,
 That one alone could tent thy native village,
 Bright birds bejewel them by day, beneath at night
 The fireflies spin their webs in starry circles.
 And for their flowers—the great magnolia opes
 Its alabaster petals,
 Shedding a lake of perfume for a league around,
 And rivers silver-broad, inlaid with ivory lilies,
 Glide silent 'neath the palms and tamarinds.
 But poison is in its beauty, death in its loveliest guise."

But this love music cannot last long. It is too sweet to live. The greedy, jealous Olaf appears upon the scene, and the two men meet face to face in mortal combat. They fight with swords ; they fight with daggers, swearing that the one who survives shall fling his dead adversary into the sea. This is the picturesque moment of the play. Mr. Hawes Craven has surpassed himself. Tricks of light are introduced unknown hitherto to the stage.

The moonlight glares upon the pale faces of the desperate men, and when, after a terrible struggle up the cliff, Vanderdecken is flung headlong from its height, the conquering Olaf stands out in relief against a background

of grim darkness. True, all this is melodramatic effect. Some say, with a cruel and thoughtless sneer, that "it is only fit for the Surrey," meaning thereby, we presume, that melodrama is forbidden on this side of the water. The play, sombre as it is, required a melodramatic moment, and it was obtained by means of intensity and picturesque vigour.

But the moment had not arrived when Vanderdecken's apparently lifeless corpse was hurled from the cliff, or when the triumphant Olaf stretched his arms in relief for this deliverance. It came when the sea gave up its dead, and the immortal Vanderdecken was rolled by the breaking waves unhurt upon the pebbled shore. Then comes the last scene of all—strange, mysterious, and unconventional. Thekla, bound to Vanderdecken for ever, is carried off to the phantom ship, and here awakened from her trance, she hears her lover ask her if she fears, or if she will sacrifice her love for his. The description of the dread alternative to Vanderdecken is so beautiful that once again the words must speak for themselves.

"What is my doom ?

Worse than in hell! Eternal loneliness!
 Eternal silence! and, in that awful silence,
 The worm of memory gnawing at my heart,
 Anguish of thought within my brain! sleepless! intense,
 Just hope enough to keep despair awake!
 Around me forests of gigantic weeds
 Waving and writhing,
 As if the skeletons, which people them,
 But lie dead still, did move them.
 Vast ribs of ships, and ribs of monstrous fish
 Which look like wrecks! Tall peaks of coral
 Rising like pale cathedrals richly carved,
 But where no bell is heard
 Or murmuring of prayer to comfort me!
 Ships I have seen go down, their crews
 Grasping the shrouds with bony hands,
 Or, hanging o'er the bulwarks, nod at me.
 In their dead eyes—silent upbraiding.
 Strange things move by with noiseless crawl
 And lift their goblin heads to look at me.
 Around my phantom ship long shadows lie.
 The sharks, ghouls of the sea,
 Watch me with glassy, hungry eyes, knowing their caterer!
 For when the hurricane is loosed above,
 Crushing the sea to angry white, and sails
 Fly from their bolts, and coward seamen quail,

Then do I rise upon my phantom deck,
 Tranced at the helm, fatal decoy to wreck
 And to disaster.
 Before me seems to stretch a dreary headland ;
 Beyond it a fixed dawn that never grows to day :
 But 'neath the dappled cloud one spring of light
 Shapes to thy angel face, like a sweet veiled Madonna.
 A fluttering hand then seems to beckon me ;
 I strive to round the point, but beat about
 In vain ! In vain !
 Then the old frenzy rises to my brain,
 Wild curses to my lips, and in the thunder
 Sounds that do curse again and shriek out—
 'Sail on ! sail on ! until the Judgement Day,
 Unless that woman come !' "

Thekla has no fear ; her answer shows complete faith in her weird master ; the phantom crew disappear into the world of shadows, and, as they gaze, in perfect faith upon the distant constellation, "the wind a melody and laden with the murmurs of God's city," kisses the up-turned faces of the lovers as the curtain falls.

This strange story has been assisted by all the devices and ingenuity of modern theatrical art, and encouraged to success by disciplined rehearsals. The greatest praise that can be given to Mr. Irving, is contained in the fact that his presence and influence showed a Vanderdecken clear and distinct to the audience, a Vanderdecken of picturesque and romantic interest, a Vanderdecken haunted by the despair of an eternity of life, and comforted by the possession of an eternity of love. It is something also to record that the poetry of Mr. Wills once more received the fullest expression in Mr. Irving's care. With the able assistance of Miss Isabel Bateman, in all these risky scenes, and the constant and consistent support of Mr. Fernandez, Miss Pauncefort, and Mr. Walter Bentley, a most trustworthy lieutenant in so odd an enterprise, all that could be done for a play of this pattern was most certainly done. The art of scene-painting received its highest expression in the beautiful effects obtained by Mr. Hawes Craven, and the value of convincing music was never so much acknowledged as when a suggestion was subtly conveyed by the soft accompaniments of Mr. Robert Stoepel.

There will be many protests against this experiment,

but we see in it the germs of a possibility towards the development of a cultured form of imaginative art. We do not stop; we improve as we go on. Here, at any rate, is a specimen of poetic melodrama. The fancy of the poet, the intensity of the artist, the charm of scenery, the aid of music, the richness of illusion, all combine in a performance which, if it be not perfect, is, at any rate, a decided protest against the conventionality of theatrical effect and the vulgarity of old-fashioned melodrama. It is possible that the subject is too sombre, and it is certain that many of the speeches, beautiful as they may be, are too long; but dramatic laws are never outraged, and though the method is unconventional, there is a full appreciation of dramatic effect. The form of the entertainment came with such surprise upon the audience, that the curtain fell occasionally without the usual applause. But we do not believe on that account that the dramatic legend was the less impressive. We hear a sonata, or a song, and the meaning of the music is not instantly conveyed to any but a high-trained or imaginative mind. Yet the impression lingers. Those who ridicule legendary matter, and who cannot conceive such a mind as that of Vanderdecken, will go on their way despising; but to others, possibly, when the curtain fell, came satisfying thoughts of the absorbed devotion of Thekla, and the relieved misery of the Phantom Hero, of the beauty of poetry, and the inspiring influence of art. If the play fails, the artists have done good work, and they have been loyal to their trust. They took a legend, and they appreciated it; they received a poem, and they respected it. The play, such as it is, may be "before its time," but it is a time towards which Mr. Henry Irving and many of his brother and sister artists most honestly aspire.

“The Lady of Lyons.”

By Lord Lytton. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, April
17th, 1879.

Claude Melnotte	- - - - -	Mr. IRVING.
Colonel Damas	- - - - -	Mr. WALTER LACY.
Beauseant	- - - - -	Mr. FORRESTER.
Glavis	- - - - -	Mr. KYRLE BELLEW.
Monsieur Deschappelles	- - - - -	Mr. C. COOPER.
Landlord	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Gaspar	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Captain Gervais	- - - - -	Mr. ELWOOD.
Captain Dupont	- - - - -	Mr. CARTWRIGHT.
Major Desmoulins	- - - - -	Mr. ANDREWS.
Notary	- - - - -	Mr. TAPPING.
Servant	- - - - -	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Servant	- - - - -	Mr. HOLLAND.
Madame Deschappelles	- - - - -	Mrs. CHIPPENDALE.
Widow Melnotte	- - - - -	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Janet	- - - - -	Miss MAY SEDLEY.
Marian	- - - - -	Miss HARWOOD.
Pauline	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A room in the house of M. Deschappelles. Scene 2.—The exterior of “The Golden Lion.” Scene 3.—The interior of Melnotte’s Cottage.

ACT 2.

Scene.—The Gardens of M. Deschappelles.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—The exterior of “The Golden Lion.” Scene 2.—The interior of Melnotte’s Cottage.

ACT 4.

Scene.—The cottage as before.

ACT 5.

(Two-and-a-half years are supposed to have elapsed.)

Scene 1.—A street in Lyons. Scene 2.—A room in the house of M. Deschappelles.

“*The Lady of Lyons.*”

Criticism is for the moment disarmed in the presence of the scenes of excitement and congratulation that are continuously enacted whenever Mr. Henry Irving appears in a new character. When those who are so justly demonstrative in their appreciation of the aims and ambitions of an actor who is at once a student and a manager, assembled in the firm conviction they will be pleased, any attitude of hesitation or disposition to differ with the majority is more than ever unenviable. Pleasant associations of the past, and memories of evenings when applause was as well deserved as it was spontaneously given, press heavily at such moments upon the indulgence of the audience, and it seems ungracious to omit any detail of a well-worn and oft-repeated ceremonial.

To a stranger who first visited the Lyceum on the occasion of the revival of Lord Lytton's “*Lady of Lyons*,” it would seem as if Mr. Irving had never appeared and succeeded as Hamlet, Louis XI, Mathias, and Charles I, and that the able delineator of conscience-stricken remorse and tragic despair had found in Claude Melnotte, the romantic and impetuous gardener, at least one character on which disputing authorities were bound to agree; no applause could have been more vigorous, and no outward marks of appreciation more complimentary. When it became known to those well-trained in the observation of such matters, that the old play had won a gorgeously decorated frame, but had not lost its spirit and buoyancy, the cheers came down with re-doubled vigour, the principal actors were called again and again, twice or three times the curtain was drawn up at the bidding of the public, and the evening was not allowed

to close without one of those speeches wrung from a favourite actor, as an answer to so cordial an expression of friendliness and kind feeling.

There was no need for Mr. Irving to apologise for any shortcomings on the part of the management, or any feeble efforts or mistakes incidental to a first representation, for probably—nay, certainly—the playgoers of our time have never seen the "*Lady of Lyons*" placed before them with such scrupulous care and exactness in the smallest detail. Even those, who are unaffectedly weary of the old-fashioned sentiment of the play, and are bold enough to have formed a very decided opinion on the characteristic of Claude and the pride of Pauline, can gaze contentedly at faultless pictures, at costume raised to the dignity of an art, if occasionally astonishing in its accuracy, and at innumerable graces of arrangement and movement, which please the eye when the ear is out of tune with the passion of the scene.

There may be two opinions concerning the value of this old play, though its popularity has never been called in question, and there may be several conflicting theories as to the possibility of forcing it into the narrow channels of modern æsthetic taste; but when Pauline Deschappelles, in pale amber, moves gracefully about her settees and spinettes, or lolls upon mossy banks in the garden of an old chateau, or trembles with emotion in white satin and primrose ribbons, it is quite certain that the taste for decoration and the purely picturesque overrides the first necessities and requirements of dramatic art. It must have surprised even the students of the modern theatre when they found what the polish of revivalism and the persistent study of decorative effect could do for a drama that must be familiar to every orthodox and amateur stage in the kingdom. Pauline no longer muses over the generous donor of those "*beautiful flowers*" at a muslin-hung dressing-table, borrowed for the moment from the luckless Desdemona, but hangs her mirror upon a flowered harpsichord, or coquettishly attaches her hand-glass to the button of the coat of old Damas. The family of the Deschappelles no longer inhabit a house in Lyons furnished according to the taste of the theatrical property-master, but are surrounded by constant examples of flowered tapestry and the milk-

white furniture of France in the eighteenth century. The Inn of the Golden Lion is no more a glaring daub upon a well-used front scene, but the approach to Melnotte's cottage is suggested by a leafy and flowered lane, down which the repentant Claude leads home his proud but trusting wife. With scrupulous accuracy, the successful marksman bursts into his mother's cottage with two rifles—his own weapon and the decorated prize—one in his hand and the other slung across his shoulder; and through the open windows of this domestic retreat comes in a suggestion of roses and clambering honeysuckle. As to the chateau, in whose garden the false Prince, with over-embroidered imagery, describes the "palace lifting to eternal summer," and conquers a trusting woman with a lying tongue, there is presented to the eye a terraced garden, set out with avenues of distant trees and flowering shrubs. Here, according to the new tradition, the enamoured Pauline sits upon a well-trimmed bank of grass, and dreams of home, whilst Claude, in a solemn suit of tragic velvet and a Vanderdecken hat, pours out the description of an ideal home in tones of sorrowful depression, and with a face lined with the agony of regret.

When Pauline is rescued from the sacrilegious hands of Beauseant, her husband leaps through the open window; and when Claude departs for the wars, a charming effect is produced by a file of soldiers, who tramp along a summer lane, their rifles adorned with spoils of flowers and accompanied by all the children and sweethearts of the village. No one can question the policy of this systematic attention to detail, or can doubt that the alterations are for the most part distinct improvements. At any rate, they are in strict accordance with the accurate taste of the times and the hunger for decorative realism. There was a period when the actor or actress, by vigour of expression, power of utterance, or grasp of character, could so aid the imagination and the fancy of their audience that such props as these were rarely wanted, or were scarcely missed; but they are of considerable assistance, and are gratefully received when for intensity and passion are substituted a faded pathos and a persistent prettiness.

It will be a question for consideration, even by such

as are crazed on the subject of the last century, and are persuaded by the value of Miss Ellen Terry, as a picturesque representative of the time of high waists and sack dresses, of muslin caps and long mittens, whether a point is not strained by boldly turning Pauline into a French Olivia. To enable Miss Terry, graceful and artistic as she is, to appear constantly on the stage as if she were sitting for a picture for Mr. Marcus Stone, or Mr. Orchardson, it is apparently necessary to alter the character of a standard and classical work. For your French Olivia cannot be strictly true to her costume if she does not assume a lissome movement and a lackadaisical air. She must be ever in the minor key, and studiously avoid scenes and excitement.

She is to harmonise with the flattened flowers on the needlework that adorns the chairs of her boudoir. But, with all due deference to the particular fancy of to-day, this is not the Pauline of Bulwer Lytton's play. The author did not hesitate to say precisely what he meant. He called his work, "The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride;" and he gave us for a heroine, a proud, strong-hearted woman. She is in her greatest scene the type of indignation and wounded pride, and when she had been tricked she pours out the vials of her wrath and passionate despair upon the head of the man who has injured her. This is how Helen Faucit played the part, and this is how the author by his stage directions meant it to be played. But the "wild laugh" of the injured Pauline did not suit the studied decorum of the mob-cap period. "Know her?" says Glavis, "Who does not? As pretty as Venus, and as proud as Juno."

Where, then, was the pride of the new Pauline, where were her indignation, her remorse, and her scorn? They were not there, and apparently they were not wanted. Fascinated by the picturesque appearance of the actress, and watching her power of assimilating herself to the decoration of the scene, the audience was content to accept for the proud Pauline, a tender, tearful, and sympathetic lady, who has no heart to rail, and no strength to curse. This, however, is an age of surprises, and there were others beside the die-away heroine.

The tenderly fragile, the constantly fainting, and tearfully pathetic Pauline of Miss Ellen Terry will not sur-

prise more than the deeply tragic, absorbed, and highly nervous Claude Melnotte of Mr. Henry Irving. He brings to bear all the weight of his intelligence, his reflection, and the depth of his earnestness upon a character that is directly antagonistic to the sombreness of his manner and to the accepted peculiarities of his style. If the Pauline of Miss Ellen Terry is overcharged with fantastic sentiment, the Claude of Mr. Irving is overwhelmed with an abiding sorrow. We read of the buoyancy of Macready in this character, and his "resilient" qualities, and scarcely need to gather from the text that, without a decided effusiveness and accentuated enthusiasm in certain scenes, the first manner of Claude Melnotte cannot be suggested. But long before the proper time, the modern Claude is depressed with a sense of his own unworthiness. His gaiety is fitful, forced, and perpetually *staccato*. His excitement is the expression of a strongly-marked nervous irritability, and clouding over his career as the Prince of Como is seen most clearly the threatened storm that is to crush his empty pretensions.

Every one who has recognised the power of comedy possessed by Mr. Henry Irving must have been surprised when, in the garden scene, there was so little attempt made to suggest the contrast between the romantic peasant and the pretended Prince. But all comedy was lost in the despair of the on-coming sorrow. The picture of the Italian palace was blurred with melancholy, and the face of the impostor was the tell-tale of the worried conscience. The best thing Mr. Henry Irving did was the reading of Beauseant's letter—a great point with Macready; but on the whole, a vast expenditure of vital force was exhausted on a character that requires a certain buoyancy of style and rapture of manner to make it effective. It is only in a roundabout way that the intensity of love can be suggested by the agony of remorse, and a Pauline is more likely to be attracted by a smooth tongue and dreamy abandonment to passion than by nervous sensitiveness and hollow-eyed despair. The audience, however, evidently considered that Mr. Irving's conception of Claude Melnotte was as admirable as was Miss Ellen Terry's view of Pauline correct. No surprise was felt when the cottage scene was deprived of the

passion of the indignant woman, and there was not the slightest hesitation in accepting for an excited and impetuous lover a deeply earnest and alternately irritable man, whose pictures of imaginary joys and fancy palaces were clouded with the deep solemnity of an overwhelming sorrow.

On one point, however, there was scarcely the shadow of conflicting opinion, and that was on the return of Mr. Walter Lacy to the stage in the character of Colonel Damas. He played it in a style and with a distinction free from all convention, and his soliloquy in the fifth act, containing the cynical address to women as the prime movers of all evil, startled even the enthusiasts for modern acting into the belief that quiet and reflective elocution is of more solid value and infinitely more effective than it is sometimes believed to be.

The Beauseant of Mr. Forrester is one of those astounding instances of round pegs in square holes that never fail to puzzle. In manner and air it would be difficult to find anything more unlike the character. For the rest, only Miss Pauncefort as the Widow Melnotte and Mr. Tyars, as Gaspar did sufficient justice to the cast or were in any way noticeable. The scenery, by Mr. Hawes Craven and Mr. Cuthbert, was, as usual, of the first class.

“The Iron Chest.”

By George Colman (the younger). First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, September 27th, 1879.

Sir Edward Mortimer	- - - - -	Mr. IRVING.
Captain Fitzharding	- - - - -	Mr. J. H. BARNES.
Wilford (Secretary to Sir Edward)	- - - - -	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Adam Winterton (Steward to Sir Edward)	- - - - -	Mr. J. CARTER.
Rawbold	- - - - -	Mr. MEAD.
Samson Rawbold	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Peter	- - - - -	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Gregory	- - - - -	Mr. TAPPING.
Armstrong	- - - - -	Mr. F. TYARS.
Orson	- - - - -	Mr. C. COOPER.
Robbers	- - - - -	Messrs. FERRAND, CALVERT, HARWOOD, ETC.
Robbers' Boy	- - - - -	Miss HARWOOD.
Lady Helen	- - - - -	Miss FLORENCE TERRY.
Blanche	- - - - -	Miss MYRA HOLME.
Barbara	- - - - -	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Judith	- - - - -	Miss PAUNCEFORT.

Servants, Robbers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

The New Forest, on the Borders of Hampshire.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Rawbold's Cottage. Scene 2.—Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's House. Scene 3.—Ante-room in Sir Edward Mortimer's House. Scene 4.—Sir Edward's Library.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—The Ante-room. Scene 2.—The Library.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Lady Helen's Cottage. Scene 2.—A Ruined Abbey.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—The Library. Scene 2.—The Hall. Scene 3.—The Library.

Period, 1794.

“The Iron Chest.”

Henry Irving, faithful to his promise, has appeared in “The Iron Chest,” a famous tragedy by the younger Colman. The character of Sir Edward Mortimer has more than a passing interest, seeing that it was ruined by John Kemble, at Drury Lane, in 1796, pulled out of the fire of failure by Elliston, at the Haymarket, in the August of the same year, and, subsequently, became one of Edmund Kean’s most brilliant triumphs. Macready thought nothing at all, either of “The Iron Chest,” or Sir Edward Mortimer, and there is no authentic record of his having played the part at any time, in London or the provinces; but Charles Kean played his father’s favourite part at the Princess’s Theatre within the memory of middle-aged playgoers, assisted in his effort by old Cathcart and Drinkwater Meadows. In a certain sense, this play is a literary curiosity, owing to the intemperate and bombastic preface and postscript appended by Colman to the first printed edition. Never was actor so mercilessly slaughtered by the author as John Kemble by George Colman, the younger. It seems that Kemble was either ill or indifferent, cross or careless, disgusted with his task, or steeped in the fumes of opium, on the first night of the production of the play, which was a miserable failure in consequence—a circumstance that so irritated the author, that he took aim at all his enemies in some thirty pages of wild rhodomontade, comparing the “soporific monotony” of the great John to “frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, and the drone of a bagpipe,” and containing more than the usual amount of abuse at the expense of those “venal and venomous gentlemen,” the critics, who were called “Fools!” and told to run home to their garrets. Colman summed up his indebtedness to Mr. Kemble in the following eccentric fashion:

For his illness	-	-	-	-	Compassion.
For his conduct under it	-	-	-	-	Censure.
For refusing to make an apology	-	-	-	-	A smile.
For his making an apology	-	-	-	-	A sneer.
For his mismanagement	-	-	-	-	A groan.
For his acting	-	-	-	-	A hiss.

As to the paragraphists and pamphleteers, their arguments were answered in the following unpardonable nonsense:—"Gentlemen! Pshaw! Pish! Pooh! Ha! ha! ha!" Well might such intemperate frivolities be withdrawn from circulation in subsequent editions of the play. "I am indebted," says Colman, "for the groundwork of this play to a novel entitled, 'Things as they are, or The Adventures of Caleb Williams,' written by William Godwin," and he thus defends its appropriation: "I perused Mr. Godwin's book as a tale replete with interesting incident, ingenious in its arrangement, masterly in its delineation of character, and forcible in its language. I considered it as right of common, and, by a title which custom has given to dramatists, I enclosed it within my theatrical paling. However I may have tilled the land, I trust he discovers no intentional injury to him in my proceeding." What would Mr. Wilkie Collins, Mr. Charles Reade, and Miss Braddon say to this cool acknowledgement of theft, which, strange to say, is still permissible by law.

Brought face to face with the old-fashioned "Iron Chest," Mr. Irving, no doubt, encountered considerable difficulty. Here was a play, half opera and half tragedy, studded with glees and madrigals by Storace, made familiar by tradition, known to every musical society in the kingdom, and constructed in direct opposition to modern theories.

What, therefore, has been done to render it in harmony with the spirit of the age, preserving, at the same time, the weird air of poetical gloom, inseparable from such a curious and fantastic composition? To begin with, the music has been reduced to a minimum. The famous "Five Times by the Taper's Light," is given only in the orchestra, where, in the course of the evening, the whole musical score is heard. In fact, the only music sung on the stage, is the glee, "Jolly Friars Tipped Here," which will be found in the third act, that is brought to a

conclusion with, "Huzza! huzza! we'll drink and we'll sing." It is a three-act play in the original, and Mr. Irving has entirely reconstructed it in four acts and ten scenes. The hybrid, the semi-Elizabethan, semi-Carolian costume has been discarded, and the period of Caleb Williams, 1792, selected for the play, which is mounted, moreover, with strict attention to the furniture and architecture of the late eighteenth century, admirable alike in detail and effect, and presenting to the audience very noble and impressive stage pictures. Called three distinct times before the curtain, when it had fallen on this gloomy tragedy, and met, not, indeed, with the courteous approbation of a contented crowd, but with those big waves of applause that come thundering down with unanimity and force, well might the successful actor give expression to his actual feelings, and foreshadow the revival of a love for the poetical drama, in that sense of joyous congratulation.

Unquestionably, this experiment of "The Iron Chest," was attended with considerable difficulty, and weighted with anxiety. Not one, but at least half-a-dozen prejudices were raised against the ghost-like tale of the man who has committed a murder, whose secret has been discovered by his young secretary, and who, to shield himself from the consequences of his crime, falsely accuses his faithful servant of robbery in order to rid his path of the hateful presence for ever. First of all, there were the old stagers who had seen Edmund Kean in this, his particular triumph, and remembered the dread and awful solemnity of the tones in the parting injunction, "Wilford, remember!"; next there were the upholders of a persistent realism, who were impatient at the plot, arguing that no sane man, in his hurry to pile false evidence on his secretary, would be so mad and foolish as to conceal in the young man's trunk the evidence of his own guilt, but forgetting that without such dramatic accidents, no play could be composed, and no drama could live; and, lastly, came the very natural objection to a story destitute alike of female interest and love. How comes it, then, at this curious and particular time, when tragedy is considered oppressive, and romance is unfashionable, when audiences, trained to the study of the ridiculous, are inclined to be irreverent, and the best

intentions can make but slight headway against frivolity, that we find an audience hanging upon every word and utterance, and impatient at the temporary opposition of a troublesome cough? It will be urged that every triumph made by Mr. Irving is a *succès d'estime*, and no more, and that his followers discard criticism in their veneration for so earnest a student of his art.

But it was not so with "The Iron Chest"; for gloomy or not, old-fashioned or not, ill-constructed, or destitute of love, the tragedy did take a deep hold of the people, who were started with a fascination of interest directly Sir Edward Mortimer, pale-faced and earnest, effective and picturesque, appeared on the scene, and retained it until the repentant man, overwhelmed with his crime, dies in the arms of his faithful Lady Helen.

For the success of "The Iron Chest" the direct personal interest of Mr. Henry Irving is alone responsible—and not an influence of tradition, be it remembered, but a direct and immediate sympathy between artist and audience. It is quite true that this favourite actor has played in "The Bells," and "Eugene Aram," and who can say in how many more plays in which he has represented the tortures of a distressed and disturbed conscience; he has struck the same chord with innumerable variations on the same theme; but we do not believe he has ever been so calm, so poetical, so dignified, and so unrestless, as in Sir Edward Mortimer. The pathetic expression of the face, the strange power of the eye, the extraordinary calm of the features, attracted the audience in spite of themselves.

In all the soliloquies a pin might have been heard to drop, for the artist held his audience easily in his hand, and by some strange magnetic power, all who listened discarded for the moment the mere passing fascination of the story, and entered into the thoughts, the mental agony, and the conscience throbs of this most miserable man.

Here is Mr. Irving's strange and extraordinary power. He has his faults—who has not? One person may object to elocution, another to movement, a third to attitude; but few, who have watched his career step by step would fail to recognise here an abandonment of those more obvious defects which, however striking,

have never interfered with his influence. The utterance is less hurried, the style more ripe and formed, and the gestures of the hands distinguished by considerable grace. Always impressive, and consistently careful, completely undisturbed by the comparative and accidental failure of the scene where Wilford is discovered at the chest, which went flatly, and failed in effect, and hampered continuously by the feeble assistance of the amiable but amateurish young secretary, it was reserved for Mr. Irving to make his great effect in the final scene of the play. Wilford is accused of robbery, and his trunk having been searched, the evidence of his guilt is discovered. He is sworn to secrecy concerning Sir Edward's crime, and he dare not clear himself.

On the calm impassiveness and unruffled expression of the guilty baronet, the situation depends. Nothing could have been more admirable than Mr. Irving at this point of vital interest, and few things more striking than the picture of his face. Here all the drama was contained. Calm and serene as were the features, bloodless as was the face, and immovable as was this statue-man, there was still a lurking cruelty in the eye that seemed to speak of a will that would crush everything, even this poor unprotected and falsely-accused lad. There was nothing to lead the audience to suppose that Sir Edward was on the edge of a precipice, nothing to anticipate the situation. The actor stands like carved marble, the apparent personification of destiny of fate. Quick as a lightning flash comes the change from the serene animal at bay to the tiger fury when the blood-stained knife drops from the accusing document, and the play ends with a tempest of passion, changing into the serene calm of a quiet and inoffensive death. The drama, by means of earnestness and expression has been worked up to its legitimate conclusion, and even those who can recall Edmund Kean's tones in "Wilford, remember!" and have a distinct recollection how the great actor, profiting by his experience as harlequin, made a wonderful back fall at the end of this play that startled and astonished the house, will be prepared to admit there is much, very much, in the persuasion of the actor who, at this period of the nineteenth century, can ensure legitimate interest in such a tragedy. Like so many of Mr. Irving's haunted

and hunted characters, it is still unlike them, and we do not believe that, under so many disadvantages of subject, he has ever acted so well, so firmly, and so conscientiously.

It is a mistake to suppose that Wilford is a character of indifferent moment, and we venture to think it was an error of judgement to prefer a youthful, timid, and picturesque appearance to the experience and glow that such a part requires. Mr. Norman Forbes, is ideally correct, though artistically inefficient. He has a pretty face, but no voice ; a pleasant appearance, but no style. Here and there were many signs of promise, and every evidence of care ; but in all Sir Edward Mortimer's scenes he was leaning on a reed. The better Wilford is acted the stronger is Sir Edward, particularly in the agonising situation where the lad is accused of robbery. There was no truth in the tones of the voice, no appearance of real distress, and the crude formula of art was never concealed. Wilford is not a distressed schoolboy, and the tragedy suffers from the girlishness of this personation. Luckily, however, this was the only blot upon a cast singularly well-chosen and uniformly efficient.

We do not believe that Rawbold has ever been played better, even by the original Marryman, than by Mr. Mead, whose clear ringing enunciation, nervous style, and fine bold voice warmed the whole house and charmed the attentive ear. This actor was, indeed, trained in a very good old school, and the young aspirant could do no better than listen to the clear toned utterances and complete thoroughness of this excellent actor. So vivid and impressive was Mr. Mead's little scene that it was disappointing to find that Rawbold so soon disappears. Mr. J. H. Barnes made a distinct and pronounced success in a new line of character as the hearty, outspoken Fitzharding, which was not played in the stereotyped and accepted style of this genial and robust old man, but with a decided originality, and, in one scene, with a true and unartificial pathos.

The value of any bit of true character is very great in such a play, and accordingly, the Fitzharding of Mr. Barnes, the Armstrong of Mr. Tyars, and the old Adam Winterton of Mr. J. Carter, were of the greatest service—the two latter very quiet, thoughtful, well-conceived,

and artistic performances. The female characters are of minor importance, and are but distantly connected with the story, but simplicity and innocence are safe in the careful hands of Miss Myra Holme and Miss Alma Murray, and Miss Florence Terry as Lady Helen, clearly showed that she has inherited much of the instinctive grace and strange persuasive charm of her gifted and popular family. It cannot be expected, nor, indeed, is it desirable, that "The Iron Chest" should enjoy such a success as to make it stand in the way of more important and promised productions. Already "The Merchant of Venice" is in active rehearsal, and some curiosity is aroused, concerning Mr. Irving's Shylock; but the good seed Mr. Irving has sown on this Lyceum field is surely showing signs of healthy bloom when a play can succeed irrespective of solemnity and depression, when it contains at least one specimen of persuasive art and renewed evidence of that systematic care that varnishes up a not very striking or valuable original.

The author of this play was pleased to state definitely what he required from the actor who understood Sir Edward Mortimer. He demanded a man "of a tall stature, and a sable hue," and a man of whom it might be said "there's something in his soul, o'er which his melancholy sits and broods," and, in fine, a performer who could enter into the spirit of a character proceeding upon romantic and half-witted principles, abstracted in his opinions, sophisticated in his reasonings, and who is thrown into situations where his mind and conduct stand tip-toe on the extremest verge of probability. Following such directions, Mr. Irving ought to be an ideal Sir Edward Mortimer, and that was clearly the opinion of his audience.

“*The Merchant of Venice.*”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
November 1st, 1879.

Shylock	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. IRVING.
Duke of Venice	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Prince of Morocco	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
Antonio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FORRESTER.
Bassanio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BARNES.
Salanio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ELWOOD.
Salarino	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. PINERO.
Gratiano	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. F. COOPER.
Lorenzo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. N. FORBES.
Tubal	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. CARTER.
Launcelot Gobbo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Old Gobbo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. COOPER.
Gaoler	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HUDSON.
Leonardo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Balthazar	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TAPPING.
Stephano	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GANTHONY.
Clerk of the Court	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CALVERT.
Nerissa	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss FLORENCE TERRY.
Jessica	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Portia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Magnificos, Officers of the Court, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen,
Pages, Citizens, Soldiers, Jews, Masquers, Musicians, Serenaders,
Gondoliers, Moors, Fruit Sellers, Water Carriers, Servants, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Venice—A Public Place. Scene 2.—Belmont—Portia's House. Scene 3.—Venice—A Public Place.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—A Street. Scene 2.—Another Street. Scene 3.—Shylock's House by a Bridge.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Belmont—Room in Portia's House. Scene 2.—Venice—A Street. Scene 3.—Belmont—Room in Portia's House. Scene 4.—Venice—A Street. Scene 5.—Belmont—Room in Portia's House.

ACT 4.

Scene.—Venice—A Court of Justice.

ACT 5.

Scene.—Belmont—Portia's Garden, with Terrace.



John

“The Merchant of Venice.”

The latest contribution to the art series of Shakespearean revivals at the Lyceum, however much criticism it may evoke, will, unquestionably, bind closer the sympathies of the intelligent public with the name, the fame, the energy, and the industry of Henry Irving. Once more all who are interested in the higher aims and aspirations of the drama have been summoned to see something done for Shakespeare; and once more strong-hearted work is crowned with success. The “Merchant of Venice,” presented as a picture of rare splendour; the character of Shylock personated in a style that rivets the attention, absorbs the interest, and draws out the intellectual faculties of the audience; a Portia who will live beyond the present day as one of the most gracious and charming of Shakespearean memories; an atmosphere of general intelligence and wholesome co-operation; and a scene which fascinates the eye by its colour, its harmony, and its tastes, are points not to be neglected in these days of theatrical depression. On the contrary, they are valuable gifts that cannot be too highly esteemed.

It is a common trick of theatrical controversy to ignore the present and deplore the past, to ridicule the new school and applaud the old, to draw hasty conclusions on the decline of the Shakespearean drama, and to drag down ambitious enterprise with the power of contemptuous indifference; but we have no hesitation in saying that such as profess to want so much, and own to finding so little, are, indeed, hard to please, if in the revived “Merchant of Venice” they cannot gratify their intellectual faculties, and enliven their higher tastes. For, let it be remembered, that there is much more present in this performance than the mere success of an individual

actor or actress, and far deeper significance than the presence of a new Shylock or an ideal Portia. It is not given to the whole world to think alike, and there may be minds as unstirred by the pathetic dignity of Mr. Irving's Shylock, as by the winsome vivacity of Miss Ellen Terry's Portia. They may see, unmoved, the intense comedy and facial force of the one, and pass over the disciplined gaiety of the other; they may sneer at individual bits, and neglect the consideration of the whole; they may linger on defects, and fail to acknowledge the true notes of human passion; but they are unjust in their strictures, and prejudiced in their opinions if they cannot gather from such a performance as this a renewed promise and a brighter hope. Every age cannot bring forth a genius, but the young playgoers of to-day may be proud of the opportunity that gives to their dramatic education and their theatrical tastes the study of such works as Mr. Irving puts before them. Let criticism say what it will, this "Merchant of Venice," viewed in its completeness, is a credit to our time.

First, then, as to the Shylock of Mr. Irving. It is no new theory that the old Jew commands the sympathies of generous men, whatever Shakespeare may have intended. Let us grant the fixity of his purpose, the implacability of his nature, the terribleness of his revenge, and still the heart is stirred to see him the victim of a legal quibble, the butt of an impudent courtier, and condemned to the most merciless fate by the very judges who had preached to him about mercy. Shakespeare might or might not have intended subtly to uphold the grandeur of a down-trodden race, but certainly it has hitherto been most difficult to harmonise the man Shylock with the tricks of theatrical tradition. We all know how Edmund Kean succeeded, by blending the human Jew with the showy effects of his art, the night when he turned his antagonists into worshippers, and arriving at home, promised his wife a carriage, his boy a career, and broke down with that passionate regret, "If Howard had but lived to see it!" But even Kean's greatest admirer, praising as he did the majesty of the personation, complained that his natural gifts ill accorded with the requirements of his character. "We question," wrote Hazlitt, "if he will not become a greater favourite in other

parts. There was a lightness and vigour in his tread, a buoyancy and elasticity of spirit, a fire and animation, which would accord better with almost any other character than the morose, sullen, inward, inveterate, inflexible malignity of Shylock."

Mr. Henry Irving has determined to give us a new Shylock, and to discard theatrical tradition. If he puzzles the student of the past, he will please the surveyor of the text. If he chills the trial scene with his studious neglect of time-honoured business, he finishes off with admirable art the brief career of a gloomy and disappointed life. What we lose in effect we gain in persuasion; for though the hungry rapacity of Shylock is toned, the mind is enlivened with that ever present picture of a proud, pale, and hopelessly crushed man, who is speechless in the hands of fate, and dazed as if in a dream when he bows at the decision that confiscates his fortune and seeks to change his religion. The unworthy vulgarity of a stage Shylock is never for an instant suggested by Mr. Irving. He might make many points by obeying tradition and discarding consistency; but he prefers to put before us a proud, resolute, and religious man, sincere in his ancient faith, tender in his recollections, as hard and inflexible as adamant when his revenge becomes a madness, cold and impassive in the demand for his rights, crushed with horror at the injustice that is his doom. But let us take the new Shylock briefly from the moment when he first comes upon the scene in his sober, yet picturesque, garments. With clear-cut features and grey, wolf-like, hungry face, twisting his thin wisp of a beard as he leans over his stick and inwardly meditates on Bassanio's proposal for a loan. We are reminded of a scene in the life of Edmund Kean, told by Dr. Drury, the head master of Harrow. "Shylock leant over his crutched stick with both hands and looking askance at Bassanio said, 'Three thousand ducats?' paused, bethought himself and then added, 'Well?' 'He is safe,' said Dr. Drury." And so was Mr. Henry Irving when he looked across the footlights into distance after the tumult of applause had subsided and gave as it were the keynote to the character he had conceived.

For the purposes of criticism, Mr. Irving's Shylock may be divided into three distinct chapters—first in the

scene with Antonio and Bassanio we have the irony of humour and the subtlety of sarcasm; second, in the Tubal scene the exhibition of frenzied passion; and, lastly, the majestic dignity of the trial. The first division of the picture will, in point of variety, incisiveness and subtlety of expression, rank higher than anything the actor has yet attempted. We have to go to a certain scene in "*Louis XI*" to find its parallel, but this is more composed and less restless. For what do we see both in soliloquy and dialogue? Not only the religious aspirations of the old Hebrew and the intense fervour of his antipathies, as expressed in such words as, "He hates our sacred nation," but an admirable humour and cynicism in a retort like, "I will be assured I may, and that I may be assured I will bethink me!" or as such a change as is contained in the sneer, "O, Father Abram! what these Christians are, whose own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others!" Nor is the scene unrelieved by sympathetic touches of art of the finest kind. Dignified, self-contained, cynical as Shylock is, there is just one effusive moment when, the bargain all arranged, he says, "This kind will I show. Go with me to the notary," and touches the breast of Antonio. The shrinking horror of contact reminds the Jew of his mistake, and he bows with polished courtesy, tinged with the most subtle sarcasm. The action conveys a world of thought. But scarcely a moment of the dialogue was unrelieved by some variety of intonation or facial expression—at one moment the half-laughing sneer that a pound of man's flesh was not so profitable as that of mutton, or of goats, and at another the recital with the fervour of interest of some old passage in the history of Jacob.

Thus early in the play the sympathies of the audience were artfully enlisted, for the man whose good offices were sought by the man who had insulted him. The scene on the discovery of loss of daughter and ducats was not, on the whole, so successful. True, the actor was slightly put out by a blunder on the part of Tubal, but the expression of incontinent rage and prostration of nervous energy, was occasionally not in tune. The great speech was started in too high a key, and, though it won the finest burst of applause of the whole evening,

Mr. Irving was not at this moment seen at his best. True, no doubt, it was to nature, this distraught, half-maddened old man, rushing from one thing to another, and worn out with the fatigue of his own frenzy; but the strain was very great and a little painful. Yet mark what power and variety there must be in the actor, who, a few seconds after this hysterical declamation, could subside tranquilly into the calm and almost inspired delivery of the pathetic words: "No satisfaction, no revenge; nor no ill-luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but of my shedding!" This pathetic outburst restored the lost balance of the composition, and, from that instant, all went well again.

The fever was over, and the calm was regained, with only one short interval of very bitter and emphatic scorn in the restored scene, where Antonio prays for mercy at the Jew's hands, and is relegated in disgust to the gaoler. This is a good introduction, for it flavours the unrelenting inflexibility of the revenge, and leads up well and efficiently to the isolated dignity of the trial. A finer picture the Stage has seldom seen than that painted Venetian hall, backed with spectators, lined with mediæval soldiery in their quaint costumes, and coloured with faultless taste. All tradition is discarded. Shylock is not accompanied to the judgement-seat by a crowd of eager admirers, Tubal, and the rest, who support one of their own people. No; there he stands, pale, alone, and defiant, the very picture of calm and unruffled determination. He has appealed unto Cæsar, and unto Cæsar has he gone, and there is something splendid even in his vindictiveness. In the presence of so majestic a figure, the jests of Gratiano are ribald and offensive; all eyes are turned upon the relentless features of the cold-cut face. Never was facial expression so successfully used in the exhibition of character, and even Portia seemed to shudder under the icy gaze of this determined man. We read of Kean's "steady joyousness," his "burst of exultation, when his right is confessed," his "fiendish eagerness when whetting the knife"; but none of this was here. All was calm and terrible, making the audience almost shudder at the concentrated hate, that was so near a climax.

If Mr. Irving's Shylock was true at first, it could be played in no other way now. It is a bold, defiant protest against mere tradition, and those who have followed it, must observe to the end. With the turning of the tables comes a sudden collapse. The knife and scales the Jew had brought out from the concealment of his gaberdine, drop like lead from his hands. Astonishment and horror sit upon Shylock's countenance, and with a piteous and far-seeing gaze, he accepts the inevitable. At this moment, the gibes of Gratiano are painful to the interested and pitying audience, and one feels inclined to resent such determined cruelty, insult being added to injury. That such a man, so firm in his faith, so determined in his revenge, and so consistent in his characteristics, should ever accept the religion of his enemies as part, is a point that must be argued out with Shakespeare. Mr. Irving gets out of the difficulty in the best possible manner by the lost air of dreaminess that makes the lips answer while the mind is astray. Shylock's occupation is gone, the world and his oppressors have been too strong for him, sufferance is the badge of all his tribe, and, at least, he accepts his fate like an hero. "The withering sneer hardly concealing the crushed heart," with which the insulted Jew receives the last impertinence of Gratiano, provides Mr. Irving, as it did Kean, with a magnificent exit, that crowned a very conspicuous and undoubted triumph.

Ripened and matured by experience, finish, fancy, and taste, the Portia of Miss Ellen Terry becomes the most bewitching of Shakespearean creations. Good as it was years ago at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, it is better now. The love is more expressive and tender, the gaiety more wilful and abandoned, the style more pronounced. At anxious moments sudden fitful gusts of nervousness seemed to distract and dismay the actress, but no accidents of the kind took away from the unrivalled merit and wayward charm of so pure a conception. When Portia explains to Nerissa her plan and future pranks, it is the very thistle-down of light and breezy humour; not for an instant is womanliness abandoned or excess displayed; the little tricks of imitation and suggestion, the sketches of the conceited and self-sufficient

man so soon to be represented are in the finest spirit of gaiety ; and in all Miss Terry enchanted her audience. Those tender and trembling accents in her voice were of the greatest value in the speech for mercy at the trial, and those were ill-advised who left before the last act, which contains some gems of Shakespearean poetry, and a scene of comedy in which Portia literally surpassed herself. These seem high compliments ; but even those whose inclinations are wedded to old traditions and past favourites, would recognise here a singular adaptability, a gracious ideality, and a Portia who seems to contain the echo of Shakespeare's heroine. Whether she lounges idly on the sofa as Nerissa describes her lovers, or nervously trembles when the Prince of Morocco chooses from the caskets, or with maidenly grace accepts the wooing of Bassanio, or revels in the contemplation of her frolic, or tremblingly administers justice, or hurries homewards to enjoy the vexation of her lover in the comedy of the ring, the Portia of this modern stage is a true Shakespearean replica, sufficient in itself to compel the attention of dramatic connoisseurs.

For the rest there is some careful and unambitious acting, that for the most part may receive the negative compliment of doing little harm when it failed in creating a very strong impression. The Nerissa was, no doubt, an unfortunate mistake in more ways than one, for she is an individual character, and not a feeble echo of Portia. There should be contrast, and not diminutive imitation. Under any circumstances the employment of sisters would be hazardous, but in this case a very distressing attack of nervousness blunted the activity of Miss Florence Terry, and jeopardised several important scenes. Mr. Tyars and Mr. Beaumont, as the Prince and the Duke, spoke their lines well, but perhaps the most useful example of manly bearing and spirited elocution wast he Bassanio of Mr. Barnes, who made his way with the audience by good, sound, and honest work. Launcelot Gobbo and old Gobbo are awkward characters, but Mr. Johnson and Mr. C. Cooper got out of the difficulty very well ; and in the part of Jessica it was pleasant to hear the silvery voice and intelligent utterance of Miss Alma Murray. In the distant future, when a dramatic school exists, it will be

possible, perhaps, for the general elocution to be better than it is at present. Shakespeare's verse cannot be rattled off like modern comedy dialogue without destroying its beauty.

In architectural and romantic painting, Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. W. Telbin, Mr. W. Hann, and Mr. W. Cuthbert have advanced even upon former Lyceum glories, and as regards decoration and appropriate detail, a play could not have been better mounted. So, when at the close of the evening, Mr. Irving was enthusiastically called before the curtain, it was natural that he should express intense pleasure at the demonstrative expressions of approval. Another bold effort has been rewarded with success, and, for once, an exception will be found to the old theatrical rule that "The Merchant of Venice" is an unremunerative play. Scholars, students, and mere idle spectators have here before them, the generous result of much anxious labour and devotion to dramatic art.

“Iolanthe.”

From Henrik Herz's "King René's Daughter," by W. G. Wills.
First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, May 20th, 1880.

Count Tristan	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. IRVING.
King René	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. H. BARNES.
Sir Geoffrey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. F. COOPER.
Sir Almeric	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. N. FORBES.
Ebu Jahia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. T. MEAD.
Bertrand	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. CARTER.
Martha	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Iolanthe	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Scene.—A Garden.

“Iolanthe.”

The numerous and fashionable audience attending this theatre, on the occasion of Miss Ellen Terry's benefit, had not only the enjoyment of witnessing her charming embodiment of Portia in “The Merchant of Venice,” on the verge of its two-hundredth representation, but the opportunity of seeing her in an entirely new character, affording additional proofs of the impressive powers of the accomplished actress. By omitting the last act of the Shakespearean play, which now concludes with the scene of the trial, room has been found in the programme for the presentation of what is called an Idyll in one act, adapted and re-written by Mr. W. G. Wills, from the poem by Henrik Herz, already familiarised to the Stage, under the title of “King René's Daughter.”

The earliest metropolitan version of the Danish story was performed at the Strand Theatre in 1849, when Mrs. Stirling represented the blind daughter of the King. Previous to this, however, Mrs. Charles Kean had introduced the piece to the Stage at Dublin, subsequently attracting much admiration by her touching rendering of the part at the Haymarket. A more elegant translation of the original text was prepared by Mr. Theodore Martin for Miss Helen Faucit, who, after appearing in the drama on several occasions in the provinces, repeated the performance in London for her benefit at the Haymarket in July, 1855, with such favourable results, that the character for some time was assigned a prominent place in her repertory. Admirably suited to the capabilities of Miss Ellen Terry, Iolanthe, the poor blind maiden, so content under her bereavement, and so overjoyed on her restoration to

sight, becomes a poetical delineation, deeply arousing the sympathies of the spectator, and to the elder playgoer recalling many of the most effective points made by her predecessors, notably the impulsive movements of the eyelids when light is mentioned. Mr. Wills has infused much poetical imagination into the dialogue. Mr. Henry Irving adds the value of his name and artistic attainments to the rendering of Count Tristan, first played by Mr. Leigh Murray, and Mr. J. H. Barnes is King René, represented in the days of a preceding generation by the stately Mr. Diddear. Ebu Jahia has now Mr. T. Mead to enunciate the sonorous sentences of the Moorish physician, and Miss Pauncefort as Martha, Mr. F. Cooper as Sir Geoffrey, and Mr. N. Forbes as Sir Almeric, complete a satisfactory cast, while Mr. Hawes Craven supplies a picturesque garden as the scene of the action. The complimentary tributes paid to Miss Ellen Terry at the fall of the curtain were thoroughly merited, and the intimation that the dramatic Idyll will form a portion of the Lyceum programme during the remainder of the season must afford general satisfaction.

“The Corsican Brothers.”

Adapted by Dion Boucicault from A. Dumas' "*Les Freres Corses.*"
First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, September 18th, 1880.

M. Fabien dei Franchi	}	Twin Brothers	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
M. Louis dei Franchi				
M. de Château Renaud	-	-	-	Mr. W. TERRISS.
The Baron de Montgiron	-	-	-	Mr. ELWOOD.
M. Alfred Meynard	-	-	-	Mr. PINERO.
Colonna	}	(Corsican Peasants)	-	{ Mr. JOHNSON.
Orlando				
Antonio Sanola (Judge of the District)	-	-	-	Mr. TAPPING.
Giordano Martelli	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
Griffo	-	-	-	Mr. ARCHER.
Boissec (A Wood Cutter)	-	-	-	Mr. CARTER.
M. Verner	-	-	-	Mr. HUDSON.
Tomaso (A Guide)	-	-	-	Mr. HARWOOD.
M. Beauchamp	-	-	-	Mr. FERRAND.
A Surgeon	-	-	-	Mr. LOUTHER.
Emilie de Lesparre	-	-	-	Miss FOWLER.
Madame Savilia dei Franchi	-	-	-	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Marie	-	-	-	Miss HARWOOD.
Coralie	-	-	-	Miss ALMA MURRAY.
Celestine	-	-	-	Miss BARNETT.
Estelle	-	-	-	Miss HOULISTON.
Rose	-	-	-	Miss COLERIDGE.
Eugenie	-	-	-	Miss MORELEY.

Corsicans, Servants, Masks, Dominos, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act 1.

Scene 1.—Corsica.—Hall and Terrace of the Chateau of the Dei Franchi at Cullacaro, The Apparition. The Vision.

Act 2.

Scene 1.—Paris.—Bal de l'Opera. Scene 2.—Lobby of the Opera House. Scene 3.—Salon in the House of Montgiron. Scene 4.—The Forest of Fontainebleau. The Vision.

Act 3.

Scene.—Fontainebleau.—Glade in the Forest. The Duel. The Vision.

“*The Corsican Brothers.*”

It must not be supposed that because this play is essentially designed for spectacular or scenic purpose, that it must be instantly classified with the style of melodrama that is dear to the *profanum vulgus*. It is a showy play, no doubt, full of gay scenes and beautiful landscapes, bright with colour and animated with pictures; it is certainly one of the finest examples of the upholsterer's and scene-painter's art that the modern, or perhaps any other, stage has ever seen; it is realistic to the point of danger, but in the present instance I should certainly advise people to go and judge for themselves, and not trust too implicitly to those “pitch and toss” verdicts that decide the fate of so many plays in these days of excitement, hurry, and scramble. What do I mean by a “pitch and toss” verdict? Why this. In the opinion of some people an emphatic verdict must be given on the instant, bad or good, success or failure, and the merit of a production is appraised by whether at the first sight it seems likely to run for a couple of hundred nights or not. Now to class “*The Corsican Brothers*,” with all its taste and interest, its fine feeling and evidence of culture, with the so-called “show pieces,” that have gradually turned melodrama into ridicule, and set up a dramatic god for the worship of vulgar minds, is to do a grave injustice to a very brilliant and wholesome entertainment.

Such story as there is in this strange and fascinating romance is exactly suited to the thoughtful and impressive style of Mr. Irving. He has to represent at different periods of the play two brothers, who are twins, alike in nature, sympathy, and sentiment, and allied by a curious and powerful magnetism. Their thoughts are the same,

their aspirations are identical, and when separated they share one another's joys and sorrows. Here, then, is a fine field for such an actor as Mr. Irving. The melodrama may be one of stage mechanism, but it is also one of study and thought. Mr. Irving enters as the brother who lives in Corsica, the idol of the tenantry, the joy of his mother, the man whose pleasant country life and mountain experience are only dashed with anxiety for the safety of his brother in Paris.

The entrance speaks volumes in favour of the actor, who, magnificently attired in emerald-green velvet, looks as if he stepped out of an old picture frame, and at once rivets the direct attention of the whole house. This is done by wonderful power of expression. Other actors can wear handsome dresses, and look well, but few there are whose features, radiating into happy smiles, or suddenly clouded with a depressing gloom, could so accurately portray a sunny nature worried with anxiety. There is little to be done here but to tell two long stories, so as to focus the attention of the audience upon the mystery of the legend ; to sup with an apparently light heart, whilst the mind is pre-occupied ; to arrange a local Corsican dispute with iron determination, and, withal, good nature. And then, in the silence of the midnight hours, to relapse into the dread horror of presentiment that is made into certainty by the appearance of his dead brother's spirit. All this looks easy enough, but see with what light and shade it is done ! What flashes of sadness and gaiety, what sly touches of funny realism, as, for instance, when at supper, the young man is baffled with the wing of a very tough fowl. What signs of dignity, superiority, and the iron nerve, subsequently to be developed, when the head of the dei Franchi family drags together the representatives of the Orsini and Colonna vendetta. But there is something more to be said. I have heard Mr. Irving accused of indistinctness in utterance, and there certainly was a time when he was allowing a manner, fascinating to him, to get the better of him. But true artists are always thinking, studying, and improving. The indistinctness has disappeared, the voice is as clear as a bell, and every word of those two long speeches, syllable for syllable could have been heard at the back of the farthest gallery.

The Corsican brother has been shown as dashed with anxiety ; the Parisian brother is pictured as anything but mirthful, in a scene of extreme revelry and excitement. It has been asked why the Parisian brother is so gloomy and sad ? Well, for the life of me, I cannot see why he should be hilarious. He is the direct and immediate contrast to all the folly and frivolity around him ; it is his face that is seen in the ball-room and supper-room, sorrow-stricken at the worldliness and worthlessness that surround him. Besides, what has happened ? He is in love with a woman who can never be his wife ; he is seeking her everywhere to save her from the schemes and artful wiles of a professed villain ; he is bent upon putting himself forward as her champion, and protecting her honour in the society of scoundrels. Such a man, if not precisely gloomy, would be most decidedly in earnest. In what scene is he anything else but sad ? Hunting for Emilie de Lesparre in the mazes of the masked ball, waiting in agony amidst the gay and frivolous women to see if the woman he loves is to be contaminated by their presence, or at the dramatic moment of the challenge ?

To my mind, Mr. Irving's face was not gloomy, but bore upon it the anxiety of a man in love, who is performing a disagreeable duty. The reception of the challenge, the rescue of the lady, who places herself under the protection of her old admirer, were in Mr. Irving's best and most improved style. He has been accused of being awkward by those who wish to degrade dramatic art with the common-place realism of the modern drawing-room ; but would it be possible to give a better example of polished courtesy of manner and movement ? The exit brought down applause from the whole house.

The third act, or duel scene, showed Mr. Irving in a better light still as a personator of calmness and vengeance. He is the embodiment of fate. He is the destined instrument of revenge, by whose hand his brother's murderer will fall, and all the dramatic glow of the scene comes from the determination and splendid calm of the actor. There is no restlessness here, no fidgetiness ; the eye is not disturbed by movings to and fro. The bloodthirsty Corsican is as firm as a rock, and every pause in the duel heightens the interest. Had the

performance of Château Renaud been stronger than it was—a more distinct personation, a man of more power and weight, not physically, but mentally—no doubt Mr. Irving's acting would have been brought into greater relief. The Parisian dei Franchi leans much upon Château Renaud for support, but in this instance the dramatic combat was one-sided and unequal. The better the Othello with a strong Iago, the better the Charles the First with a powerful Cromwell, the better the Louis dei Franchi with a brilliant and impressive Château Renaud. Mr. William Terriss, who is one of the most nervous, manly, and expressive of our young actors, failed to appreciate the tone of Château Renaud. He did many things well, notably the anticipation of a coming evil before the duel, when the carriage broke down on an accursed spot, but we want more character and colour in Château Renaud; he is a man, not a shadow; a power, not a subordinate. From first to last the duel between these men should not be unequal, if anything, Château Renaud should have the upper hand until the arrows of fate are let loose. He should be a man to thrill and inspire, a bad man, a bold man, but still a power in his wicked and dissolute set, a man whose unscrupulous character should provoke a certain sort of admiration for his audacity; but of all this we got but little. Mr. Terriss does not cease to be the good actor that he was before he played this part—it would be folly to say so—but he never commanded the scene as Château Renaud.

For the rest, the acting of Miss Emily Fowler was all that was charming and refined, and both Mr. Pinero as Meynard and Mr. Thomas Mead as Orlando came well to the front.

With regard to the appointments and decorations, everyone will be talking of them. The ball room is a marvel of architecture, and could only be improved by a French ballet-master, and re-arrangement of the whole of the dances that at present are not judiciously chosen. For the dance of Clowns there should be a ballet of Pierrots and Pierrettes. As for Mr. Hawes Craven's picture of the wintry wood, it is one of the finest things ever seen on the stage.

If I were asked what improvements I shall suggest,

beyond giving a gay Parisian tone to the masked ball, in design and colour, I should alter the costume from 1840, and post-date it, abolish those hideous hats worn by the Parisian gentlemen, which may be correct, but are frightful, and defy conventionality by altering the ghost. We have improved in stage ghosts since 1852, but there is no reason why the Lyceum spectre should be that of the Princess's: effective then, but dangerous now. And why should a ghost come up facing the audience in this stiff and stilted fashion? Is there any reason why he should not be a pathetic and pleading ghost, advancing with out-stretched arms towards the brother, or introduced coming gradually along from the back of that enormous stage? Lime-light, and magic-lanterns, and Professors Maskelyne and Pepper can give us better ghosts than these.

"A SECOND THOUGHT"

OF

"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

Eight-and-twenty years have passed over our heads, the drama has been dying, dead, and revived again; apathy and distrust have been exchanged for interest and hope; great actors and authors have been shouldered out of the crowd by fresh heroes and new favourites, since Charles Kean, encouraging the taste for melodrama between the intervals of tragedy, produced "The Corsican Brothers," and astonished the town. It was a bold move but a successful one. The play was not original, but none the less interesting on that account; the legendary matter of which "Les Freres Corses" consisted came to the teeming brain of Alexandre Dumas, partly from fiction and partly from fact; the novel was showily arranged for the Théâtre Historique in Paris, and it fell to the lot of Dion Boucicault to introduce the latest Parisian fashion to the English stage.

That was in 1852, and it may be interesting to jot down a few memoranda that may serve as a guide and a retrospect in contrasting the time of the original production and the atmosphere of the revival. At just about the time that "The Corsican Brothers" was produced in London, when the trembling ghost melody fell with strange effect upon attentive ears, and the eager student of the drama saw in his dreams the slow ascent of the white-shirted ghost, daubed with gore, and the relentless figure of Château Renaud, wiping his bloody sword in the wintry forest of Fontainebleau, there were comparatively few entertainments in London, but of their kind they were first-rate. Sims Reeves and Miss P. Horton (Mrs. German Reed) were struggling to do what they could for English Opera under the direction of Bunn and Balfe; Wright and Paul Bedford were making the town scream with their Adelphi farces; old Farren and his son—Mr. William Farren, junr., as he was called—were playing in comediettas at the Olympic; Tom Taylor had just written "Our Clerks" for Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, who played in the farces and after-pieces at the Princess's; Phelps was producing original poetical plays by an English clergyman (Rev. James White) at Sadler's Wells; Palgrave Simpson was writing for Punch's Playhouse in the Strand; Dejazet and Frederic Lemaitre were starring at the St. James's; Albert Smith was on the eve of starting his entertainment of "Mont Blanc" at the Egyptian Hall.

They were interesting theatrical days, no doubt, in 1852, when we look back at them, but such an audience as that attracted by Mr. Henry Irving's revival in 1880, admits of no comparison with the past. London was supposed to be empty, the autumn season had scarcely begun, the moors and the forests had not given back their sportsmen, or returned their holiday makers, and yet the atmosphere of the re-opened theatre was fresh with all that is distinguished in the varied sections and sub-sections of literature and art, music, painting, and the drama. The faithful friends who had been true to the Lyceum revivals, be they legitimate or melodramatic, scenic or Shakespearean, political or weird, were in their accustomed seats, secured only by hours of constant waiting and indefatigable endurance; and the overflow,

not content to be driven from the doors, hung about the Wellington Street portico, formed themselves into an avenue of curiosity, and took out their pleasure in envying the lucky possessors of booked seats.

Theatrical first-nights at leading houses have become in effect a kind of art conversazione and meeting place of many friends. Naturally there was much to talk about and discuss, for clearly there were three distinct orders of playgoers and critics represented in the various parts of this brilliant and fashionable house. There were the faithful memories of 1852, that recalled the first impression of "*The Corsican Brothers*," the acting of Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan, their polished art and brilliant swordsmanship, improved by constant practice in Angelo's fencing school in St. James's Street, the sympathetic grace of Miss Murray, and the contrasted humour of Mr. Ryder and Mr. Drinkwater Meadows.

The ghost melody and the ghost, the snow-covered woods, the gloomy pond, and the white-shirted duellists could never be forgotten by those who turned back the pages of their lives for eight-and-twenty years, and pointed to the exact spot where the impression remained true and in fair type. There have been other revivals and reproductions of the same play. When *Fechter* was played out at the Princess's, Charles Kean came back to revive the melodrama in the Exhibition year of 1862, and it was natural that in the varied audience there would be eloquent voices raised in favour of certain points of *Fechter's* original personation, of the *Château Renaud* of Walter Lacy, that ran Alfred Wigan so very hard, and many thought surpassed it; of the same character acted by George Jordan: and of the latest representative of the brothers, Mr. Hermann Vezin.

Punctuality, order, and good taste are the watchwords of Mr. Irving's management, and the days of discord during the preliminary piece are at an end. Time was when managers had too much to think about with their novelty to attend to pretty plays for the opening of the evening's entertainment, and were content that an exciting melodrama should be preceded by a noisy farce, indifferently acted.

Discipline can soon correct this error, and those who

had taken the trouble to come early were rewarded with a great treat in the shape of a charming one-act play, full of gentle and refined feeling, tinged with an occasional flavouring of genial humour, and acted extremely well. Mr. A. W. Pinero, the author of "Bygones," who has already in a modest manner put before us more than one of these graceful dramatic exercises, would have been pleased, could he have taken his attention from the character he was acting so well to find that he had touched the hearts of his audience by the simple pathos of his homely story. It is a love episode, of course—one in which the current interest does not run smoothly, for an interesting girl finds herself abandoned by her lover when a jealous servant betrays the secret of her humble birth. Deserted, forlorn, and offered the protection and the honest love of the simple old gentleman she can only respect, Ruby is on the point of committing herself to a serious sacrifice when the repentant lover returns to take her to his heart again, and the old Italian gentleman awakens from his love dream, and wanders away alone with his broken-heart and sad memories.

Freshly written, neatly constructed, and with a decided originality in the treatment of an old story, "Bygones," not only pleasantly opened the evening with a pretty surprise, but the applause that greeted the young author must have assured him that whenever he makes a bolder bid for fame he will receive the sympathetic encouragement of those who have watched his brief career with interest, and who see far more than average merit in his well-considered and conscientious work. The girlish and enthusiastic nature of Ruby, her sunny smiles and bitter tears, as depicted by Miss Alma Murray, honestly and without a trace of affectation, contrasted well with the pathetic simplicity and comic innocence of the old Italian, played by the author, Mr. Pinero. When the curtain fell, loud and genuine cheering came from all parts of the house.

The evening had begun well, and everyone seemed in a pleasant state of expectancy for the great event that was to follow. Tumbling in and out of cupboards, smashing plates, and rushing from one door to another, would not have been such a good preparation for the melodramatic interest of "The Corsican Brothers," as this simple love

story enacted outside the door of an English rectory. But now the orchestra having given a dim, distant, and dreamy idea of the melody that is so soon to become familiar, the notes of preparation are sounded, and the curtain rises on the hall and terrace of the Château of the dei Franchi at Cullacaro, in Corsica.

A peasant maiden is spinning at her wheel in this gorgeous room, which is, if anything, too pronounced in its deep reds and browns, a trifle heavy in effect, but still rich and extravagant in the extreme. In the distance are the trees, the light and air of the beautiful island, and here on the terrace can be detected the advancing gloom of the evening shadows. That is just what is wanted. The story is sad, weird, and mysterious. There is a cloud hanging over the happiness of the dei Franchi family, and certainly the attention is prepared by many of those artificial details that modern scenic art has brought to such a state of perfection. Everyone, as usual, is expectant for the entrance of Mr. Henry Irving, as Fabien dei Franchi, the head of the Corsican house, the peace-maker and arranger of island quarrels, the earnest, handsome, and mysterious man, who feels in his own person any injury offered to his Parisian brother, and is nervously apprehensive of any danger that may happen to him. Mr. Pinero, who comes upon the scene as Alfred Meynard, is mistaken for the hero of the play; young actors who follow in Mr. Irving's footsteps acquire something of his manner, and imitate, unconsciously, the master. But it was momentary; the costumes of modern Paris in 1840 ought to have disarmed any such suspicion, and there can be no mistaking the true entrance, as the gorgeously attired Corsican strides the full length of this enormous stage. It is a grand entrance, and a difficult one, as the returned sportsman enters and approaches the home where he is so loved, and Mr. Irving is at once, as ever, the keynote of the composition—the front of the picture. In his becoming costume of lustrous emerald-green, giving out the shadows and softness of velvet; in the coloured sash at his waist, and the air and manner that well-arranged colours and materials never fail to give; in the long hair just sprinkled with grey, the kindly eyes and expressive features, we have just the Corsican brother to contrast, with all his earnestness, tenderness,

and intense feeling, with the twin in Paris, anxious, love-struck, and nervously susceptible. There must be a contrast, of course, and an extremely delicate one; in a measure, it is the contrast of the comedian and tragedian, of graceful ease and intense determination. But it appeared to Mr. Irving that the characteristic of Fabien dei Franchi was his earnestness, and this he conveyed through the light heart and the generous nature.

When his face lighted up into smiles, or he addressed his mother, it was easy to see what an influence such a man would have—how he could settle disputes between Orsini and Colonnas, and bend obstinate people to his will. But over all this gay and lovable nature there hung a cloud; the man had seen visions, and had warnings; he was not nervous, but apprehensive; and so the play proceeds through the effective delivery of those two long stories, the homely supper party, the comical settlement of the vendetta by the delivery of the little white hen, that is really a cock, and so to the midnight hour, when Fabien, writing alone in the silence of a sleeping house, feels the apparition touch him on the shoulder, and sees the picture of the duel in the wood at Fontainebleau, his brother bleeding on the ground, the antagonist wiping the cruel sword.

The impressions in the first act are easily given. As for acting there was but little to do—the success of the play depend upon artifice rather than art; but how few actors there are who have the persuasive power of Mr. Irving. It is said he interests because he is the fashion; but it is often strangely forgotten that he is the fashion because he interests. For instance, in those long stories told by Fabien dei Franchi to his brother's friend, let the actor but once fail in persuasion and interest, and the thread of the play, slight as it is, drops, and is lost. The eyes of the audience never wandered from Mr. Irving—he commanded their attention and rivetted it. As for the rest, it seemed to those familiar with the play that there was something wrong with the ghost, he was not so weird or mysterious as he used to be; had familiarity bred contempt in the unhappy spirit, or what was it? With every desire to be engrossed and absorbed, the old fascination somehow failed. We cannot account for it, but so it was. Still, the intense silence of the whole

house argued that the feeling was not general, and that another generation may yield to the spell of the strange melody and feel the heart beat and the eyes held fast as the black and white figure glides across the stage, and the wall opening displays a picture of striking dramatic interest. It may be that the mechanical effect of 1852 is considered old fashioned in 1880, and certainly the ghost effects of the modern "Hamlet" were more impressive than the spectre in the revived "Corsican Brothers."

The second act opens with one of the most striking scenes, architecturally contrived and brilliantly coloured, that the Stage has ever seen. It represents the interior of the Paris Opera, during a *bal masque*, and it is realism out-realised. Real private boxes, real curtains, hangings, and real people in the loges, real trees and flowers, the floor of the mimic opera literally crammed with dancers and dominos, merriment and masks, pierrots and pierrettes, polichinelles, clowns and pantaloons, shepherdesses and *débardeurs*, ballet girls, monks, pilgrims, and comic dogs. Such a sound of revelry goes up as the curtain rises, that dramatic action is made an impossibility, conversation a farce. It is a realistic picture of superlative merit, and so it must remain; for here, until the end of all time, the play proper must pause for a moment. With difficulty Louis dei Franchi is seen pursuing Emilie de Lesparre through all this medley of music and hilarity, the voices of the characters are drowned in the babel of merrymaking.

When the eccentric dancers are distorting their faces and waving the sleeves of their calico vestments; when comic poodles are playing leap-frog over the backs of the guests, and the scene is swaying backwards and forwards with animation and excitement, who can single out Château Renaud, or attend to his conspiracy against a woman's honour and fair fame?

The scene as it stands is striking enough to draw all London, or at any rate the part of it that takes its pleasures through the eyes; and those who persist that "the play's the thing" must be content to wait until the dances are over, till the opera lights are out, till the carnival has spluttered away like expiring oil, and the splendid crimson plush tableaux curtains have fallen upon the revelry and riot,

Then we manage to get on with the story, and see how Louis dei Franchi rescues the woman he loves from the toils of a villain, escorts her proudly from a libertine supper party, is challenged to mortal combat, accepts, and dies in the forest of Fontainebleau, just as we see it all in the Corsican vision.

The second act won its success almost entirely from its spectacular merit, and the beauty of the stage furniture. Upholstery and scenic artists were in the ascendant this time, and the actor's art had to make way for them. When Mr. Irving revived the melodrama he did not propose to alter its character. What it was it will continue to be—startling, but not satisfying. No play with such a scanty female interest as this was ever accounted a satisfying work, and possibly now that we are so extremely exacting, the fault was detected sooner in 1880 than in 1852. All that Mr. Irving could do for the second act of "The Corsican Brothers" he did. No manager has ever mounted the play nearly so well, and whenever the actor got a chance he availed himself of it. It may be urged that the scene at the clock has told with better effect, but the rescue of Emilie de Lesparre was accomplished with a courtliness, distinction, and grace that aroused the enthusiasm of the audience. This is the one dramatic moment in this long, weary, and bustling act—it is the sole instant when the story gets the advantage over the scene, and relieves us from the revels of carnival and the laughter of ladies of the half-world, who have put aside their dominos for the full enjoyment of truffles, mayonnaise, and champagne.

Of this the artist-actor instantly availed himself. But unfortunately, there were two other difficulties to encounter. First, was a selection of costume for the male characters at the ugliest period of male attire; second, was a Château Renaud, who failed to divide the acting honours with Louis dei Franchi. The scene, from first to last, is so modern in idea, that the tight trousers, the short waists, the stocks, and the huge opera hats ascribed to 1840, have a jarring and deterrent effect.

The Château Renaud was a more important difficulty, and contrary to all expectation, Mr. W. Terriss failed to grasp the meaning of the character, or to give it that decision and emphasis that are essential. True, Château

Renaud is a villain, but he is a villain of the first-class—not a conventional bad man, but a Napoleon of rascals; a man who could sway and influence women, a man with some magnetic power in him, a character who ought to stand out as sharp and clear as Louis dei Franchi in the second act, and inspire terror.

To fight such a man—bravado and braggart, man of the world, unscrupulous adventurer and swordsman—ought to be a great feather in the cap of Louis. The audience should tremble for the safety of the sensitive, impulsive lover in the hands of this cold-blooded scoundrel. As it was, Mr. Irving towered above Mr. Terriss, and the sympathies went all the other way. No one feared for the fate of Louis, but everyone seemed to deprecate the rashness of Château Renaud. Unquestionably the representative of Château Renaud ought to command the situation, and make a great impression both in love scene and defiant threat. But, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Terriss was only a bad man; not a bad man of consequence.

The last act is, in a dramatic sense, far the strongest, and has been arranged from first to last by Mr. Irving in a manner that calls for the warmest commendations. The scene itself is of surpassing merit—the bare, leafless trees of the silent forest, the frozen pond, the slowly descending snow, the deep orange and red bars of the setting winter sun—all prepare one for the epitome of fate. For it is fate that is the ruling idea of this most interesting act, gathering together the scattered thoughts of the audience, and gaining back the attention of everyone. Fate arrested the hurrying steps of the departing Château Renaud; fate broke the carriage down on the tragic and well-remembered spot; fate brought Fabien dei Franchi here at the very hour his brother died, there to find his brother's murderer. And Mr. Irving, as he stands there, calm, determined, cool, is the sure embodiment of fate.

He seldom has acted so well, with such an absence of all restlessness, with such solidity and purpose. There he stood defiant, with vengeance in his eyes and scorn in his accent. Surely he knows that this man must die at his hands, and so he does not shrink from his terrible purpose. To make the scene completely effective, the

Château Renaud should play the game as firmly from his point of view as Fabien does. We should scarcely sympathise with the practised duellist, who appears to us absolutely powerless in the hands of the Corsican—powerless all through, at the first and at the last. However, the scene is effective, as it ever was—intense, weird, and gloomy, and what is lost in the presence of Château Renaud is gained in the poetic accessories of the scene that closes the story with solemnity, but makes a marked impression upon the beholders, who see the impotence of cowardice and the power of fate. All is accomplished; the duel to the bitter end is over; the brother's murder is avenged; and before the sun has set, the departed spirit has communed once more with the brother, inseparable even in death.

An outburst of applause followed the descent of the curtain, calls loud and long for Mr. Irving and Mr. Terriss, and the congratulations would, no doubt, have been extended to Miss Emily Fowler, who played Emilie de Lesparre with such taste and refinement, had she appeared in the last act. Mr. Irving was not allowed, however, to disappear from the scene without making one of his confidential short speeches, and soon it was whispered about that "The Corsican Brothers" was likely to fulfil every expectation and to justify the enormous outlay that had been expended on its production.

“The Cup.”

By Alfred Tennyson. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
January 3rd, 1881.

GALATIANS.

Synorix (an ex-Tetrarch)	- - - - -	Mr. IRVING.
Sinnatus (a Tetrarch)	- - - - -	Mr. TERRISS.
Attendant	- - - - -	Mr. HARWOOD.
Boy	- - - - -	Miss BROWN.
Maid	- - - - -	Miss HARWOOD.
Phœbe	- - - - -	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Camma	{ Wife of Sinnatus and afterwards Priestess in the Temple of Artemis. }	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Priestesses and Attendants in Temple: The Misses Moreley, Thornton, Barnett, Lang, Houghton, Edwards, Buckingham, Dolman, Hawkes, Coleridge, Waldon, Caddick, Taylor, Shavey, Knight, Hood, Moore, Broughton, Harris, Barrow, Barr, Costa, Barker, Blake, Hasting, Young, Gordon, Griffiths, Bainbridge, Florence, Daubigny, Elise, Grainger, Wren, Clair, and Davis.

Attendants in Temple, Citizens, Huntsmen, etc., etc.

ROMANS.

Antonius (a Roman General)	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Publius	- - - - -	Mr. HUDSON.
Nobleman	- - - - -	Mr. MATTHISON.
Herald	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.

Soldiers, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Distant view of a City in Galatia. (Afternoon). Scene 2.
—A room in the Tetrarch's house. (Evening). Scene 3.—Distant
view of a City of Galatia. (Dawn).

Half a year is supposed to elapse between the acts.

ACT 2.

Scene.—Interior of the Temple of Artemis.

The scene is laid in Galatia, a Province of Asia Minor.

“The Cup.”

In order to be thoroughly sympathetic with the spirit of Mr. Tennyson's new tragedy, “The Cup,” which last night was the occasion of so much interest and enthusiasm at the Lyceum Theatre, it is necessary to throw our minds back to the third century before Christ, and to become familiar with that strange country, called Galatia, in Asia Minor, originally peopled with the invading Gauls. This done, we may happily revive old recollections of its people, half-Greeks, half-Gauls; of its tetrarchies, its tributary King, gained as a reward for conquest in the Mithridatic War, and especially its worship of that Asiatic divinity found established by the Greeks in Ionia, and known as the “Ephesian Artemis.” Starting with this basis of information, we may be enabled to contemplate, with something like familiarity, the Poet Laureate's heroine, Camma, with her intoxicating mixture of love and vengeance; the hero Synorix, with his weird passion and resistless destiny; the bold Galatian, Sinnatus, hunter and husband; the strange, mysterious glamour that hangs over the worship of Artemis; and shall have our understandings tuned to the study of the acting of Mr. Henry Irving and the inimitable picturesqueness of Miss Ellen Terry.

Imagine, then, the city of Galatia, among the wooded hills, and a scene set before the Temple of Artemis, with its snow-bordered distance, its grape wreaths and myrtle groves, its luxurious disorder, and matchless colour—a very triumph of scene-painting—at a time when Camma is enjoying the wedded love of Sinnatus, her hunter-husband, and the handsome and licentious Synorix, half-spy, half-lover, has come to woo the woman, on whom his unholy gaze has fallen, and to present her

with a priceless cup, saved from the burning wreck of an Artemisian temple. All eyes are turned upon this Synorix as the curtain has risen on the picture, and he stalks up the flower-covered rocks, concealing beneath his vestment the fatal marriage cup. He bears an evil character enough; no woman is safe from his allurements; he is, according to his own description, "a Greek, my lord; you know that we Galatians are both Greek and Gaul"; he has heard in Rome that the tributary crown may fall to him, and to himself he whispers that he "shall serve Galatia taking it, and save her from herself, and be to Rome more grateful than a Roman." But far before the love of tributary crowns and tetrarchies, he places the love of Camma, the fair wife of Sinnatus, on whose matchless beauty he muses before the Temple of Artemis:

"Vine, cypress, poplar, myrtle, bowering in
The city where she dwells. She passed me here
Three years ago, when I was flying from
My Tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touched her—
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this temple—O gods!
She is my fate—else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city?—Married
Since—married Sinnatus, the Tetrarch here—
But if he be conspirator, Rome will chain,
Or slay him. I may trust to gain her then
When I shall have my Tetrarchy restored."

The first step towards this winning is the presentation of the marriage cup, sacred to Artemis, which is despatched to Camma by a secret messenger before the passionate Synorix introduces himself by a feigned name to the happy household of the athletic hunter, Sinnatus. There can be no question how Camma loves her husband, for, taking up her lyre in the twilight hour, she sings in one of the Laureate's matchless lyrics of her hunger for his return from the chase.

"Moon on the field and the foam,
Moon on the waste and the wold,
Moon bring him home, bring him home
Safe from the dark and the cold,
Home, sweet moon, bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold—
Safe from the wolf——"

And so the love-song is interrupted by the rough but honest husband with a warm embrace, arguing ill for the success of Synorix. But the treacherous ex-tetrarch is no chamber lover. He too can hunt, for he says, eyeing all the while, with dark fierce glances, his unsuspecting host :

. . . . " My good Lord Sinnatus
I once was at the hunting of a lion.
Roused by the clamour of the chase he woke,
Came to the front of the wood—his monarch mane
Bristled about his quick ears—he stood there
Staring upon the hunter. A score of dogs
Gnawed at his ankles. At last he felt
The trouble of his feet, put forth one paw,
Slew four, and knew it not ; and so remained
Staring upon the hunter : and this Rome
Will crush you if you wrestle with her.

The Laureate, as he paints for us in bold and striking colours the nature of this proud and imperious Camma, whose love is to be sacrificed and fate sealed by the will of Synorix, has soon an opportunity for one of these patriotic outbursts which are foreshadowed in the opening stanzas of " Maud." Into the mouth of Camma, mother, and wife, he puts one of those stirring war cries, charged with cynicism and contempt for those who would "put down war," whether as a "cause or a consequence." With the voice of inspiration, Camma speaks :

" Sir, I had once
A boy, who died a babe ; but were he living
And grown to man ; and Sinnatus willed it, I
Would set him in the front rank of the fight,
With scarce a pang. Sir, if a State submit
At once, she may be blotted out at once,
And swallowed in the conqueror's chronicle ;
Whereas, in wars of freedom and defence,
The glory and grief of battle won or lost
Solders a race together. Yea, tho' they fail,
The names of those who fought and fell are like
A banked-up fire, that flashes out again
From century to century, and at last
May lead them on to victory—I hope so—
Like phantoms of the gods."

It is alone by stratagem that Synorix can win "Camma the stately! Camma the great-hearted!" She is a

woman he could "live and die for," and yet he muses, "What! die for a woman? What new faith is this? I am not sick, not mad, not old enough to dote on her alone! Yes; mad for her! So mad, I fear some strange and evil chance is coming on me, for by the gods I seem strange to myself!" So Synorix, with crafty courtesy, preys upon the fears of Camma, warns her of her husband's danger, tells her how her lord is marked down as the instant prey of cruel Rome, and urges the guiltless wife to meet him by the Temple of Artemis, alone, there to encounter Antonius, Ambassador from Rome, in whose hands is her husband's fate. She accepts the invitation, but she comes armed with a dagger. It had been a sweet and pathetic parting with the husband she was doomed to sever from for ever. She, who had been described in this beautiful simile:

"The lark first takes the sunlight in his wing;
But you, twin-sister of the morning star,
Forlead the sun——"

had some fears when, looking upon the fading landscape, rich with the glow of summer-time, she recalled her early and unchanged love for Sinnatus.

"He is gone already;
Oh, look!—yon grove upon the mountain—white
In the sweet moon, as with a lovelier snow!
But what a blotch of blackness underneath!
Sinnatus, you remember—yea, you must—
That there three years ago, the vast vine-bowers
Ran to the summit of the trees, and dropt
Their streamers earthward, which a breeze of May
Took ever and anon, and opened out
The purple zone of hill and heaven; there
You told your love; and, like the swaying vines—
Yea, with our eyes, our hearts, our prophet hopes,
Let in the happy distance, and that all
But cloudless heaven which we have found together
In our three married years! You kissed me there
For the first time. Sinnatus, kiss me now!"

The dreaded meeting is a tragic one. Synorix, whose passionate accents have unsheathed the dagger of Camma, and whose love-burden has been overheard by Sinnatus,

the husband, is branded as a seducer, and taunted with the opprobrious words, "adulterous dog." The wily Synorix forthwith, with one snatch, disarms the woman, then suddenly slays her husband, who has pounced upon him from behind. Camma flies for refuge to the Temple of Artemis, and ere the doors have closed upon her, the murderer, Synorix, soliloquises with cool and cruel emphasis over the dead body of his hated rival :

" ' Adulterous dog ! ' that red-faced rage at me ;
Then with one quick, short stab—eternal peace ;
So end all passions. Then what use in passions ?
To warm the cold bounds of our dying life
And, lest we freeze in mortal apathy,
Employ us, heat us, quicken us, help us, keep us
From seeing all too near that urn, those ashes
Which all must be. Well used, they serve us well.
I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambition
Is like the sea wave, which, the more you drink,
The more you thirst—yea—drink too much, as men
Have done on rafts of wreck, it drives you mad.
I will be no such wreck, am no such gamester
As, having won the stake, would dare the chance
Of double, or losing all. The Roman Senate,
For I have always play'd into their hands,
Means me the crown. . . And Camma for my bride—
The people love her—if I win her love,
They, too, will cleave to me, as one with her.
There then I rest, Rome's tributary king.

She hath escaped me ;
He saved my life—it seemed so. Did he ? Dead
Why did I strike him ? Having proof enough
Against the man, I surely should have left
That stroke to Rome. I have played the sudden fool.
That, too, sets her against me, for the moment.
Camma ! Well, well, I never found the woman
I could not force or wheedle to my will.
She will be glad at last to wear my crown,
And I will make Galatia prosperous, too.
And we will chirp among our vines, and smile
At bygone things, till that eternal peace."

So ends the first act ; and the audience is astonished at the magnificence of the production, and not quick enough to master the beauty of the verse. Mind and eye have been tussling for the mastery, and the eye has conquered in the end. It has been a feast for one sense. Another visit must proclaim the power of the Laureate.

When the second act opens in the interior of the Temple

of Artemis, half a year is supposed to have elapsed. And what a temple it is, apparently a solid reproduction of one of the accurate pictures of Alma Tadema. The altar fire burns on a tripod on the centre stage, the columns are of creamy marble, with figures in relief that look like ivory, the sacred penetralia of Artemis are hidden by a curtain, incense perfumes the air, and groups of lovely women are ranged under the countless columns. Beautiful as is this interior in the half-light, its glory has yet to be fulfilled. Honours have been rained on the head of Synorix, his ambition has been satisfied with the tributary crown granted him by Rome, and now he wants but one thing—the hand of Camma, high priestess of the rights of Artemis. He would bid her "clasp the hand, red with the sacred blood of Sinnatus," and he dispatches messengers to the Temple where the vengeance-brooding woman, exquisite in her grace and robed in drapery seemingly spun from gossamer, waits the decree of fate. This is her answer, as the shouts proclaim the advent of her crowned lord and king :

" ' Synorix ! Synorix ! '—so they cried Sinnatus
Not so long since—they sicken me.
Their shield-borne patriot of the morning star
Hang'd at midday, their traitor of the dawn,
The clamoured darling of the afternoon ;
And that same head they would have played at ball with,
And kicked it featureless—they now would crown.

* * * * *

" Tell him there is one shadow among the shadows,
One ghost of all the ghosts—as yet so new,
So strange, among them—such an alien there,
So much of husband in it still, that if
The shout of Synorix and Camma sitting
Upon one throne should reach it, it would rise
He—he—with that red star between the ribs,
And my knife there, and blast the king and me
And all the crowd with horror. I dare not, sir,
Throne him—and then the marriage—ay, and tell him
That I accept the diadem of Galatia.
Yea, that you see me crown myself withal,
And wait him, his crowned Queen ! "

The end is approaching, with the libations poured in

the honour of Artemis, and amidst music, and flowers, and processions, faultless in colour and of classic pomp, making the dull mind live in another age, we hear intoned with strophe and antistrophe of chanting chorus, the double appeal by Camma and Synorix, containing as it does the most impassioned poetry of the play.

SYNORIX :

" O Thou, that dost inspire the germ with life,
The child, a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father—thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And sway the long grape-bunches of our vines,
And fill all hearts with fatness and the lust
Of plenty—make me happy in my marriage!

CHORUS :

" Artemis, Artemis, hear him, Ionian Artemis !

CAMMA :

" O Thou, that slayest the babe within the womb
Or in the being born, or after slayest him
As boy or man—great Goddess, whose storm-voice
Unsockets the strong oak, and rears his root
Beyond his head, and strews our fruits, and lays
Our golden grain, and runs to sea and makes it
Foam over all the fleeted wealth of kings,
And peoples, hear !
Who bringest plague and fever, whose quick flash,
Smites the memorial pillar to the dust,
Who causes the safe earth to shake and gape,
And gulf and flatten in her closing chasm
Doomed cities, hear !
Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province
To a cinder, hear !
Whose water-cataracts find a realm and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin, hear ! I call thee
To make my marriage prosper to my wish.

CHORUS :

" Artemis, Artemis, hear her, Ephesian Artemis ! "

But Camma has drugged the marriage cup with deadly poison, and it is drained by both the bride and bridegroom, when due libation has been made to the goddess, at whose

altar stand the priestess and the tributary King. The conclusion of the play is singularly fine, magnificent from a scenic point of view in every detail, acted from first to last in the true spirit of the poem, and charged to the brim with the almost extinguished fire of tragic poetry.

CAMMA :

"Thou hast drunk enough to make me happy,
Dost thou feel the love I bear to thee
Glow through thy veins ?

SYNORIX :

"The love I bear to thee
Glow through my veins since first I looked on thee.
But wherefore slur the perfect ceremony ?
The Sovereign of Galatia weds his Queen.
Let all be done to the fullest, in the sight
Of all the Gods. (*He staggers.*) This pain, what is it ?—Again ?
I had a touch of this last year—in—Rome.
Yes, yes ; your arm. I reel beneath the weight of
Utter joy—this all too happy day—
Crown—Queen at once. A moment—it will pass.
O, all ye Gods ! Jupiter ! Jupiter ! (*Falls backwards.*)

CAMMA :

"Dost thou cry out upon the Gods of Rome ?
Thou art Galatian born. Our Artemis
Has vanquished their Diana.

SYNORIX : (*On the ground.*)

"I am poisoned
Let her not fly.

CAMMA :

"Have I not drunk of the same cup with thee ?

SYNORIX :

"Ay, by the gods ! She too ! she too !
Murderous mad-woman ! I pray you lift me,
And make me walk awhile, I have heard these poisons
May be walked down. (*Antonius and Publius raise him up.*)
My feet are tons of lead,
They will break in the earth—I am sinking—Hold me !
Let me alone ! (*They leave him ; he sinks down on the ground.*)
Too late—thought myself wise—
A woman's dupe ! Antonius, tell the Senate
I have been most true to Rome—would have been truer
To her—if—if—Thou art coming my way, too—
Camma ! Good night ! (*Dies.*)

CAMMA:

"Same way? Crawl, worm, down thine own dark hole
To the lowest Hell. My Lord Antonius,
I meant thee to have followed—better thus,
If we must go beneath the yoke of Rome.
Have I the Crown on? I will go
To meet him, crowned victor of my will,
On my last voyage; but the wind has failed;
Growing dark, too, but light enough to row,
Row to the Blessed Isles! the Blessed Isles!
There, league on league of ever-shining shores,
Beneath an ever-rising sun. I see him.
Why comes he not to meet me? It is the crown offends him,
And my hands are too sleepy to lift it off.
Camma! Camma! Sinnatus! Sinnatus!" (*Dies.*)

And so the curtain falls upon a double death, and a magnificent picture.

It would require an extremely well-balanced nature and a singularly unexcitable disposition, to parcel off into three distinct divisions at one sitting the literature, the decoration, and the acting of this very remarkable production. If ever there was a play that from its intrinsic merits demanded a second, if not a third, visit, it is "The Cup." At present the landscape of Mr. W. Telbin, and the decorative splendour of Mr. Hawes Craven's Temple of Artemis absorb all attention. We seem to see before us the concentrated essence of such fascinating art as that of Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. Alma Tadema, in a breathing and tangible form. Not only do the grapes grow before us, and the myrtles blossom, the snow mountains change from silver-white at daytime to roseate hues at dawn; not only are the Pagan ceremonies acted before us with a reality and a fidelity that almost baffle description, but in the midst of all this scenic allurements glide the classical draperies of Miss Ellen Terry, who is the exact representative of the period she enacts, while following her we find the eager glances of the fate-haunted Mr. Irving. The pictures that dwell on the memory are countless, and not to be effaced in spell or witchery by any of the most vaunted productions of the stage, even in an era devoted to archæology. We see, as we travel back through this enchanting vista the first meeting of Synorix and Camma—he with his long red hair, and haunting eyes, his weird, pale face, and swathes of leopard skins—she with her grace of move-

ment, unmatched in our time, clad in a drapery seaweed tinted, with complexion as clear as in one of Sir Frederick Leighton's classical studies, and with every pose studied, but still natural.

We remember Camma as she reclined on the low couch with her harp, moaning about her husband's late-coming, and can recall the hungry eyes of Synorix, as he drank in the magic of her presence. All was good here, the tenderness of the woman, the wicked eagerness of her lover, the quick, impulsive energy of the husband. Difficult as it was to study anything of the acting when so much had to be seen, still it was felt that Mr. Irving, Mr. Terriss, and Miss Ellen Terry had well opened the tragedy long before the first curtain fell.

There were time and opportunity, at any rate, to comprehend the subtlety of Mr. Irving's expression in that long soliloquy, how well it was broken up, and how face accorded with action when Sinnatus lay dead, and the frightened Camma had fled to the sanctuary of the Temple. With the first act, but little fault could be found. The fastidious amongst the audience, who complained of dulness and want of action, possibly forgot that whilst their eyes were feasting on the scenery, their ears were closed to the poetry, and on another visit will confess how much meaning and study were at the first blush lost to them. With the aid of the text the beauties hidden for the moment will re-appear.

As for the second act, with its groupings, its grace, its centre figures and surroundings, its hymns to Artemis, its chants and processions, we are inclined to doubt if the Stage has ever given to educated tastes so rare a treat. In the old days such pictures might have been caviare to the general public, but the public at the Lyceum is one of culture, and a very high order of intelligence. Such poems are necessarily for the fastidious and the elegant in mind and scholarship ; but granted the right of the Stage to demand such poetic studies, it would be impossible for modern scenic art to give them more splendour and completeness. Aesthetic tastes have had their necessary ridicule and banter, for everything that is affected is hateful to the ordinary English nature ; but here, in this Temple of Artemis, when Miss Ellen Terry, veiled as the Galatian

priestess, stands by the incense-bearing tripod, and Mr. Henry Irving, robed in the scarlet of Rome's tributary king, comes to demand his anxiously-expected bride, there is an aiming at the beautiful and thorough, most creditable in itself and distinctly worthy of respect.

Everything tinselly and merely theatrical disappeared from the stage before us ; it was strange, but still, it was real : there was not one tawdry or incomplete moment in the play, and scarcely a whisper could be heard as the subtle poison, working through the veins of the crowned Synorix, gave Mr. Irving an opportunity for a powerfully studied death, or when the sight of the dead lover, made, of Camma's last well of hatred, a poem in action.

So strange and novel was the whole story, so different from all the Stage has given, and all the traditions of the theatre, so utterly unorthodox and unconventional, that there may possibly go up a cry to Mr. Irving to curtail the dramatic poem, to shorten and condense. It will be said, that when Synorix is dead, the last cry of Camma is too long ; it will be urged that Miss Ellen Terry is unlike Ristori, and does not approach the story from the same standpoint. Of course she does not, her nature and her art are entirely different, but still the general complaint, if, indeed, there is any, will be for compression and more action ; but action is impossible as the play has been written, and compression would be fatal to the many beauties of the tragedy, both in conception and execution.

All difficulties will disappear when audiences are, in a measure, familiar with the text, for it is as difficult to grasp such a subject and such treatment at a glance as to stand before an Academy picture and absorb it entirely and satisfactorily at one visit. When the time comes for reviewing with calmness the many excellent features to be found in the art of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, as applied to this difficult subject, there will be many a good word to be spoken of Mr. W. Terriss, whose rough manner, bluff utterance, but most distinct delivery, contrasted well with the more abstract beauties of the surrounding acting.

For the present it will be enough to endorse the public verdict on the skill of Mr. W. Telbin, Mr. Hawes Craven, and Mr. W. Cuthbert, and to congratulate Mr.

Irving both on his spirit in producing such a poem and his courageous determination in decorating it with such costliness and splendour. Good money is often enough wasted on the stage, but here it is applied to the work of a man of genius, and will materially aid in leading the public to admire what is true and beautiful.

To tell of the roses and flowers that fell at the feet of Miss Terry, who made her appearance after a long absence, would be as superfluous as to recount the calls with which Mr. Irving was favoured, or the cheers that awaited that successful manager and firm favourite. All this followed as a matter of course, and equally as a matter of necessity a speech was demanded, in which Mr. Irving promised to telegraph to Mr. Tennyson, congratulated himself on producing such a play under his management, and strongly hinted that it would not be the last if the public willed it so.

The play was produced to a most distinguished audience—one of the richest in literature, art, science, and politics that has ever been seen at the Lyceum; and in one of the stage boxes sat the Prime Minister, with Mrs. Gladstone and other members of the family.

“*Othello*.”

IRVING AS IAGO.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, May 2nd, 1881.

Othello	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN BOOTH.
Iago	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Cassio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Brabantio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MEAD.
Roderigo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. PINERO.
Duke	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Montano	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
Gratiano	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CARTER.
Ludovico	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HUDSON.
Messenger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MATTHISON.
Paulo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FERRAND.
Antonio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Julio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LOUTHER.
Marco	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARWOOD.
Emilia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss PAUNEFORT.
Desdemona	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

etc., etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A Street in Venice. Scene 2.—Another Street in Venice.
Scene 3.—A Council Chamber.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—The Harbour at Cyprus. Scene 2.—A Street in Cyprus.
Scene 3.—The Court of Guard.

ACT 3.

Scene.—Othello's House.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Othello's House. Scene 2.—A Street in Cyprus.
Scene 3.—Exterior of Iago's House.

ACT 5.

Scene.—A Bedchamber.

“*Othello*.”

A performance at once so picturesque in every detail, and so elevated in tone as the “*Othello*” of last night, is not to be lightly or carelessly dismissed. The work has taken weary months of anxious study, and the ripe fruit of so much experience, intelligence, and taste, may be permitted the privilege of a slight respite before any attempt is made to unfold the countless beauties of a most memorable Shakespearean revival, worthy, surely, of the enthusiasm that it evoked. When the hour of midnight has struck, and the mind experiences the fatigue resulting from concentration of attention, and the reaction after natural excitement, it may suffice to record briefly the success of the experiment by which Mr. Henry Irving has attached himself in intellectual fellowship with Mr. Edwin Booth. That the public appreciated what Mr. Irving had done, and endorsed what Mr. Booth had desired, was shown in a very marked and demonstrative manner. Never was cheering more spontaneous, or public spirit more cordially displayed. Mr. Booth can never have received a more affectionate greeting from his own countrymen than when he stepped first on the Lyceum board; and America, with all her open-handed generosity would have some difficulty in surpassing the enthusiasm that broke out at Mr. Irving’s presence. Of the *Othello* of Mr. Edwin Booth we have already spoken in the course of our series on this popular actor, and we have ventured to speak of it with complete candour and sincerity. Of all characters in Shakespeare it is the most difficult to realise, and the most perplexing in which to convince. To say that Mr. Booth does not ever convince would be as idle as to insist that his method is faultless. But, happily, from

last night's experience, it will be a pleasure to approach the conception once more with many favourable ideas strengthened and many prejudices wiped away.

Not so cold as his Hamlet, not so fantastic as his Bertuccio, and not so intellectually satisfying as his Lear, there is still a meaning and a feeling in Mr. Booth's Othello that cannot be neglected when the obvious faults are contrasted with them. Once the nervousness of the trying ordeal has expended itself, Mr. Booth played the part far better than at the Princess's, and he was particularly successful in scenes restored now, and lost on the former occasion. The novelty of the evening was, no doubt, the Iago of Mr. Irving, and we may say at once that the actor more than fulfilled every expectation. We shall have to go back to the most incisive comedy scenes at the opening of "Richard III," to the best points of "Louis XI," and to the most striking periods of Mr. Irving in "Vanderdecken," to find a parallel to this elaborate, well considered, and admirably conceived personation. Seldom has a part, well known, teeming with points, hackneyed, accepted and conventional, been so thoroughly acted out. If any fault there is, it will be found in over elaboration, in over sensitive care, in showing how thoroughly the actor understands the variety, the subtlety, and the cynicism of the poet. From Mr. Irving a picturesque Iago, an expressive Iago, an unconventional Iago, may well have been expected, but when, suddenly, and without difficulty, the actor casts to the wind the manner and the affectation of which too much has been made, speaks so clearly that every syllable is intelligible, and excites the understanding with endless variety and a succession of expressive changes, then once more it will be owned that there is something to be studied from that which is emphatically a new Iago.

Whether it is a true Iago the future must determine, and the balance of criticism must decide. It will be a pleasure, however, to describe the effect of the soliloquies and the strange power evolved from such passages as the defence of Cassio after the brawl and the jealous storms with Othello. Mr. Irving has seldom shown us anything that is not decorated with thought. Here the decoration is elaborate almost to a fault, and rich to repletion.

Mr. Irving has never done anything better, and the audience followed with eagerness every line, gesture, and expression. Among the other successful features of the play, we may at once mention the pathetic Desdemona of Miss Ellen Terry; the thoroughly excellent and much-to-be-commended Cassio of Mr. Terriss, which made its mark straight, swift, and suddenly, and the sonorous and stately Brabantio of Mr. Mead. To count the calls on such a memorable occasion would be superfluous. The evening was one of special moment and interest; but, beyond the courtesy extended to a stranger, and the enthusiasm inevitably evoked by a favourite, there was the consciousness of artistic labour well expended, and a fine play honestly enjoyed.

Scenes from “*The Hunchback.*”

Lyceum Theatre, July 23rd, 1881.

Modus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING
Helen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY

Scenes from "The Hunchback."

Astonishment, not unmixed with admiration, must have been noticed on the faces of those foreign artists who are with us, and all who are strangers to our customs and idiosyncracies, when Mr. Henry Irving called his friends together at the close of a prosperous and popular season.

The sympathetic feeling engendered between artist and public is accustomed at odd times to overflow into enthusiasm; but the scene, when it was announced that the Lyceum doors would close for five months, and that we must wait awhile for Shakespearean revivals and a resumption of what may fairly be called sound dramatic art-work, reminds one rather of the farewell of a favourite than the parting of a friend. For what did it matter how many times the terrified Mathias had been seen conscience stricken by the jangling "Bells"; what pleasant recollections come back at the sight of kindly, genial Mr. J. L. Toole, when he came on to the stage as Tom Cranky, in Mr. Hollingshead's farce, "The Birthplace of Podgers"; or what precise criticism might have to say regarding the Modus and Helen of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry! The play is usually the thing, but on this occasion it was the speech that everyone anticipated in order that the pleasures of the past night might be neatly sewn upon the anticipation of the future. It is sometimes asserted that Mr. Henry Irving is a very "fashionable actor," meaning thereby that his art is somewhat exclusive in its tendencies; but such an idea could not have existed very long in the minds of those who took the trouble to scan this vast, brilliant, and thoroughly representative gathering.

Fashion, no doubt, was present at the Lyceum, blended with refined intelligence and cultured appreciation. The men and women, as well as the youths and maidens, who believe that amusement can be combined with reflection, did not neglect this opportunity of testifying their appreciation of one who, for some time past has been fighting a good fight ; but such as these did not keep Mr. Irving all to themselves. They brought for the popular manager, and equally popular actress, such flowers as only an English summer can give. Bouquets of roses and hothouse treasures, slips of flowers, wreaths of bay and laurel, fastened with streamers of ribbon were perpetually being flung from all sides of the house, or handed up by an accommodating orchestra ; but that was not all. The Americans who liked Mr. Irving for his good feeling to Edwin Booth, and the pretty things he said about their favourite actor, were determined to be represented in the flower festival, and the Germans, who have taken good care to see the English Hamlet, Shylock, and Charles I, sent their friend a gorgeous wreath on a white satin cushion. But most satisfactory of all must have been the strong voices and warm hands of the occupants of the old pit, who bid Mr. Irving go on talking as long as he liked, and the roar of applause from the gallery when the manager told him they had not been forgotten when he acknowledged past favours. Had there been a speech every time the actor was called, and that was whenever the curtain fell, it would not have been taken amiss, so anxious were those assembled to postpone the inevitable parting word.

We have so recently commented on the new and improved reading of "*The Bells*," that it is only necessary to say here, that on Saturday it was taken even brisker and quicker than before, and went better than ever ; and quite a new complexion was put on the old scene from Sheridan Knowles's "*Hunchback*," by a Helen who wooed her student cousin with a charming grace and coquetry, and a Modus, who, with infinite variety and humour, realised that happy condition and conclusion, when, with "a touch, a kiss, the charm was snapt !" Altogether, it was an evening of cordiality and congratulation. No thorns were concealed beneath the roses, and, as was natural, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. J. L. Toole, and

Mr. W. Terriss, shared liberally in the honours of the evening. The Lyceum prospects may be summed up in Mr. Irving's own words :

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—It is always my fate to appear before you as somebody else. You may see I have doffed my wig in order to get as near my own personality as possible, and prevent anybody from supposing that there is to be a continuance before the curtain of the pleasant little scene you have just witnessed. It is now my task to take leave for a considerable time of my trusty friends. It is not an easy or pleasant task, though I cannot help thinking that, after having seen so much of me, you will be a little refreshed by my absence. At any rate, I venture to hope that I may carry with me an earnest conviction of your undiminished regard (cheers). You may expect me, in accordance with a custom which I may call time-honoured, to say something about the season just ended. Well, if it is a monotonous twice-told, thrice-told story of success, that is not my fault (laughter) I am not responsible (oh, oh, and laughter). You will persist in compelling us to represent a piece so long, that in sheer despair we are driven to try something else, which is immediately marked out for the same melancholy fate, and so you hunt us to the last night of the season, when it is difficult to recollect whether we played a hundred, or a thousand and one, nights in any particular production. We presented to you, in the course of the season, 'The Corsican Brothers,' 'The Cup,' 'The Belle's Stratagem,' and 'Othello.' I need not say I do not give them in order of merit, and though only one of these plays was absolutely new, I believe the rest were produced under conditions which gave them, at all events in this theatre, a novel interest, which your kindness did not allow to go unappreciated (cheers).

"The representation for nearly two hundred nights of 'The Corsican Brothers,' showed that the piece, which was so great a favourite with Charles Kean, had lost nothing of its fascination. It was withdrawn in the midst of its career to make way for the Laureate's tragedy, 'The Cup,' the success of which, I am proud to say, was equally gratifying to Mr. Tennyson and to the artists who undertook the task of embodying his conceptions. I believe that the High Priestess of Artemis will hold

a permanent place in your memories as one of the most beautiful of the dramatic creations associated with the name of Miss Ellen Terry. I need not tell you we might have been playing 'The Cup,' and 'The Belle's Stratagem' at this moment, if the opportunity had not presented itself of introducing on these boards my friend and fellow-artist, Mr. Edwin Booth. Of Mr. Booth's great qualities as an actor you have had no scanty proof, for, after representing at the Princess's Theatre, with signal ability, many of the leading characters in the Shakespearean drama, Mr. Booth received here a nightly demonstration of enthusiasm, which more than confirmed the great impression he had already made on the public, and which was as gratifying to myself as it must have been to himself (cheers).

"I have now a painful announcement to make. During our five months' absence, the theatre will be closed. This, as you may imagine, will entail a very heavy expense, I regret to say, and I am sure I shall have your sincere sympathy in my affliction. When I state that I am going to make that expense heavier by improving the ventilation, increasing your comfort in other ways, and by enlarging some parts of the house, especially the pit—('bravo' and cheers)—I knew that statement would move you to tears (laughter). No doubt you are aware that amongst the playful little fables about myself, which some worthy people with a good deal of spare time are constantly circulating, was the story that I had lately purchased the freehold, or leasehold, or goodness knows what, of the Lyceum, for a hundred thousand pounds—fifty thousand pounds—anything you please (laughter).

"Some persons improved upon this, and said the theatre had been presented to me. I have had no such good or evil fortune (a laugh). I have not given a hundred thousand pounds, because I don't possess it; and I have not paid fifty thousand pounds for a somewhat similar reason. But what has happened is this. I have obtained a lengthened lease of the Lyceum; and through the excellent and friendly feeling which exists between the owner of this property, Mr. Arnold and

myself, I have the lease under most favourable conditions, which will enable me in a very short time to make some important changes. I shall shortly have the lease of four houses adjoining this theatre, and the long desired opportunity of greatly improving the entrance, exit, and frontage of the house, not forgetting that region which is my own immediate realm—namely, behind the scenes. I cannot tell you how delighted I am at this welcome prospect of increasing your comfort, and making the Lyceum in every way worthy of your patronage (cheers).

"I am sorry that the tether of my remarks has proved so long; but I will not trespass further on your patience. During our tour through the principal cities of the United Kingdom we shall perform the plays which have won so much favour at your hands. On our return the next Shakespearean play I intend to present is 'Romeo and Juliet.' After 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Coriolanus' will be our next Shakespeare venture, but whether Mr. Marshall's play, or Mr. Merivale's 'Bride of Lammermoor,' which he has written for us, or Mr. Wills' 'Rienzi,' or 'Olivia,' which I now possess, will precede it, I must leave in the womb of Time. I shall re-open with my friend James Albery's comedy, 'The Two Roses,' and, if all be well, on December 26th next, which I believe is a Bank Holiday, for I have been looking in the almanack (laughter). Mr. Digby Grant will be at home with his little cheque, flattered and honoured to receive any visits from enquiring friends. The cast of 'The Two Roses' will include Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Louisa Payne, Mr. Howe, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Johnson, and your humble servant. I shall hope for your favourable verdict. It only remains now that I should thank my colleagues for their most zealous co-operation. To Miss Ellen Terry, to Mr. Howe—the evergreen Henry Howe, who has lately joined us, and I trust will long remain; to Mr. Terriss, to the Lyceum company one and all. I tender my most hearty acknowledgements; to that oldest and best of friends and most buoyant of humorists, Mr. Toole, who is so much at home with all of us, that all London—I might almost say all England—is 'The Birthplace of Podgers,' I can only say that I am

deeply sensible of the services he and his company have rendered me to-night (cheers). But now, ladies and gentlemen, I must say farewell. Like Sir Peter Teazle, I leave my character behind, but without misgiving. In all places and on all occasions I shall ever be sensible of my lasting debt to my loyal and good friends whom I am proud to think I have grappled to me with hoops of steel."

“Two Roses.”

By James Albery. Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, December
26th, 1881.

Mr. Digby Grant	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Mr. Furnival	- - - - -	Mr. H. HOWE.
Jack Wyatt	- - - - -	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Caleb Deecie (his first appearance in London)	- - - - -	Mr. G. ALEXANDER.
Footman	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
Our Mr. Jenkins	- - - - -	Mr. DAVID JAMES.
Ida	- - - - -	Miss HELEN MATTHEWS.
Mrs. Cupps	- - - - -	Miss C. EWELL.
Our Mrs. Jenkins	- - - - -	Miss PAUNCEFORT.
Lottie	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Mr. Digby Grant's Cottage.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Jack Wyatt's Lodgings.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Vassalwick Grange.

ORIGINAL CAST OF THE FIRST PRODUCTION AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, JUNE 4TH, 1870.

Mr. Digby Grant	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Jack Wyatt	- - - - -	Mr. H. J. MONTAGUE.
Caleb Deecie	- - - - -	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.
Mr. Jenkins	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE HONEY.
Mr. Furnival	- - - - -	Mr. W. H. STEPHENS.
Lottie	- - - - -	Miss AMY FAWSITT.
Ida	- - - - -	Miss A. NEWTON.
Mrs. Cupps	- - - - -	Miss PHILLIPS.
Mrs. Jenkins	- - - - -	Miss T. LAVIS.



“Two Roses.”

Countless attractions elsewhere, the popularity of pantomime, the brilliancy of burlesque, and the orthodox amusements of the Christmas season had not the least effect in lessening the usual excitement attendant on a first night at the Lyceum. Old friends seemed in their accustomed places, the pit was as loyal and faithful as ever, and in all parts of the house there seemed an eagerness and a pleasure in welcoming a favourite actor in a popular play. Eleven years have elapsed since Mr. Henry Irving created the part of Digby Grant in Mr. James Albery's clever and happy comedy, “Two Roses,” and, with those eleven years, what changes have come about ! It seems but yesterday that all artistic London was talking of Mr. Albery's success, and the charm that was associated with his work, the finish of individual bits of art, and the fragrance of the whole. A recollection such as this cannot fail to be somewhat of a sad one, for that tyrant, Death, has played havoc with the companions that did so much originally for the English comedy. Far away, leagues from home, across the Atlantic, and in a land of warm friends, sleep both Henry J. Montague and Amy Fawsitt. We may be pardoned if we associate them still with Jack Wyatt and Lottie, for there has not been time yet for a dulled and blurred impression. They were the very boy and girl lovers that such a theme required—he so bright and manly, and withal so tender, young, too, and handsome ; she, with a full force of impetuosity and girlish enthusiasm that seemed natural at a time when effusiveness was not so deprecated as now. We are reminded of the alteration in the spirit of the times, when, in 1870, the loves of Jack and Lottie were received as a natural ex-

pression of feeling, and, in 1881, Jack cannot embrace Lottie without a guffaw and an implied sense of ridicule. George Honey, too, has fallen in the ranks, and the rest of the regiment has been disbanded.

But Mr. Henry Irving remains, a far more finished artist than in the old times, with style more matured and intelligence ripened, with his heart more than ever in his work, to play Digby Grant far better than before, and to show what a fine force of comedy he has at his command. Last night he seemed a very giant of strength, and from no fault of his own appeared to weaken the fabric of the play and crush his companions. He was never out of the picture; the elaboration of detail was not once excessive or superfluous; he was never so little Henry Irving and so much Digby Grant. We saw before us the fantastic, shifty, proud and crafty man, as changeable as the wind, but eaten up with an overweening selfishness. Each shade in the man's character was carefully marked; the testiness, the snappish irritability, the countless affectations, not a point was lost, even to the change of vocal sound when the "pince-nez" slips down upon the vain old gentleman's nose. The audience, unaccustomed to the study of true and powerful comedy, hung upon every utterance of the actor, and his very strength occasionally killed the rest, as does a powerful bit of colour by contrast. Mr. Irving's Digby Grant was always an excellent performance, but never so worthy of study and analysis as now, never so free from the defects and temptations that arise out of successful performances. For we all know so many of the signs and idiosyncracies of Digby Grant, his allusion to the "little cheque," his reiterated phrase, "You annoy me very much," and so on; yet Mr. Irving seemed to deliver them last evening with new variety, not as if they were catch-words at all, with nothing of the stage in them, but the testy expressions of such a man as this Digby Grant might have been. Mr. Henry Irving, in voice and in manner, was Digby Grant. His own individuality had disappeared.

There had been prepared for the audience an additional pleasure in the fact that Mr. David James, a clever and admirable comedian, had joined the company,

to renew a former success as "Our Mr. Jenkins," and the warmth of his reception showed how heartily his assistance was appreciated. In fact, the cheering was so cordial that at first it seemed to unnerve the actor, and it was not until the last act that he "felt his legs," and suited the pitch of his voice to a larger house than that in which he has been accustomed to act. Attired as the comical "shining light," and in his clerical garb, Mr. David James soon discovered where the laughter lay lurking, and, having touched the proper spring, was honoured with a special summons, at the end of the play. Against this welcome reinforcement there was, however, a disappointment. Another very favourite artist—Miss Fanny Josephs—was to have appeared as Ida—the dark, or crimson rose—and to have played for the first time in this theatre, but an unwelcome little notice was found in the play-bill, to say that she was too ill to perform. Much sympathy with so popular and charming an actress will be felt when it is known that great suffering alone prevented her from fulfilling an engagement that had so much promise in it; for one thing, at any rate, in this play is essential, and that is, contrast of physique as well as character. Was, then, this contrast forthcoming with the men and girls in the love-scenes, and in the idyllic portions of the play? We fear that the answer must be in the negative.

Jack Wyatt, the boyish lover, and Caleb Deecie, the blind friend, are deliberate and intended dramatic contrasts. But last night both seemed to pitch their parts in the same key. We do not doubt that Mr. G. Alexander, who is altogether new to London, is an able young actor. He has a good voice and nice appearance, but he did not appear to get at the meaning of Caleb Deecie. It will be urged that we have all seen Mr. Thomas Thorne was clearly right in suggesting that gentle submission under affliction, that subtle tenderness, that resignation and unselfish demeanour, the generous temperament and the quiet philosophy that contrasted so well with the more impetuous, outspoken Jack Wyatt. In Mr. Alexander's performance we saw none of this. He was hasty and spasmodic in movement, too brusque in manner and did not apparently feel the nature of the

man he was representing. All the poetic flavour of Caleb Deecie was gone, but, after all, that was the great fault of the general acting. For instance, Mr. Terriss is always in earnest with his work ; there is spirit and force in all that he undertakes, but, according to the reading of the part, there did not appear to be much in Jack Wyatt to induce him to make a very close study of the character. Mr. Terriss had some good moments in his second act ; but the sentiment, which is throughout of a strongly marked and occasionally exaggerated kind, did not appear to suit the actor's taste or style. We may be pardoned here for observing that actors and actresses in strong scenes of sentiment labour for the moment under some disadvantage. Love scenes are, somehow or other, considered ludicrous. A scene of passionate intensity was laughed at when "Plot and Passion" was revived the other evening, and the reason assigned was that the dialogue was stilted and forced. But last night the young lovers never once embraced without suggesting a very marked sound of laughter.

These things certainly do unnerve artists, and we are not at all sure that the pronounced enthusiasm of the style of Mr. Montague and Miss Fawsitt would have received such encouragement now as it did formerly. Anyhow, the scene at the fountain, with the goldfish, missed all its effects, and the love-making throughout had no special fervour in it.

There are, or, at any rate, there are intended to be, poetic moments in "Two Roses," and it was the flavour of kindly sentiment that was so constantly missed. We must not linger on the want of contrast between Lottie and Ida, because, as has before been observed, Miss Helen Matthews took the part of Miss Josephs at a short notice. This young lady made, however, a distinctly favourable impression. She has decided intelligence, a happy, animated style, and a very sympathetic voice. Many of her scenes were played with most natural and womanly feeling, and those who saw her in comedy and comedietta will argue well for her future career. Miss Winifred Emery was a pretty and fragile Lottie, but there was no very marked idea or style in the personation. There was no harm in it, but not much good ; it was inoffensive, but colourless. Nothing well



Samuel

"A LITTLE CHEQUE!"

[face 22]

could be better than the Mr. Furnival of Mr. Howe, who looked a picture as the white-haired and kindly solicitor. He got over the difficulty of "dear me," better than most representatives of this character. But Miss Pauncefort was not at home as Our Mrs. Jenkins, and made this amusing lady too sharp and angular, too tart and acrid for the purposes of the play. In a word, there was very much individual acting that was good, but there were also spots on the sun. Great pains have, of course, been taken with the mounting of the play. The first act is really a charming scene, and unusual prominence is given to the ceremony of the presentation of plate in the last act. A local brass band parades the stage, and the crowd is elaborated, but we question if the incident in a dramatic sense is worthy of so much importance.

The curtain never falls on a first night at the Lyceum without a renewal of those friendly relations between Mr. Henry Irving and his audience, that time and long absence only tend to increase. Having been called and presented with flowers, a speech was loudly demanded and, as was natural, the recipient of so much honour, was bound to reply. Mr. Irving, who looked in excellent health, after his hard work in the country, naturally declared most emphatically that such a renewal of old ties did "annoy him very much," but that after his wandering he was glad to be back in the old home, and with his foot upon the familiar boards. He paid very special and deserved compliments to his old friends, Mr. James Albery and Mr. David James, who had done so much for the play just represented, and then went on to the immediate future. "Romeo and Juliet" was declared to be ready whenever it was required, and, with it was, of course, promised Miss Ellen Terry, whose name provoked the very heartiest applause, renewed again and again. After alluding to the beautiful and exceedingly comfortable house, which, in its new decoration dress, was much admired last night, Mr. Irving wished all present a happy New Year, and the curtain fell. Mr. Albery's play was preceded by Mr. J. R. Planche's once-favourite comedietta, "The Captain of the Watch," in which both Miss Louisa Payne and Miss

Helen Matthews played with the gayest spirit, and Mr. Terriss added animation to the scene by his capital performance of Viscount de Ligny, the hero of a very strange and complicated romance.

“Romeo and Juliet.”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
Wednesday, March 8th, 1882.

Romeo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Mercutio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.
Tybalt	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CHARLES GLENNY.
Paris	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Capulet	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-Mr. HOWE.
Montague	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARBURY.
Friar Laurence	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Apothecary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MEAD.
Prince Escalus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
Benvolio	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CHILD.
Gregory	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CARTER.
Sampson	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ARCHER.
Abraham	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LOUTHER.
Balthasar	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HUDSON.
Peter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ANDREWS.
Friar John-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BLACK.
Citizen	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARWOOD.
Chorus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.
Page	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss KATE BROWN.
Nurse	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. STIRLING.
Lady Montague	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss H. MATTHEWS.
Lady Capulet	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss L. PAYNE.
Juliet	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Verona : The Market Place. Scene 2.—Verona : Loggia of Capulet's House. Scene 3.—Verona : Before Capulet's House. Scene 4.—A Hall in Capulet's House.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Verona : Wall of Capulet's Garden. Scene 2.—Verona : The Garden. Scene 3.—Verona : The Monastery. Scene 4.—Verona : Outside the City. Scene 5.—Verona : Terrace of Capulet's Garden. Scene 6.—Verona : The Cloisters.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Verona : A Public Place. Scene 2.—Verona : The Loggia. Scene 3.—Verona : A Secret Place in the Monastery. Scene 4.—Verona : Capulet's House. Scene 5.—Verona : Juliet's Chamber.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Verona : The Friar's Cell. Scene 2.—Verona : Juliet's Chamber (Night). Scene 3.—Verona : The Same (Morning).

ACT 5.

Scene 1.—Mantua : A Street. Scene 2.—Verona : The Friar's Cell. Scene 3.—Verona : Churchyard with the Tomb of the Capulets. Scene 4.—Verona : The Tomb.

“Romeo and Juliet.”

I.—THE RESTORED TEXT.

Playgoers with retentive memories will be able no longer to point to the Shakespearean revivals of Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre, as priceless and unexampled in picturesque design, and archæological accuracy. “The Winter's Tale,” and “Richard the Second,” pale before the beauty of the new “Romeo and Juliet,” which is probably the grandest production of a play by Shakespeare that the stage has ever seen. Mr. Henry Irving has taught his audience to expect something of a higher and more abiding value, something more consoling to the Shakespearean student than the mere playing of this or that character, or the simple contrast between one actor, or actress, and another. Mr. Irving's management is a nobler aim, and the result will be more enduring.

It would be idle to deny that all assembled on this memorable occasion, from the most inveterate playgoer in the stalls, to the youngest spectator in the gallery, whether unfettered by prejudice, or bound by preconceived judgement, really wanted to see and determine, according to their lights, how Mr. Irving would play Romeo, and what measure of success would fall to Miss Ellen Terry as Juliet. Their popularity is no mushroom growth, and they have deserved their reputation. But apart altogether from the critical controversy, that is inevitable whenever a Shakespearean character is attacked by a distinguished performer, we have learned to look at the Lyceum for a better unfolding of Shakespeare's genius, a deeper insight into his meaning, a greater respect for his conception, and a far purer and grander poetic atmosphere than the stage of this country has ever before presented.

It has been Mr. Irving's ambition to do something of great moment in restoring the fabric destroyed by mutilated versions and corrupted texts, as well as adorning the poet as no manager has been able to do before this luxurious age. The acting versions of Shakespeare's plays are the monument of Mr. Irving's intention. He has striven, not without success, and certainly without the undue forcing of spectacular effect, to get, as it were, at the soul of Shakespeare, and to blow to the winds that graceless and obstinate heresy that the poet of humanity is for the student, and not for the stage.

Starting with "Hamlet," a great ideal tragedy, that will never cease to occupy men's minds, the actor, rightly or wrongly, removed many of the unsightly cobwebs, that had clung to this master example of Shakespeare's genius; he gave a new idea of "Macbeth;" he put Colley Cibber's "Richard the Third," we trust for ever, behind the fire; and he gave our minds a start with his Shylock, without in any case vulgarising the poet or bowing the knee to triviality and commonplace, as so many of his predecessors have done.

It was high time for "Romeo and Juliet" to be taken in hand with the same Shakespearean insight and reverential care, in order that the nineteenth century, in the person of Mr. Irving, might undo the mischief of the eighteenth century under the false guidance of David Garrick. Owing to the waywardness of this great actor, or to the bad taste of the age in which he lived, or to the overweening vanity of "a star," there is probably no play that on the stage has been so hopelessly misunderstood, or so wilfully perverted, as "Romeo and Juliet." It was owing to David Garrick and Garrick's acting version that those who do not read Shakespeare have got such a false impression of the poet's idea, and probably under this influence that such critics as Coleridge and Mrs. Jameson are found misinterpreting the scheme so plainly put forward in the prologue, and now restored to its proper place.

When we hear the hero and heroine of this human tragedy talked of as imprudent lovers, who contribute to their own disaster, or merely as a pretty boy and girl, gifted with Italian vehemence and Italian impetuosity, the picturesque puppets of an interesting love story, how

commonplace and vulgar does the Shakespearean scheme appear; the errors that have been promulgated during the past few weeks, the absence of poetic thought and appreciation in the minds of many modern critics, and the almost ignorance of the meaning of the play are absolutely astounding; but matters are made worse when we find a literary man like Garrick not only suppressing but supplying; not only misunderstanding but re-modelling, cutting out Rosaline, the passionless beauty, who is as necessary to the proper understanding of Romeo's temperament, as was the Shepherdess Marcella of Cervantes to the enamoured Chrysostom; positively writing in Juliet, instead of Rosaline, sending Romeo to the ball in order to get a distaste for the heroine of this love story, spoiling the idea of the inspiration of the first meeting at Capulet's, polluting the very essence of the romance, and adding a death scene that was directly contrary to the express injunctions of Shakespeare.

By discarding David Garrick's version of the play, by restoring Rosaline in order to show the intensely sensitive and imaginative character of Romeo, by letting the audience hear Shakespeare's prologue, and Shakespeare's own conclusion of the tragedy, Mr. Irving has satisfied the student without in the least detracting from the value of the acting tragedy. But the great gain is deeper than that. Mr. Irving has not sacrificed one iota of local colour. The play glows and burns with the picturesqueness and fantastic beauty of old Verona. The stage with its crowds, its conflicts, its cabals, its maskers and mummers, its balls and revelries, is as animated and sunny as any artist would desire, and as instinct with life as any picture that ever came from the Court of Meiningen.

The eye is ever exhilarated and delighted, but never at the sacrifice of poetic beauty and ideal truth. Verona, Giuletta, and Romeo, as they were borrowed from the Italian, furnish the play with a "local habitation and a name," which have been seized upon by the archæologist, the decorator, the costumier, and the designer; but apart from this the hero and heroine are human in the widest sense, and they are the representatives of the passion of love in its most exalted seat, not merely love, as a critic has observed, "as existing in a peculiar race or climate, but the sovereign passion of humanity at large, as exhibit-

ing itself in the most exquisitely organised individuals." Brilliantly successful as the result has been, we do not claim for Mr. Irving an isolated veneration for Shakespeare's text or an unexampled novelty. Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) who played in days far less sympathetic than our own, did her utmost to restore the "Romeo and Juliet" of Shakespeare.

Mr. Walter Montgomery, to his credit, be it spoken, did the same, but in these richer, more extravagant, and luxurious days it is something to say that "Romeo and Juliet," has been played on the stage as it never could have been before without any sacrifice being made of the poet's idea, and with an avoidance of all that has been vulgar, tricky, and meretricious. At last, at any rate, we see Romeo and Juliet as the pair of "star-crossed lovers," the victims of an adverse destiny, the subjects of our pity in the highest and the purest sense; not a mere love-sick Italian boy and girl of impetuous nature and southern susceptibility, not the lay figures of the simple story written to tell us that children should not rush into hasty marriages without their parents' consent, not the namby-pamby lad, physically beautiful but mentally incomplete, or the silly girl of fifteen of Coleridge, who "swallows the draught in a fright," nor the "spoony Romeo" or the "baggage Juliet," as modern heretics have called them, but the youth matured and the matron strengthened into action, the pivots of a tremendous tragedy, the Romeo and Juliet of Shakespeare's prologue—

"Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death, bury their parents' strife"—

The fate-haunted examples of vengeance and vindictiveness, who live to suffer for the faults of others, and who die, as Capulet says when he takes the hand of his heart-broken foe, "poor sacrifices of our enmity," this is what Mr. Irving attempted to do, and has succeeded in doing.

He has given a show of unexampled magnificence to the spectator, a theme of rare importance to the student.

II.—THE SCENERY.

Having thus, by the way of prelude, given some faint idea of the literary design of the new dramatic version, showing the great respect in which the poet has been held, we may proceed next to suggest some of the innumerable beauties of a series of Shakespearean pictures, which show the stage in a new light, and put poetry into motion and action.

Mr. Irving told his audience that it had been a labour of love to all concerned to build up and arrange these lovely and elaborate tableaux, but a master-mind was indeed required to suggest and organize what was so splendidly carried out. That master-mind and guiding spirit was Henry Irving. Chorus, dressed like the poet Dante having, by Shakespeare's direction, told us what misery was to befall the "pair of star-crossed lovers," owing to their parents' strife, the fantastically-embroidered curtains parted, and discovered a scene that reminded one of "Masaniello," without the music.

This was the market-place at Verona, busy with its buying and selling. Donkeys, children, a picturesque conduit on the centre stage, a sloping bridge in the background, life, animation, and colour, groupings all admirably arranged and studied, presented themselves to the expectant gaze. Action was soon busily started with the tussle between the rival factions of the Montagues and Capulets, an effort of stage management that, by its variety, suddenness, and effect, shows that we are as capable in such matters as the Meiningers, and not nearly so mechanical. The sudden onrush of the crowd in hand to hand encounter, the arrest of disorder, and the subsidence of emotion seemed so to startle the audience, as to make them, for the moment, the main incidents of the story.

Romeo's entrance, however, brought with it a moment of deep interest, and the actor-manager who had conceived and executed this rich binding for the poet Shakespeare, was welcomed with even more than the usual cordiality. He was attired unlike all other Romeos that we had seen, but in a costume that was singularly becoming, however strange. The prevailing tone to

doublet, hose, and cloak was reseda or mignonette green, contrasted with a deep crimson cap.

Romeo having sighed for and dreamed of his cold and passionless Rosaline, and Mr. Irving having by many a subtle poetic touch and thoughtful attitude, well expressed the dejection of a man absorbed by a hopeless love, having in fact, given the key-note of Romeo's character, and the signal of his then temperament—he went so far indeed as to kiss the letter, inviting his dark-eyed mistress to Capulet's banquet—there came a pause that was occupied in once more trying to re-admire the scenery until, in the loggia of Capulet's house, Mrs. Stirling was cordially welcomed as the Nurse, and all were expectant for the entrance of Juliet. She came at last, and once more the house rose at their favourite. Attired in pale primrose satin, with light brown hair falling unfettered over one shoulder, Miss Ellen Terry was surely a Juliet that enchanted every eye.

No need once more to describe the graciousness of her presence or the liveness of her attitudes, the clinging embraces she gave to the old Nurse, or all the playful girlish ways of which Miss Ellen Terry is mistress. On these it would be possible to linger, if there were not so much more to describe. It was impossible to concentrate the attention on the acting, when the background was so beautiful and so constantly changing. The arrangement of the scene leading to Capulet's house with its maskers and torchbearers, its dark portal and distant mansion, brilliant with light and suggestive of revelry, in the front of which Mr. Terriss spoke the Queen Mab speech, was another example of excellence in arrangement and effect.

The contrast in colour, between the gay Mercutio and the sober Romeo was cleverly devised. The friends passed through an avenue of torches into Capulet's house, when suddenly the scene lifted and a vision of old Italian luxury presented itself. This was the hall in Capulet's house, and a glorious picture it was, well broken up, and splendidly coloured. The gaudy peacocks just removed from the banquet table, the minstrels' gallery crowded with musicians, the sedilia of blue and silver, on which sat the black-haired, pale-faced Rosaline, the trees of azalea, the overhanging drapery of silver brocade, the pages, and the dancers, so distracted the attention that

the play was for the moment lost. It seemed impossible to get action with all this magnificence. The play was forced to stop, whilst the eye travelled from one detail to another. But, during the minuet, everyone must have noticed the sudden recognition of Juliet by Romeo, the expression of love at first sight, and the creation of the real romance. These are the artistic touches that so delight the student at the Lyceum.

The minuet ended, more dancers advanced, in light blue and white satin, in silver, and in gold, the music to all having been specially composed by Sir Julius Benedict, who may be complimented sincerely on the dance melodies, and the frequent bits of pretty choral effect.

At last the act was over. Concerning the beauty, the variety, and the taste of these pictures, there could be but one opinion; they were, if anything, too good, for they occasionally dulled the action, and over-weighted the incident. But the balcony scene, as we call it, had yet to come, and on this rumour had promised a surprise. Juliet stood on the marble terrace of an ancient palace, underneath the roof supported by solid pillars. Around this cool and overhanging temple, as it seemed, grew the richest foliage—real trees, most of them growing in a deep umbrageous ravine, through which the moon shone cold and clear; and on a raised bed, underneath, edged round with marble, grew tall white lily flowers. Here Romeo stood; here Juliet whispered; twin figures in a picture that will not easily be forgotten.

We are inclined to think that the best scene of all, artistically considered, was outside the city walls of Verona, where Mercutio is killed. The glaring white heat of the city, the low avenue of cypress trees, the scattered roofs of the buildings, and the admirable effects of light, made this a picture in relief, that lingers pleasantly on the memory. The first dress of Juliet had been now abandoned for one equally becoming, of blue and gold brocade. Whilst the old monks were singing their office in the monastery, Romeo met Juliet in the old cloisters, according to the arrangement of Friar Laurence and as they knelt for a marriage blessing, the second act ended with another pretty picture.

Meanwhile, we have passed by the scene in which Romeo bids farewell to his newly-made wife; the same

scene, by the way, being Juliet's chamber, where she conjures up the ghastly vision of the tomb. Here we have, if anything, an excess of colour. The golden lattice, the sumptuous surroundings, the foliage in the garden, the sky showing the pinks and oranges and purples of a sunrise, and at last, the golden sun itself, all are beautiful enough, but they are a trying background for the centre figures. As Romeo stood with Juliet in the rich light of the morning, a picture of rare beauty was instantly suggested.

Here, too, a scene or so afterwards, Juliet was discovered apparently dead, and the wedding carol that is supposed to awake her is one of the prettiest musical effects conceived by Sir Julius Benedict. The conclusion of the act, with its procession of fair bridesmaids, filing into the presence of the corpse, was singularly effective and poetical into the bargain. Note, for instance, the groupings here, and the contrasted attitudes of the girls in white, who look like angels.

In the last act Mr. Irving was at his best as Romeo, particularly in the scene with the Apothecary, which occurs before one of the most impressive of all the innumerable Italian views, an old, neglected, tumble-down street in Mantua. It might have been thought that scenic illusion was now exhausted, but the most striking effect of all was reserved for the last. This was the sepulchre of the Capulets, where deep down in the subterranean vault lay the white-robed Juliet. The entrance to this ghastly tomb is supposed to be at the very top of the stage, a steep staircase and a gallery lead to the burying place, and down these steps and along this gallery, Romeo, bent on suicide, drags the body of the murdered Paris. The play ends as Shakespeare intended it to end. There is no awakening of Juliet before Romeo dies; but the luckless lover drains off the apothecary's drug, and when Juliet has kissed her dead lord she stabs herself. One short moment of interval, and then in the centre of a splendid "set," a very masterpiece of grouping, the Prince of Verona joins the hands of Capulet and Montague and truly declares "for never was a story of more woe, than this of Juliet and Romeo."

This is the epilogue.

III.—THE ACTING.

Whether it was wise or not on the part of Mr. Henry Irving to play the part of Romeo, will be determined in good time, but few could have believed that high intelligence and earnestness of endeavour could smooth so stony a path. The mistaken idea of a boyish and youthful Romeo may at once be dismissed. It is very pretty in theory, but almost impossible in practice. Youth is inevitably inexperienced, and no inexperienced actor can play Romeo. He may look it, but cannot act it. A boy Romeo can no more appear to advantage in the scene with the Friar than a girl Juliet execute the potion scene. Both characters range from the lightest and most buoyant of comedy to the deepest notes of tragedy, and no youthfulness of appearance at the outset will compensate for the inevitable weakness that the conclusion must elicit.

No one had decided this point more conclusively than Mr. G. A. Sala, in his admirable essay, and I perfectly agree with him that I would far rather see an actor who feels Romeo, than one who merely looks the part. Much, and too much, has been said about Mr. Irving's manner. In common with all other actors of distinction he has a manner, and a very marked one, probably more marked than the actor knows himself, or he would hold it more in check where lightness and buoyancy are concerned.

The actor must not, however, be denied the absolution granted to musicians, and writers. Every prominent artist, whether he composes opera, paints pictures, or writes essays, has a manner apparent to even the superficial observer, but he is none the less an artist on that account. Any observant person can go round the Academy and distinguish the pictures of each prominent artist without a catalogue. Is this not manner? It will be seen from the experiences of his Romeo, that the manner of Mr. Irving does not lend itself to the expression of fervour, rapture or passionate intensity. He is far more natural when regretting Rosaline, than when loving Juliet. He feels the glow of the words he is speaking, but he never seems to be at his ease in what are known as love scenes. We

can only recall one love scene, that of Hamlet and Ophelia, where he did not appear to be nervously constrained and ill at ease. Mr. Irving has, in fact, two very marked manners, gloomy and comic, but naturally neither of these adapts itself to the lighter and more ecstatic side of Romeo's character.

On the other hand, they are of the highest value in such character parts as Louis XI, Dubosc, Vanderdecken, Robert Macaire, and many others that could be mentioned. In his intense desire to be fervent he becomes spasmodic, and loses self-command. The character of Romeo, however, demands, as Mr. Irving has very sufficiently shown, something of far deeper moment than love duets and soft passages. Romeo has other things to do besides making love. He was at his best when the tragic notes were sounded, and constraint was cast aside; he rose to the occasion at the moment that Romeo's life became fate-haunted and bordered with despair.

Directly Mercutio is slain Romeo becomes another man and Mr. Irving another actor. "Away to Heaven respective lenity, and fire-eyed fury be my conduct now." This is the signal for the change. Before, there had been much to admire and not a little to question, a constrained manner, and an artificial restlessness, but the slaying of Tybalt and its succeeding scenes go far to justify the actor in his attempt to resist foregone conclusions, and to play the part as it struck his fancy and imagination.

That excited passage following the death of Mercutio was played with passionate and picturesque intensity. And how artistic, it will be seen by all who notice the shading of the eyes to ward off the rays of the blinding sun at the beginning of the duel to the death. The scene where the hidden Romeo received the news of his banishment was played by Mr. Irving with an impetuosity and a desperation that fairly astonished the audience. He felt what he was saying. It was the delirium of despair, and the actor never once shirked the responsibility of the position. He had thought it out, and he played it well—if anything, with an excess of desperation, peculiar to his realistic style. As the play deepened into tragedy, Mr. Irving became more and more at his ease.

The philosophic conversation with the Apothecary, the murder of Paris, the gloomy descent into the tomb of the

Capulets, dragging the murdered corpse behind the fate-haunted man, all belong to the reflective side of Mr. Irving's acting. He was excellent here; and though it would be exaggeration to declare that the actor is shown in the truest light or in his best manner as Romeo, still, Romeo, like all other characters he has attempted, is interesting to the Shakespearean student, and bears evidence of thought and originality.

It will not be strange, however, if the very points of Mr. Irving's Romeo that exhibit the highest intelligence, are the most closely questioned; for the tragic note is distasteful to the modern ear. There are critics who would like Romeo to be played by a combination of tailor's dummy and dancing-master. They would sooner have figure than brains.

In electing to play Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry undertook, no doubt, a formidable task. All Juliets do the same. We cannot forget what we have seen, or how our pulses have been stirred; we cannot fail to remember how one Juliet succeeded here and another failed there; we are brought face to face with the ever-recurring difficulty that in Juliet we require beauty, natural youth, combined with rare artistic experience; that from the character come the most enchanting comedy and the most passionate tragedy; that here the highest intellectual gifts of an actress are put to the test—for Juliet is at one moment what Tennyson has called one of his heroines with daring imagery, "Queen Rose of the rose-bud garden of girls," at another, a woman matured before her time, and armed by love for a battle of desperate endeavour. How, then, did Miss Terry foreshadow at the outset the primary conditions of Juliet? Up to a certain point she approached her task under the most favourable conditions. She is the high-priestess of the modern imaginative school; nature has endowed her with a grace of movement that has its irresistible fascination.

In Shakespearean comedy of the purest and most exalted kind she has no equal, and all who had studied her style beforehand knew how she would embody, enlighten, and present in action, the most exquisite touches of Shakespeare's Juliet. Give reins to the imagination, and it was possible to see this most satisfactory Ophelia, this pity-stricken Desdemona, this perfect Hero, this

well-remembered Portia, and this ideal Rosalind, as a Juliet of more than ordinary significance. Up to a certain point, how could she fail to please?

In the meeting at old Capulet's house, the dance, the balcony reverie, the delicious coaxing of the Nurse, in all the playfulness and enfantillage of Juliet's disposition, this actress brought to bear upon the part a possibility, and a popularity of the highest importance. But that is not all. It will not do to play with Juliet; Juliet must be played. If it were possible for Miss Ellen Terry to add to her natural gifts of expression an emotional fervour, and a passionate force she had not hitherto displayed, then, indeed, she would be a Juliet of exceptional value.

Such qualities, however, had never been in the scheme of this lady's art—they were never distinguishing features of her style. Whenever she had been called upon for an effort, she had yielded to the dramatic shock as does a meadow before the wind, and it was natural there should be doubts concerning the possibility of a latent and undiscovered power.

The play opened with just the kind of Juliet that had been expected. She was the embodiment of natural grace, and the very poetry of motion. Her gentle, deprecatory gestures during the "garrulous garrulity" of the old nurse; her lithe movements as she clung round the neck of the talkative dame; her commanding position in the ball-room; the constant changes of attitude; her prominent figure in the dance; the searching and infinitely tender look of recognition, were all exactly what she wanted. But strange to say, variety was consistently shunned. Owing perhaps to some prejudice against point-making, as it is called, though it is a false prejudice, and simply an excuse to conceal deficiency of stamina, the end of the first act was allowed to come without its proper and legitimate excitement. "What's he, that now is going out of the door?" All these questionings came without animation. "Go, ask his name: if he be married, my grave is like to be my wedding bed." There was no note of despair in the reflection.

Again, in the balcony scene it would have been difficult to find a fuller expression of natural grace, a more comely figure, attitudes more picturesque, or manner

more tender. But seldom have Shakespeare's words roused less attention. There was no variety. Each speech was delivered in the same manner; the mind did not dictate the tongue's utterance, and the new Juliet, save in one line, “Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay,” seldom gave her audience the impression that her heart was in her work. Shakespeare has written few scenes capable of such endless changes of expression; but, strange to say, this one suggested but one tone. It had been studied, but it was deficient in the quality of inspiration.

All changed, however, for the better in the scene with the Nurse after her return from Romeo. This was throughout rich and glowing with the enchantment of Miss Ellen Terry's style. Here we had colour, variety, light and shade, girlishness, coquetry, and charm. All the business was natural, never affected. There was not a trace of staginess or effort about it, and when in the full exhilaration of her unrestrained impulse, Juliet seems to fly away to her happiness with “Hie to high fortune; honest nurse, farewell,” there could be but one opinion as to the result. The scene could scarcely be better played. The parting with Romeo again was instinct with charm, and consistently natural. It was not acting at all, so true was it to the nature of such a Juliet at that moment.

But long before that parting, Juliet had given the strongest signs of her disinclination to rouse herself into action or to dismiss once and for ever the light and bantering tones of comedy. “Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,” “Spread thy close curtain, love-performing-night,” “Give me my Romeo!”—surely there is passion enough and glow of emotion to the full in this lovely soliloquy. But Juliet was apparently unmoved by it; the words were spoken as if in a dream, and arrested but scant attention. The Nurse, when she came with her terrible news of Romeo's banishment, quickened but little the pulse of the three hours' wife. Shakespeare gives opportunities enough for bringing out at this point the passion of the despairing girl now almost strengthened into womanhood. “What the devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?” “O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?” “O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell, when thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend in mortal

paradise of such sweet flesh ? " " Blistered be thy tongue for such a wish ! he was not born to shame."

How, it may be asked, is it possible to conceive these passionate passages in an almost subdued and minor key ! It is a great acting scene, and it was meant for nothing else. It cannot be read without animating the reader, even in an easy-chair. It is the first wild note of the tempest coming on. But the mere surface of nature was never stirred ; and the tempest never came. The vital moment where the Friar gives Juliet the poison was robbed of its significance by the omission of the very passages that express the fervour of Juliet's resolve. "O ! bid me leap, sooner than marry Paris, from off the battlements of yonder tower !"

It is quite true that the potion scene is here anticipated, and there seems to be a prelude to the horrors of the charnel-house : "The dead men's rattling bones, the reeking shanks, and the yellow chapless skulls ;" but for all that it is a turning-point in the tragedy. Here the girl Juliet wakes up and becomes a woman. The omitted speech is a proper forewarning of the oncoming evil, a necessary note in the harmony so skilfully devised, and merely retaining the simple line, "Give me ! give me : O tell me not of fear !" is not enough to describe Juliet's mental condition at this juncture. It is inconceivable that any Juliet who had studied effect would tolerate the omission of such passages, or would allow such a line as "Give me ! give me ; O tell me not of fear !" to be so destitute of electricity.

The midnight hour in Juliet's chamber was at least consistent with what had gone before in its want of animation and inspiration. There have been Juliets—and not accounted good ones either—who have here thrilled their audience, who, by the mere force of art have brought before the imagination of their listeners the horrors of the charnel-house and tomb, who have obliterated the silent sleeping-room, and have actually, as it were, made their audience participate in Juliet's vision. (This drinking of the potion has been played in various ways, but always attacked for good or ill. Miss Ellen Terry's playing of the scene was consistently graceful, but singularly incomplete.

The imagination was not stirred. The "horrible con-

ceit of death and night” was never presented, and it was surprising that words capable of so much in action should suggest so little. We are told that it would be in the nature of Juliet to do nothing here. But that is exactly what we deny. It is in the nature of Juliet to conjure up the visions that Shakespeare suggested.

The argument that Juliet would not make a noise for fear of disturbing the house, is too childish for discussion. Natural acting is well enough, but it must not decline into under-acting. Save in those tragic moments that are inseparable from the poet’s conception of Juliet—that belong to the character, and cannot be undervalued—moments that give the play its life and intensity, its effect and meaning, the presence of Miss Ellen Terry was entirely satisfying. Inspired acting makes “Romeo and Juliet” an interesting play; without it, the tragedy is threatened with depression.

The vociferous applause awarded to Mr. Terriss for certain passages in the life of Mercutio, and in particular for his delivery of the Queen Mab speech, was due no doubt to the sense of relief that energy gives after so much depressed action and uneventful luxury. Mr. Terriss spoke out his lines boldly, his enunciation was clear and distinct, his voice filled the house, and he was bright and muscular. But, in truth, the Mercutio was over-boisterous, and distinguished by restlessness, and an excess of action. There are precedents, no doubt, for the over-elaboration of Mercutio’s dream, and for so very literally “suiting the action to the word, the word to the action”; but the practice is not to be commended, and it is a theatrical trick after all, and seriously considered, the acting of Mercutio requires far more than personal gaiety and a cheerful presence.

The subtle humour, the pathetic irony, the genial refinement, and the sometime philosophy of Mercutio, where were they? We found them not in Mercutio’s life, and less still in his death, which is one of the finest passages in the play, intellectually considered.

The presence of so admirable an actress as Mrs. Stirling in the part of the Nurse was of the highest value, and her acting was full of meaning and suggestion. A slowness of delivery, and a tendency to drag several of the scenes in which the Nurse is engaged, can alone be pointed

out for improvement. The elaboration of the scene is so great, that the play requires all the humour and point that can be given to it. For the rest, the acting was creditable enough, and we may specially mention in terms of praise and congratulation Mr. Fernandez as the Friar, Mr. Howe as old Capulet, Mr. Glenney as Tybalt, Mr. Alexander as Paris, and Mr. Mead as the Apothecary, who spoke their lines admirably, and gave the true ring and Shakespearean spirit to the text allotted to them. The music of Sir Julius Benedict increases in charm with familiarity. The Chorale that is supposed to awaken Juliet on her bridal morning is a number of special excellence and grace.

The superb character of the revival cannot be sufficiently appreciated at a single inspection. The mind, anxious to take in so much, inevitably passes over many instances of colour and arrangement. Such scenes as these—the outside of old Capulet's house lighted for the ball, the sunny pictures of Verona in the summer, the marriage chant to Juliet changed into a death dirge, the old lonely street in Mantua, where the Apothecary dwells, the wondrous solid tomb of the Capulets—are as worthy of close and renewed study as are the pictures in a gallery of paintings. The stage has never before been so nobly set, nor has Shakespeare been clothed before in such sumptuous garments.

“Much Ado about Nothing.”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
October 11th, 1882.

Benedick (A young Lord of Padua)	- - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING. (First Time.)
Don Pedro (Prince of Arragon)	- - -	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Don John (His bastard Brother)	- - -	Mr. C. GLENNY.
Claudio (A young Lord of Florence)	- -	Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON.
Leonato (Governor of Messina)	- - -	Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Antonio (His Brother)	- - -	Mr. H. HOWE.
Balthazar (Attendant on Don Pedro)	- -	Mr. J. ROBERTSON.
Borachio	} (Followers of Don John)	{ Mr. F. TYARS.
Conrade		
Friar Francis	- - -	Mr. MEAD.
Dogberry	} (Two City Officers)	{ Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Verges		
Seacoal	} (Watchmen)	{ Mr. ARCHER.
Oatcake		
A Sexton	- - -	Mr. CARTER.
A Messenger	- - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
A Boy	- - -	Miss K. BROWN.
Hero (Daughter to Leonato)	- - -	Miss MILLWARD.
Margaret	} (Gentlewomen attending on Hero)	{ Miss HARWOOD.
Ursula		
Beatrice (Niece to Leonato)	- - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Maskers, Pages, Attendants, Musicians, Guards,
Watchmen, Soldiers, Servants, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

SCENE.—Leonato's House.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Before Leonato's House. Scene 2.—Hall in Leonato's House.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Before Leonato's House. Scene 2.—Leonato's Garden.—Evening.
Scene 3.—Leonato's Garden.—Morning. Scene 4.—The Cedar Walk. Scene 5.—A Street.

ACT 3.

Scene.—Inside a Church.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—A Prison. Scene 2.—Leonato's Garden. Scene 3.—The Monument of Leonato. Scene 4.—Hall in Leonato's House.



“Much Ado about Nothing.”

Benedick and Beatrice, the blessed (*benedictus*) and the blesser—what shall be said at the outset of the hero and heroine conceived by Shakespeare in the very zenith of his dramatic and poetic powers? Are they, indeed, the hero and heroine at all of that enchanting comedy, “*Much Ado About Nothing*,” and not mere subordinate actors in a simple story that is spun from the sentimental loves of Claudio and Hero? Is it true that the spectator is alone concerned with a vain, chattering “marriage-hating Benedick,” and the attention solely aroused by a “furiously anti-nuptial Beatrice”? Had Shakespeare no deeper design, no truer insight into human character, than the stage figures as they are ordinarily presented to us—the talkative misogynist and the terrible termagant that have been tacitly accepted through want of thought or the influence of an unyielding tradition? The greater part of the first night’s brilliant audience must have been puzzled with some such reflections as these before they took their seats to watch carefully and wait for the result of Mr. Henry Irving’s last, and, in many respects, most remarkable, Shakespearean revival.

There has been no manager in our time—and we say it with all respect to the memories of Macready, Charles Kean, and Samuel Phelps—who, having got the ear of the public, was so determined as has been Mr. Irving to take Shakespeare as his text, in preference to tradition. The Shakespeare of the stage is not the Shakespeare of the poet. Thanks to Mr. Irving, in this period of greater intellectual thought we have seen on the Lyceum stage the explosion of many dramatic heresies. He has cut himself adrift from the fantastic improvements of David Garrick and saved us from the remorseless editings

of Colley Cibber. The changes effected in the long list of Lyceum acting editions have not been for the mere love of change; they have not been due to the vanity of the actor, or the unwholesome pandering to theatrical effect.

We may think what we like of the new Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, Shylock, Othello, Iago, and Romeo; but at least this may be said, that one and all are more intelligible beings in action and in impulse when read by the light of Shakespeare than when distorted and disfigured by the clumsiness of editors, and the cheap fireworks of tradition. Mr. Irving has, at any rate decided the question whether Shakespeare should be for the study or the stage by bringing the student's Shakespeare as near to the footlights as practical considerations would allow. No enthusiast could do more, no ardent lover of Shakespeare could desire less.

Who and what, then, are this Benedick and Beatrice, as designed by Shakespeare, and evidenced by the text? Is the one a mere conceited, self-sufficient woman-hater, and the other, as Campbell calls her, "an odious woman," a lady scold, a termagant, a Tartar, and a shrew? Is it not possible to find in the play, with all its enchanting variety, incidents bringing out by distinct and natural gradations a profound seriousness lying beneath all the superficial levity seen at first in the hero and heroine? Is there not, in the development of the characters of Beatrice and Benedick "a partial antipathy converted into a perfect sympathy," a war between a man and woman who "all but" liked one another at the outset, and ended by marrying and living happily ever afterwards?

Did Shakespeare mean what he said when he described his Beatrice as "a merry-hearted, pleasant-spirited lady," never "sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing;" or was she the "odious" and "insolent" woman that the stage has decided her to be? Is it to be held true that "there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signor Benedick and her; they never meet but there is skirmish of wit between them;" or do the spectators merely behold a cat-and-dog fight, ending in a union that will only result in a

"predestinate scratched face?" Is the purpose of the dramatist confined to illustrating a nagging brawl between two commonplace people, or to showing the "whole ardour and ingenuity of a clever, bright-witted woman, exerting themselves to humble and silence, if possible, the satirical loquacity of a vivacious cavalier"?

Pressing as these contradictory views must have been to the anxious and interested spectator who came to enjoy, and in enjoying to learn, the curtain had scarcely risen before all doubts about the matter were immediately solved. That Mr. Irving would invest Benedick with a curious and fantastic humour, and that Miss Ellen Terry would endow Beatrice with singular charm and gaiety, were foregone conclusions. The comedy of the one and the other must be familiar to most playgoers by this time—a comedy as rich as it is refined. But few except those who have waited, and waited in vain, for Mr. Irving's Jacques and Miss Terry's Rosalind, could have hoped for more intellectual enjoyment than is contained in their Benedick and Beatrice.

The sumptuous revival by Mr. Henry Irving of this wise and witty comedy has, at any rate, proved to the public satisfaction that Shakespeare, if properly understood, is an evergreen. The simile is surely not inapt or strained. We shut up a green fir tree in a box-room, lumber-place, or garret, the very tree round which the children had danced at Christmas time, the bush just borrowed from the young plantation, and what comes to it? It browns, it saddens, it withers, and it dies. But plant it out, give it light and air, return it to its native soil, and it recovers its freshness. It is this light and air that has been given to "Much Ado About Nothing," and persuaded us of its everlasting vitality; it is this harmonising of the play to modern taste and sentiment that causes its wit and wisdom to fall upon the ear as if it were written but yesterday for our enjoyment; it is this careful study of the highest principals of dramatic effect that sets idea into action and invigorates the imagination. How often has not Shakespeare suffered for sins both of omission and commission on the part of his interpreters and exponents.

We throw away his beauties on ignorant and indifferent performers; we mumble and de-poetise his text; we fail to apply him to modern taste and circumstance; we

blindly follow traditions, often as senseless as they are ugly; we take him up with half-hearted energy, and relinquish him with a sigh of relief, and then it is considered wonderful that Shakespeare spells ruin and bankruptcy as well. What author, living or dead, would not spell ruin under similar conditions? Like other everlastings and evergreens, Shakespeare wants light and air. Apply them, and what follows? The poet's vitality surprises no one more than his most reverent worshippers. Take this play of "*Much Ado About Nothing*," seen on our stage many a time and often, acted for benefits, familiar enough to leading actors and actresses, who have a theatrical and superficial admiration for Benedick and Beatrice; and when before, may we ask, have so many beauties and ideas been unfolded from the text? Who could have imagined that so many deep and pressing thoughts of solemn meaning could have come from the picture of the grand old cathedral at Messina, charging the mind with love and hate, and pity and despair, as we watch and understand the crushed heart of the tender Hero, the eloquent indignation of the misguided Claudio, the pathetic devotion of the grand old father Leonato, the comfort of trust in those last beautiful words of the Friar, "have patience and endure," and, most important of all, the presence of a great and common grief, that turns the partial antipathy of Benedick and Beatrice into a perfect sympathy?

How is it, then, that this one scene of all, representing the Sicilian cathedral, so deeply impresses the spectator, and is suddenly found to be such a faithful aid to the imagination? Why do we discover new beauties in a dramatic position familiar to every Shakespearean student? Because for the first time, at any rate in our day, it has been approached with sympathy, and guided by a refined and artistic mind. One false step, one little error of taste, one pardonable moment of zeal in excess would have ruined the whole conception. It is the one solemn and serious moment in the play, and the danger is to treat it realistically and still with reverence. This cathedral scene seems to an imaginative playgoer the very triumph of artistic effect pushed to the nicest point of refinement and good taste. The art here is to impress and not to shock the spectator—to soothe the mind and not disturb

it. It is needless to point out the dangers ready to the hand of any one arranging such a scene for the stage. A red lamp burning before the altar, a crucifix, the use of vestments by the officiating friar, any of the determined signs of a nuptial mass, an excess of genuflexions, would have shipwrecked the whole idea and seriously endangered the beautiful in art.

But what do we get instead? The symbols severed from the soul; the suggestion without the reality. There can be no harm in the incense that fills the air as the bridal processions file to the appointed spot; in the plaintive wail of the organ, with its soft and persuasive reed stop, contrasted with the secular music attendant on the bride; there can be no danger in the admirable and effective contrast of the major and the minor keys throughout this extraordinary scenic composition; a contrast of priests and courtiers, of ecclesiastical ritual and courtly solemnity; of organ and stringed band; of religion and the world. And the consequence is that there is left impressed on the memory all that is beautiful and nothing that is distasteful. That surely is the highest mission of art.

We recall old Leonato, with a look of tender love upon his face, guiding his daughter into the cathedral sanctuary; we see her crushed under the heel of a cruel suspicion, a "broken blossom, a ruined rhyme"; we hear the passionate cry of Claudio, "O, Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been," and, old play as it is, know full well how many Heros and Claudios are about us in the life of to-day. We are conscious of the sudden change from gay to grave, from lively to severe, as that one sudden, impulsive, and womanlike command, "Kill Claudio!" changes the purpose of the unreflective Benedick, and causes him to sacrifice friendship on the altar of love.

It will be found that Mr. Irving has succeeded in persuading us of three cardinal truths in connection with this most interesting play. First, that the complete unfolding of the characters of Beatrice and her lover is the mainstay of the whole plot; secondly, that between Beatrice and Benedick there is a close affinity, that each is the other's counterpart, that they are echoes of one another as much at the outset as when they are discovered at the close writing verses to one another in secret, that

the antipathy which exists is partial, and is changed by the humour of their friends to a sympathy that is real; and lastly, most important fact of all, that in this merry and enchanting comedy, a "profound seriousness lies beneath all the superficial levity seen at first in the hero and heroine," or, as a clever critic has put it, "the very pair who have given the most decidedly comic character to the outset of the play, are found on the point of giving it the most tragic turn towards its close." It is impossible to study Mr. Irving's acting as Benedick, or to sympathise fully with his masterly direction of the scene without being persuaded that he has grasped these three most important truths.

Much has been said already of the admirable humour of the new Benedick, of his inimitable delivery of Shakespeare's witty phrases, bringing them home to the dullest intelligence by the slyness of his artistic method; of his soliloquies, that seem to us masterpieces of comic expression, as full of thought, and intention, and earnestness as the thinking aloud of Hamlet himself. But there is much more than this in Mr. Irving's Benedick. There is expression—and the kind of expression may be seen by those who noticed that comical shrug of the shoulders and air of martyred resignation when the tamed Beatrice begins her old habit of chattering—but there is also seriousness.

When the cathedral scene has filled the eyes of Beatrice with tears, and Benedick has been accepted as her protector, the whole man changes. There is a moment of revolt at the words, "Kill Claudio!" He answers, "Ha! not for the wide world," and Benedick means it. But he is over-persuaded, and love masters him. All the gentleman and soldier comes out in the now accepted lover. "Think you, in your soul, that Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?" asks this fine-spirited and noble-hearted gentleman. "Yes! as sure as I have a thought or a soul." That assertion from his mistress is enough for Benedick. "Enough; I am engaged. I will challenge him." And he never breaks his word; he assumes the quarrel in all honour and honesty. Mr. Irving's Benedick is not a mere mountebank railer against womankind, not a swaggering, self-sufficient egotist; but a soldier first, a lover next, and always a gentleman.

This most comprehensive study will do far to remove many of the prejudices that have sprung from the actor's popularity, and in a measure explain that very popularity itself. Mr. Irving has never played a part without impressing the audience with his personal influence and his nature, and here these qualities are seen at their very best.

Merriment is the abiding quality of Miss Ellen Terry's Beatrice. She is Shakespeare's "pleasant-spirited lady"; she was born in a "merry hour"; we know that a "star danced, and under that was she born"; she has a "merry heart," and the actress leans charmingly on this view of the character. All the people about the court love Beatrice, as well they may. They know her antipathy to the rougher sex is only skin deep, and they trick her into matrimony. She is no virago or vixen, but a smiling, chaffing, mad-cap girl, whose laughter and high spirits are next door to tears. How true this is of life! Laughter and tears are only divided by the narrowest channel, and the art with which Miss Ellen Terry expresses this in the scene after the cruel condemnation of her cousin is quite admirable. She wants to laugh with Benedick, but she must weep for Hero.

Most daring and original of all is her reading of the well-known outburst, "O! God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place." We hold it, novel as it is, to be perfectly correct and natural in such a woman. It is not the scornful rage of a vixen, or the scream of a vulgar shrew, but a sudden, passionate sob of suppressed emotion. "O! God, that I were a man! I would—," and then there is a long pause, as if the woman were too passionately indignant to give her thoughts utterance, but soon, with a wounded cry, and with rage expressed in the scarcely suppressed tears, come the words, "I would eat his heart in the market-place." When we object to unconventional readings we must remember the kind of woman presented to us.

There are many Beatrices who could not speak those lines in that particular way. But such a Beatrice as Miss Ellen Terry must have spoken them so. All who understand and have studied the style of this gay and sportive actress will guess how she could say such words as, "No, my lord, unless I might have another for work-

ing days : your grace is too costly to wear every day," or her answer to the question if she were born in a merry hour, "No, sure, my lord, my mother cried." Such sentences as these are received with a veritable shout of applause. But the audience was scarcely prepared for so excellent a delivery of the rhymed and lyrical soliloquy, "What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true? Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much"; and how true is the well-known Shakespearean simile as applied to this actress. "For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs close by the ground." This is exactly how Miss Ellen Terry does run, on or off the stage.

At once both Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry caught the spirit of the play; they filled it with gaiety and with humour, and every line of the text fell upon eager and appreciative ears. How often have we heard Shakespeare of late mouthed and mumbled over, distorted and twisted out of all shape! Here, then, was a sudden revelation. It was the very light breath and fragrance of true comedy. Beatrice was no shrew, but the most light-hearted, pleasant-spirited lady in the world. Benedick was no boor, but a refined, whimsical, humour-loving gentleman, whose every utterance was taken up with a hearty laugh even to the uttermost parts of the distant gallery. Surely this is a subject for congratulation, when, through the skill of the artists, the comedy of Shakespeare can amuse—honestly amuse—and when the bantering scenes between Benedick and Beatrice are so gay and radiant that poor Dogberry and Verges, when they appeared upon the scene, were literally snuffed out. On ordinary occasions these comic characters come as a relief; this time they were felt to be a hindrance.

The point most admired—as a rule—apart from the fantastic beauty of the scene, that put the whole attention in a period and so continually delighted the eye, was the thoroughly sound and excellent way that the comedy was being spoken. To elegance and taste was added expression, and it was Benedick himself who set the good example. So much has been said about Mr. Irving's manner and artistic method that it is only right and just to point to his Benedick as a model of good accent and expressive delivery. This quality was even more strongly

felt later on, particularly in the soliloquies, which will be remembered as Mr. Irving's most successful efforts in comedy.

The first scene of the second act introduced another welcome surprise in the Don John of Mr. C. Glenny. Now, Don John is not considered a very telling or welcome part, but instantly this young actor made his mark, not by overdoing the villain, but by making him a plausible and possible man. The speech, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge," roused the attention of the audience, because it was understood by the actor and intelligently delivered; with the slightest effort and in the smallest possible space Don John made his mark.

As the play proceeded the Beatrice rose gradually with the occasion. She had already shown she was Shakespeare's Beatrice, or something very like it, and there was no attempt to make acting points or to obtrude the virago. "No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred." To hear Miss Terry speak that one sentence was enough to know that she understood the gay spirit of Beatrice. And it was a struggle in more senses than one for the mastery between the hero and heroine of the play. Mr. Irving and Miss Terry appeared to be vying with one another who should act the best; and though, in all probability, the prize will be awarded to the former, there was not much to choose between them until the test scene came after Hero's denunciation.

Such sentences as Benedick's "Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks," made the house laugh as uproariously as it is sometimes inclined to do over far less pregnant and witty matter; and even louder applause fell to Benedick's avowal, "I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed," charged with infinite cynicism by Mr. Irving, as well as to Miss Terry's arch answer to Don Pedro's bantering request. "Will you have me, lady?" "No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days." What wonder then, that the second act went even better than the first, and was rewarded with another loud summons for all the performers?

In the third act, the scene in Leonato's garden was lovely in itself, both in arrangement and in colour, with its yellowing brown foliage, dim arcades of green, and old marble moss-eaten seat ; but it was more remarkable still for Mr. Irving's soliloquy, in which the hesitating Benedick rails at love and lovers in general. The manner in which the actor gave a world of expression to such sentences as " But, till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace," and " Of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God," can only be understood by those who see and appreciate Mr. Irving's rich flow of sly humour. The audience had been presented with comedy at last and sincerely appreciated it. The introduction of Balthazar with his song, " Sigh no more, ladies ; sigh no more," was extremely welcome, for it introduced a young singer, Mr. J. Robertson, brother of two charming sisters well-known in the musical world, who has not only a sweet and expressive voice, but well understood the grace and delicacy of this charming lyric. He did not come down to the footlights and deliver his song in a full-bodied way, as operatic tenors are wont to do, but he acted Balthazar and belonged to the scene. Of course the song was encored, for taste was in every note and line of it.

There is one scene of comedy in this play as good, surely, as can be desired. We allude to the trick played upon Benedick by Leonato, Don Pedro, and Claudio. It is worthy the closest and most minute study, and is sustained throughout in the gayest and most laughter loving spirit. Would indeed that the correlative scene between Beatrice and the girl could have been played so well. The manly, hearty, outspoken style of Mr. W. Terriss is of the greatest value to the play, and gives to Don Pedro an importance that cannot be overvalued. Mr. Terriss is popular with a Lyceum audience, because they can hear him, and they like his spirit. The play moves—any play must move—when life and energy are given to it. This is of more serious consequence with Don Pedro, because he has to tell the story of the play. Once miss that, and down goes the comedy several tones. If young actors would only follow the advice of Mr. Terriss and put their heart in their work, they would be more appre-

ciated. The radical fault of modern acting is dropping the voice at the end of every sentence. The audience cannot hear, and consequently they yawn.

To the Don Pedro of Mr. Terriss, Mr. Forbes Robertson as Claudio makes an admirable contrast. The young man is in love, but he is never affected, he can be gay and bright in his comedy, and in pathos he feels the scene and the position. In the cathedral scene the passionate, nervous acting of the Claudio was just the note that was wanted in this very beautiful harmony of ideas. There is heart in Mr. Forbes Robertson's acting. Mention has already been made of Mr. Glenny's Don John, a nicely-conceived and artistic little bit, and what better or more picturesque Antonio could be found than Mr. H. Howe?

But a second visit to the play—but, in my humble opinion, it is not necessary—to confirm the good impressions formed of the Leonato of Mr. Fernandez, as fine and firm, as varied and picturesque a performance as any Shakespearean enthusiast could desire. He is light and full of humour in the comedy scenes, and when called upon for pathos is as firm as a rock, giving eloquence to the poetry and passion to the scene. The Leonato is as impressive as any figure in the play, and as acted by Mr. Fernandez, he is one of the strong pivots on which the structure rests.

Dogberry and his companions fail to attract any interest whatever, but it is not the fault of Shakespeare. As usual, the public is inclined to visit the poet with the sins of the performers. A Dogberry with more pronounced humour; a Hero who should add idealism to her prettiness and more poetry to her promise; and a less modern Ursula in voice and style, would remove the only blots on a performance of singular interest and magnificent moment.

One more word about Dogberry. "I don't think very much about Shakespeare's humour," is the contemptuous opinion of the crowd when a Dogberry has no sententiousness, and laughs at his own jokes. And yet we have an actor, who, I suppose, would make the most ideal Dogberry the stage has ever seen. I allude to Mr. Harry Paulton. He is, so far as his humour is concerned, Dogberry himself. He has just the face, just the voice,

just the manner for Dogberry. If Mr. Paulton played the part, it is not likely that we should hear that Shakespeare had no humour, or that his jokes were out of colour.

“*Robert Macaire.*”

First produced at the Lyceum Theatre (for the benefit of the Royal College of Music) June 15th, 1883.

Robert Macaire	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Jacques Strop	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
Dumont	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FERNANDEZ.
Charles	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TERRISS.
Germeuil	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. HOWE.
Sergeant Loupy	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BANCROFT.
Pierre	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. THOMAS THORNE.
Louis	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ANDREWS.
François	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ARCHER.
Clementine	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Marie	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ADA CAVENDISH.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

Scene.—The Roadside Inn.

ACT II.

Scene.—Interior of the Inn.

“Robert Macaire.”

To earn one thousand pounds in aid of a sister art, as expressed by the Royal College of Music, is a feat of which the dramatic profession may well be proud. This very graceful act was consummated yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and their loyal companions joined forces and appeared in an entertainment that is destined to be memorable. It was known beforehand that their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family had taken very special interest in a performance which was to be one of the features of the season, and to include most of the names held in the highest esteem in the dramatic world, and it was not, therefore, surprising to learn that those anxious to secure seats in a five-shilling pit had presented themselves at the doors as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and, provided with camp-stools and refreshments, determined to be in the front rank when the curtain drew up. For a dozen years or more, Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. J. L. Toole, always the leading spirits in everything that tends to the welfare and good repute of their profession, had not appeared in the same cast of a popular play. They have acted at the same benefits times out of number, no two men have done more, or worked harder; but we have to go back to the days of the Queen's and the Gaiety, to “Uncle Dick's Darling,” and “Dearer than Life,” to find the time when these firm and unshaken friends have acted side by side in the same play. Mainly to secure this end, it was decided to perform the antiquated version of “Robert Macaire,” which has held the stage since it was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on December 3rd, 1834. Mr. Irving has played Robert Macaire, and Mr. Toole, Jacques Strop, in London, well within the

memory of not very aged playgoers, but there was, no doubt, a certain curiosity to be present at a revival of a drama that has existed for nearly fifty years on the "gags" and interpolations of eccentric comedians. It is too long a story to tell how a serious melodrama was turned by tradition into a most unreasonable farce, where the text is at the mercy of the popular actor of his time. Tradition insists that the great Frédéric Lemaitre, finding that "*L'Auberge des Adrets*," a serious murder piece and pronounced melodrama, was at the outset a hideous failure, resolved to turn it into a success, and did so with the aid of the comic actor of his day. He, at any rate, was the foppish scoundrel, the tyrant over Jacques Strop, the daring mixture of comedy and melodrama, who saved the play from ignominy, and covered an earnest scheme with preposterous ridicule. Mr. Charles Selby must have seen Lemaitre, and brought over to England most of his outrageous business before he arranged, in 1834, his two-act melodrama, in which Mr. H. Wallack was Robert Macaire, and Mr. Vale, Jacques Strop, at Covent Garden Theatre. The same version by Charles Selby has held the stage ever since, contributed to by a succession of popular actors. Serious interest in the play has long ago been destroyed, and we are only curious to see to what lengths Macaire and Jacques Strop will go in order to raise a laugh at the expense of all probability and common sense. It must be distinctly remembered that Mr. Henry Irving and Mr. J. L. Toole yesterday were conscientiously faithful to tradition. It was probably not the Macaire that the one actor would conceive, or the Jacques Strop that the other would originate. One folly has led to another until there is no extravagance that these ridiculous companions may not be allowed to commit. Tradition has turned them from rational beings into buffoons, and they loyally respect the so-called humour of their ancestors. That "Robert Macaire" might be made a far better play than it stands now was sufficiently proved by Mr. Fechter, who, with the clever aid of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, produced at this very theatre a version called, if we remember rightly, the "*Roadside Inn*," which preserved most of Lemaitre's tomfoolery with a sufficiency of the gloomy interest that the subject

demands. If the play means anything, it is a serious piece with comic influence introduced, but comedians with monstrous attire, patches on their trousers, and unpardonable exaggeration have so burlesqued the subject that reason is aghast at it. How Mr. Irving could play Macaire if left to himself and cut clear of tradition was sufficiently proved yesterday when, by an artistic touch at the close, he shook off the buffoon and became the melodramatic actor. His reconciliation with the son of the detected ruffian, his sudden change from the farceur to the serious actor when Macaire is shot whilst trying to escape and returns to die in his wife's arms, revealed a surprising force, and changed the wildest extravagance into a scene of picturesque and very powerful acting. For the first time in the afternoon the audience became reconciled to the play when Macaire died a brave, if a bad, man. As for Mr. J. L. Toole, he literally revels in all the license that is allowed to Jacques Strop, and embellishes the part according to his very lively and original fancy. The character is corrected up to date, and is now so modern as to contain allusions to the Metropolitan Board of Works. It is comic acting of an old-fashioned type, and that is all that was intended when this particular play was revived. Miss Ellen Terry, with a winning graciousness, consented to play a rôle of some half-dozen insignificant lines, and received a round of applause, as when in the character of Clementine, she descended at the inn door from a pretty little donkey cart, chivalrously driven by the veteran actor, Mr. Howe; and the great dramatic success of the afternoon was obtained by Miss Ada Cavendish as the persecuted Marie, wife to Macaire, who played with fine feeling and most commendable intensity. The part, indeed, could not well have been acted better. The strength of the cast may well be guessed when we add that Mr. Thomas Thorne enacted Pierre, the comic inn servant, that Mr. Fernandez was the heavy father, Mr. Bancroft a gallant sergeant of gendarmes, and Mr. Terriss the handsome lover of the graceful Clementine. How all these favourites were received there is no need to say; such selfishness in a good cause deserves, at any rate, to be chronicled. The play of "Robert Macaire" was followed by the scene between Mr. Graves

and Lady Franklin, from Bulwer Lytton's "Money," arranged for representation by Mrs. Bancroft, who, of course, was Lady Franklin, having for her companion Mr. Arthur Cecil. Both were in their best spirits, and they continued the laughter started by Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole, which did not cease until the curtain had fallen on a selection from the popular "Iolanthe," which introduced Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Charles Manners, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Durward Lely, and Miss Leonora Braham. Thanks to clever management, the performance was over in good time, and it gave general satisfaction to all who were lucky enough to be present.

The result was the very gratifying addition to the funds of the college of £1,000.

“*Twelfth Night: or, What You Will.*”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
July 8th, 1884.

Malvolio (Steward to Olivia)	- - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
The Duke Orsino	- - - - -	Mr. TERRISS.
Sir Toby Belch (Uncle to Olivia)	- -	Mr. DAVID FISHER.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	- - - -	Mr. FRANCIS WYATT.
Fabian } Clown }	(Servants to Olivia)	{ Mr. ANDREWS. Mr. S. CALHAEM.
Sebastian (Brother to Viola)	- - - -	Mr. FRED. TERRY.
Antonio (A Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian)	-	Mr. H. HOWE.
A Sea Captain (Friend to Viola)	- - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Valentine } Curio }	(Attendants on the Duke.)	{ Mr. HAVILAND. Mr. MELLISH.
A Friar	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
1st Officer	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER
2nd Officer	- - - - -	Mr. HARWOOD.
Olivia (A Countess)	- - - - -	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Maria (Olivia's Waiting Woman)	- - -	Miss L. PAYNE.
Viola	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Lords, Ladies, Pages, Officers, Musicians, Sailors, Soldiers,
and other Attendants.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Scene.—A City in Illyria and the Sea Coast near it.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—The Sea Coast. Scene 2.—The Courtyard of Olivia's House. Scene 3.—Orsino's Palace.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Terrace of Olivia's House. Scene 2.—Road near the same. Scene 3.—Olivia's House. The Hall.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—Orsino's Palace. Scene 2.—Another part of the Sea Coast. Scene 3.—Olivia's Garden.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—The Market Place. Scene 2.—Courtyard of Olivia's House. Scene 3.—Olivia's Garden. Scene 4.—The Orchard End.
Scene 5.—Olivia's House—The Dark Room.

ACT 5.

Scene 1.—Olivia's House—The Cloisters. Scene 2.—Before Olivia's House.

*“Twelfth Night : or, What You
Will.”*

The most curious scene that was enacted at the Lyceum last night happened after the curtain fell on the final act of “Twelfth Night,” and to the merry music of the Clown’s song. Down to this point all had gone well. There had been no dissentient voice, no sign of any element of discord. Indeed, there could have been but one opinion concerning the beautiful pictures that had been presented to the audience in countless succession—pictures that too soon disappeared from view, almost before there was time to study them; and not only pictures on canvas, but pictures in action—gorgeous crowds, minstrels, attendants, silks and stuffs, and groups such as no one would have conceived could be introduced to illustrate this simple history of complication.

[Nor could there have been any reasonable argument for opposition to so graceful, refined, and poetical a Viola as that of Miss Ellen Terry, who won all hearts at the outset, and never relaxed her hold upon them to the finish; to the grimly-humorous, quaint, and essentially-artistic rendering of Malvolio by Mr. Henry Irving; or to the spirit with which the most difficult scenes in all Shakespearan comedy were approached. There had been no sign or semblance of a gathering storm. The educated and intelligent amongst the audience took the play for what it was worth. It is neither the most interesting nor the most active of the comedies that Shakespeare wrote. Often appealing to the fancy and the imagination, sometimes too delicate in its wit for modern taste, the play of “Twelfth Night” never holds the spectator by what we nowadays call interest. But everyone could have learned that from the text of Shakespeare before visiting the Lyceum.

It is a play of ingenuity and surprise, like "The Comedy of Errors," with the addition of two characters that stand out from the rest, in Viola with her fancy, and Malvolio with his humour. "Twelfth Night" is seldom presented, chiefly because, as a whole, it is "caviare to the general"; it is rather for the book-worm than the playgoer; but, for all that, no theatrical memory can quote anything like so efficient, beautiful, or admirable a representation of this extremely difficult work as the present revival. If it was to be made interesting, sufficing, and attractive, Mr. Irving had done his loyal and conscientious utmost to secure that desirable end. People who live in this luxurious age ought to be reasonable. They have been petted and pampered until they are getting spoiled. If it annoys them to linger over long with Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, if they are puzzled with the old-fashioned humour of the Shakespearean Clown, surely it may well be remembered that they have on the other hand a Viola in Miss Ellen Terry as good as, if not better, than any seen in this generation, let it be Miss Ellen Tree, or Miss Adelaide Neilson, and a Malvolio who would run many of his vaunted predecessors extremely hard.

The performance ended without any special complaint. If there was any blame attached to it, that blame belonged to the play, and decidedly not to its interpreters. To hiss and flout at Mr. Irving and his companions for not doing to "Twelfth Night" what Shakespeare did not do for it, was more than unreasonable—it was childish and silly. For it happened when the curtain had fallen, and the actors had been called, that a spirit of discontent became manifest. Mr. Irving, as usual, was asked for a speech, but scarcely had he concluded his opening sentences before he was continually interrupted by a very determined minority. At once he seized the occasion, and instantly changed the tenour of his remarks. Candidly owning that he had been away some time from England, and was not quite accustomed to the altered attitude of first-night audiences, he owned to feeling the existence in the house of a "strange element," which he did not understand. He was perplexed and puzzled at the possibility of any opposition in the face of what had been done, and what had been seen.

Naturally, these home-thrusts secured a storm of applause.

Sixteen elaborate scenes, many of great beauty, had been presented in the course of the evening. There had been no hitches or waits, and all was over considerably before half-past eleven. Many of the artists selected were, no doubt, not beyond criticism, but there was obviously nothing to hiss at. As the applause grew louder, Mr. Irving warmed with his subject. He loyally defended the company that supported him. He declared that they one and all possessed the three cardinal virtues which should be the mainspring of an actor's life. He praised their devotion and fidelity. He pointed to the fact that he had produced six plays by Shakespeare, and hoped that the sixteenth would go, and be acted nearly as well as this, and he concluded with a few pregnant sentences from the text he had just delivered, sarcastically alluding to the way in which merriment should be taken, on and off the stage.

The speech was *apropos*, and in excellent taste, and the tact of it instantly silenced the discontented minority, and will, no doubt, be the means of introducing a little reasonableness into the often hurried condemnation of first-night audiences. Liberty of speech, and liberty of action should be denied to no audience by any actor or manager living, but it does appear ungenerous, and ungrateful, in the extreme, to reward so beautiful, so careful, and so thoughtful a representation as this, with discourteous remarks, and signs of obvious discontent. The "ayes" certainly had it last night, and it would have been a bad day for future revivals of Shakespeare if they had not resolutely held their ground.

It is a more pleasant task to turn to the spirit of expectancy and anticipated delight at the commencement of the evening, when the curtain drew up and discovered Viola in her female apparel standing on a rock-bound promontory in the light of the setting sun—a fine picture indeed, which had many to match it presently. Lovely and poetic as was the sea coast of Illyria, lonely and grand, it was soon put into the shade by the sumptuous interiors and exteriors about Orsino's palace, and Olivia's house. The Duke reclining on a velvet couch, tied up and tasselled with gold, whilst, in dim and mysterious

alcoves, dark with painted glass, the minstrels played their soft melodies to the love-sick man. Olivia and her household seemed to bask all day on lovely terraces, amongst clipped box trees and yew hedges, and in perpetual sunshine. The kitchen fire at which Sir Toby and his boon companions roared their catches, and drenched themselves with liquor, was in itself a wonderful stage set, cleverly arranged to introduce the white and ghost-like figure of Malvolio, descending in his dressing-gown to secure peace and order, whilst perhaps the finest scene of all, as regards colour, grouping, and arrangement, was reserved for the very last, where, amidst soldiery and courtiers innumerable, the mystery of Viola and Sebastian is at length explained. If any fault could possibly be found, it would be an excess of luxury. If anything, the play was overloaded with colour and adornment. The subject scarcely admits of such elaborate detail. It dwarfs and cramps the dramatic scheme. The spectator is induced to expect too much after all this preparation.

Scenes are so often changed, the panorama moves so quickly, that the mind becomes restless; but it is Mr. Irving's theory that too much can never be done for Shakespeare, and it is not at all likely that he will change his mind at this date. However, it is at least a question for consideration whether the more homely scenes of Shakespearean comedy might not with advantage be shorn of some of this extravagant adornment. Nothing too elaborate can be done for the cathedral scene in "Much Ado About Nothing," as Mr. Irving has proved; but in this particular play there were points where the scenery retarded the action, and positively depressed the spectator. There is another point also. "Twelfth Night" is provided with some of the most beautiful songs that Shakespeare ever wrote. If they had all been restored and sung, it would have been decidedly advantageous.

There might have been more of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who has so distinguished himself in these Shakespearean songs, and less of the scene painter. The Clown's solo at the conclusion came as a positive relief, although the whole character of it was lost in the jovial melody taken up by the chorus. If ever there was a pathetic epilogue to a play, it is found in the Clown's song. It is not a

carol, but is of the character of a lament. All through the comedy the absence of musical effect was clearly felt, and even yet we hope the Shakespearean songs of "Twelfth Night" will be restored.

It would not be fair, at the late hour of writing, to enter minutely into the detail of such performances as those of Viola and Malvolio, so full of charm and interest. Miss Ellen Terry's Viola is set in a most enchanting key. It is tender, human, graceful, consistently picturesque, and with humour as light as feather down. It will be reckoned amongst the very best performances of this clever lady, and it grows upon the spectators as the play proceeds. Few will forget the surprising effect Miss Terry made in such lines as that to Olivia when she unveils:

"Excellently done, if God did it all."

It was the very conceit of graceful impudence. Or again that to Olivia:

"I see you what you are, you are too proud.
But if you were the devil you are fair."

Or again to Malvolio:

"None of my lord's ring! Why, he sent her none.
I am the man."

Every one of these delicate touches of humour the audience instantly appreciated, and rewarded with a round of applause. The duel with Sir Andrew was also admirably done, with its boyish petulance and obvious terror at the sight of the sword blade. In the hands of anyone but an artist how vulgar and commonplace such a scene may be made! Here Miss Ellen Terry delighted everybody. It was an admirable blending of poetic fancy and unforced humour. Of its grace and symmetry of design we need say nothing. The practice introduced by Miss Kate Terry, and followed by Miss Neilson, of doubling the parts of Viola and Sebastian, was happily not followed. An excellent Sebastian was found in Mr. F. Terry, who bears a remarkable resemblance to his

sister, and who had caught her manner admirably as he took the stage in his white Albanian dress—a dress in which the new Viola made a very charming picture.

The entrance of Mr. Irving as Malvolio was, as usual, eagerly expected. As the self-conceited steward, with an air of disgust and disdain for every one but himself, he looked like some grey and crafty old fox, and was scarcely recognised. Every word that fell from his lips was attentively listened to, every gesture was faithfully scanned. There were roars of laughter, of course, when the old man disturbed the revellers in his dressing gown and nightcap. The scene with the latter, if too deliberate and a trifle too slow in utterance, was, of course, one of the acting features of the play, and it was noticed that Mr. Irving in the later scenes, after Malvolio's cruel imprisonment as a madman, worked up his indignation to almost tragic importance. The line, "I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you!" was spoken as an exit with the concentrated hate and ungovernable vehemence of a Shylock.

On another and more fitting occasion we may return to the acting of the play as apart from the general description of an important Shakespearean performance. Briefly, then, it may be said that a thin and apparently unmanageable voice spoiled the effect of Miss Rose Leclercq's Olivia; that Miss L. Payne played with remarkable vivacity and spirit as Maria; and that the three inseparables—Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, and the Clown—were played with more or less success by Mr. Wyatt, Mr. David Fisher, and Mr. Calhaem. The day of Shakespearean clowns apparently ended with Harley and Compton, but we must be grateful to Mr. Calhaem for small mercies.

It might in these degenerate days have been so very much worse, and we tremble to think what the modern realistic actor would have made of Sir Andrew and Sir Toby. If they had possessed good voices for the songs and catches there would not have been much to complain of. The characters of the Duke and Antonio were safely entrusted to Mr. Terriss and Mr. Howe, the former of whom wore his splendid robes with becoming dignity. Mr. Andrews was capital in the small part of Fabian.

In a word, then, this production of "Twelfth Night,"

destined, no doubt, to become famous, will well bear a second, and even third, inspection. At the first visit the eye will be too busy with the scenery and costumes, and too dazzled with the stage splendour, to pay the strict attention to the acting which it deserves. But over and above the sea-scapes of Illyria and its magnificent homes will stand out, to the student of modern acting, the enchanting Viola of Miss Ellen Terry, and the quaint Malvolio of Mr. Henry Irving.

“*Olivia.*”

By W. G. Wills. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre, May 28th,
1885.

Dr. Primrose (Vicar of Wakefield)	Mr. IRVING.
Moses (His Son)	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Squire Thornhill	Mr. TERRISS.
Mr. Burchell	Mr. WENMAN.
Leigh (A Vagabond)	Mr. TYARS.
Farmer Flamborough	Mr. H. HOWE.
Polly Flamborough	Miss COLERIDGE.
Phœbe	Miss MILLS.
Gipsy Woman	Miss BARNETT.
Mrs. Primrose	Miss L. PAYNE.
Dick and Bill (Her Children)	Misses F. and M. HOLLAND.
Sophia (Her Daughter)	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Olivia (Her Daughter)	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Villagers, Musicians, Parish Clerk, Schoolmaster, Boys, Girls, etc.,
etc.

ORIGINAL CAST OF THE FIRST PRODUCTION AT THE COURT THEATRE, MARCH 30th, 1878.

Dr. Primrose	Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.
Moses	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Dick	Miss L. NEVILLE.
Bill	Miss KATE NEVILLE.
Mr. Burchell	Mr. FRANK ARCHER.
Squire Thornhill	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Leigh	Mr. DENISON.
Farmer Flamborough	Mr. R. CATHCART.
Schoolmaster	Mr. FRANKS.
Mrs. Primrose	Mrs. GASTON MURRAY.
Olivia	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Sophia	Miss KATE AUBREY.
Polly Flamborough	Miss M. CATHCART.
Phœbe	Miss K. NICHOLLS.
Sarah	Miss TURTLE.
Gipsy Woman	Miss NEVILLE.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene.—The Vicarage Garden (Autumn).

ACT 2.

Scene.—The Vicarage Parlour.

ACT 3.

Scene.—The Dragon Inn.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—The Vicarage Garden (Winter). Scene 2.—The Vicarage Parlour.

Period about 1750.

“*Olivia.*”

For seven years the *Olivia* of Miss Ellen Terry has been laid up in lavender, and the picture of a loving and loveable woman, with all her waywardness, trust, disappointment and anguish, is presented to us with an added sweetness and a deepening colour. The artist evidently has not put this admirable study of a true woman wholly out of her mind. She has not played the part for a long time on the stage, but she must often have thought of it. New ideas, fresh suggestions, innumerable delicate touches, never lost on the observant spectator, have been brought to bear on the new *Olivia*, who stands out as one of the most striking personations—as fine in perspective as in outline, as tender in thought as it is true in sentiment—that the modern stage has seen. In the first act of the play, Miss Ellen Terry has little more to do than strike the key-note of the poem. She has to show how *Olivia* is the fairest of the old Vicar’s flock, the loveliest and most winsome of his many children, the loved companion of her brothers and sisters, her father’s idol.

Dr. Primrose has a generous and loving heart. He mounts the youngsters on his knee or lifts them on his shoulder to look across the lovely country towards the lights of cruel London; for his good wife he has a deep affection, consecrated by long years of trial; he is beloved by his neighbours, cheerful to all those around him, but in *Olivia*, the favourite child, his whole heart is centred. “She came between me and my love for God, and I am punished for it at last,” says the Vicar in his supreme anguish at the loss of her, so it became necessary to show at the outset the truth and depth of the affection that is to be so

cruelly shattered. Thus Olivia becomes the sunshine of her father's house. When the villagers assemble to congratulate him on his silver wedding and to sing a carol under the Vicarage windows, when old Farmer Flam-borough ventures to call and grumble at the fine airs of the Vicar's lady, it is Olivia with her sunny face and winning manner who seems to avert the storm arising on the domestic horizon.

But for all that, simple parson's daughter as she is, inexperienced in the world and its ways, she already shows how strong and absolute is the affectionate nature that is in her. She loves the young squire, not because he has a fine coat and winning manners, not because he is above her in social station, but because her nature leans towards some one who appears stronger in character and less dependent on love than herself. Squire Thornhill's very indifference fascinates her.

Olivia pretends to pet and pout when her Edward talks of the fine ladies in London, she makes believe that she will dismiss her lord if he treats her so carelessly as he sometimes does; but we who watch know full well that she would never let her lover stray far from her side, and would beckon him back, did he retreat only so far as the Vicarage hedge. It is this loving, this trusting nature, the depth of this heart, the mine of this woman's love as yet unexplored, that the old Vicar alone understands so well. Olivia's mother is occasionally inclined to resent her husband's determination to spoil the girl; there is an occasional sneer upon her lips as the old clergyman makes his Livy his comforter and his friend.

But so it is. When the clouds of trouble gather on the old man's brow, when despair is settling down on the house, it is to Olivia that her father looks for help—not to his wife. In that still evening hour when the white-haired man gathers his family around him in the dying daylight, to learn what trouble has befallen him, it is Olivia who is at his knees kissing his hands, and looking up into his dear tear-stained eyes. We come to the second scene. Love, the master, has worked havoc in Olivia's heart. Gradually, but very delicately, Miss Terry shows how her father is forgotten for the sake of her lover. She hates Burchell because he dares to doubt the man she loves. She defends her Thornhill with a

woman's desperation and a woman's unreason. He may have deceived other women, but he loves me! That is her argument, and it is urged with brilliant petulance.

The second scene with Thornhill brings out some very subtle suggestions. It is as excellently played by Mr. Terriss as by Miss Terry. Both are goaded on by destiny. For a moment she would hold back, and so would he. She cannot forget her father, nor he his honour. The man is not wholly reckless yet. There is a pause, but it is momentary. Selfishness prevails; the strong man conquers, not the weak, but the loving woman; and once she has given her promise, we know that she will not turn back. No father, no family, no religion, no remembrances can step between her and her determined spirit.

Then comes that exquisite scene when, at the twilight hour, Olivia distributes her little presents to the loved ones before she steals away from home to join the lover of her future life. The deep choking tones of Miss Terry's voice, her fine power of absolutely identifying herself with the situation, the real tears that course down her cheeks, the struggle to repress as much as to express, make this one of the most pathetic moments that modern art has illuminated and intensified.

It is powerful, but not morbid; it is terrible in its despair, but so true, that the very grief it causes is satisfying and pleasant. Our deepest sympathies are aroused, our better feelings are stimulated. And so, when the vicar is dreaming over the fire, when the mother is at her homely work, and the rest are singing at the old harpsichord, Olivia steals from home, and her pale face is seen at the lattice window, kissing her farewell to the home she is to leave for ever.

It is, however, in the third act that Miss Terry's acting has most visibly improved. She has here emphasised the contrast between the happy married woman and the heart-broken, despairing dupe. The actress begins the scene with an excess of gaiety. If Thornhill's love had grown more cold, hers has gained in force and impetuosity. Her object now is to retain her lover by her side. Her short life with him has intensified her affection. She coquettes with him, she hangs close to his neck, she laughs, and is merry. At the thought

of home and Christmas-time she becomes a child again. She kisses the leaves they have brought to her from the hedge at home, and ties them round her neck as if they were the most precious posy in the world. There is no joy like hers, no heart so light, no life so full of promise.

Suddenly, and without warning, comes the storm which is to wreck her life. Her lover tells her that he has deceived her. She is not his wife. The announcement at first stuns her. She cannot believe or understand. She beats her brains to get at the truth. The realisation of her situation is awful. Father, mother, home, friends, contempt, humiliation, crowd before her eyes like ghastly spectres; the love has suddenly changed to savage hate, and as Thornhill advances to comfort her she strikes him on the breast, and in that one word "Devil!" is summed up the unspeakable horror that afflicts her soul. But as yet the act is not nearly over. The most beautiful passages of it have yet to come, when her father returns to rescue the lamb that is on the road. Never before to our recollection on the stage has woman's grief been depicted with such infinite truth. Olivia has been beaten and so sorely bruised; but in her father's arms she is safe.

The sobs that wring her heart are the true cure. In her old father's presence she is a child again. No mother in the world could give her greater comfort. She feels she is forgiven and at rest. She has passed through the purgatory trial and gained the paradise of love. Here, as far as art is concerned, the study, complex and beautiful as it is, must necessarily stop. For the purpose of the play Thornhill must be forgiven, and presumably Olivia must be reconciled to him, but we cannot bring our minds to believe that the reconciliation would be so sudden or the forgiveness so swift as this. We leave Olivia confronted with her father, and that is enough. The poem is complete at that point, and we want no more.

We cannot doubt that this study from the life will attract as much, if not more, attention than it did seven years ago. Such acting as is contained in the Olivia of Ellen Terry, as fine in conception as it is impressive in effect, is seen very rarely on the stage of any country.

Unquestionably also the play is made doubly interesting by the reading of the Vicar given by Mr. Henry Irving, a performance more carefully restrained and modulated, a study more innocent of trick and less disfigured by characteristics of marked style and individuality than anything he has attempted before. At the outset, it was feared that he had too quickly been fascinated by the sentiment of the story, that he drifted into pathos too suddenly, that he started the tears too soon, and did not call direct attention to the happy Vicar as he lived amongst his family and friends before the dark clouds settled on his household.

But this idea soon vanished, when it was seen how the actor, by many a subtle and suggested idea, had penetrated into the mind and nature of the venerable clergyman. It was his love for Olivia marked with so many happy touches, it was the desire to emphasise the fact that his whole life was bound up in this child, that gave so much interest to the first act, and lent such special importance to the subsequent scenes of affection which were devolved from it.

Mr. Irving's Vicar is a dignified, resigned, and most pathetic figure, who lingers on the mind long after the theatre is quitted. The scene of the announcement of Olivia's departure was as finely acted as it was boldly conceived. The grief that unnerves, distracts and unmans; the sorrow that paralyses, were expressed with absolute truth and surprising force, and quite as admirable was the melting from almost ungovernable rage to the comparative calm of resignation. "Did I curse him?" murmurs the old man, half dazed and in a dream, and so in time his religion and his duty help the white-haired minister to bear the blow. "She came between me and my love for God; I am punished for it at last." This is the one strong point on which Mr. Irving evidently leans. It is the resignation to the Divine will, shown all through, that gives such beauty and interest to Mr. Irving's fine study of paternal affection.

But, perhaps, the best idea that came into the actor's mind, and in effect the finest moment of his acting was in the scene where the Vicar comes to rescue his daughter. For a moment, trouble and travel-stained as he is, he breaks away from her, and remembers that he

has a duty to perform. He loves the child surpassingly well, but he is her father, and she has erred. He has to summon up all his courage for a homily on her lost sense of duty. He nerves himself for what he conceives to be necessary, and begins, with tears starting in his eyes, to tell Olivia of her grievous fault. But the old man breaks down over the effort of forced calm; the strain is too much for him; all at once he melts, he casts aside the manner of the priest, and calling Olivia to his arms, becomes her loving father once more. The effect of this was instantaneous. The house was astonished and delighted. As regards acting, it was a moment of true inspiration, a masterpiece of invention.

The Squire Thornhill of Mr. William Terriss, excellent as it was seven years ago, has improved relatively as much as the Olivia of Miss Ellen Terry. The careless love of this young coxcomb, his innate vanity, his implied power over women, his charming and yet impudent air, gave to the young rake the very colour that was requisite. And we saw, notwithstanding all his villainy that Thornhill had the making in him of a better man. This was most cleverly shown in the sulky horror with which Thornhill confesses his sin to Olivia, and the fierce reaction of rage with which he turns upon Burchell.

“Faust.”

By W. G. Wills. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
December 19th, 1885.

MORTALS.

Faust	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CONWAY.
Valentine (Margaret's Brother)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ALEXANDER.
Frosch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARBURY.
Altmayer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HAVILAND.
Brander	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. F. TYARS.
Siebel	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSON.
Student	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. N. FORBES.
Burgomaster	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. HOWE.
Citizens	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	{ Mr. HELMSLEY. Mr. LOUTHER.
Soldier	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. M. HARVEY.
Martha (Margaret's Neighbour)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. STIRLING.
Bessy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss L. PAYNE.
Ida	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss BARNETT.
Alice	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss COLERIDGE.
Catherin	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss MILLS.
Margaret	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

SPIRITS.

Mephistopheles	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
							Mr. MEAD.
Witches	-	-	-	-	-	-	{ Mr. CARTER. Mr. ARCHER. Mr. CLIFFORD.

Soldiers, Students, Citizens, Witches, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Faust's Study. Scene 2.—The Witches' Kitchen.
Scene 3.—Nuremberg—St. Lorenz Platz.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Nuremberg—Margaret's Chamber. Scene 2.—Nuremberg—The City Wall. Scene 3.—Nuremberg—Martha's House.
Scene 4.—Nuremberg—Martha's Garden. Scene 5.—Trees and Mountains. Scene 6.—Nuremberg—Margaret's Garden.

ACT 3.

Scene.—Nuremberg—Street by Church.

ACT 4.

Scene.—Summit of the Brocken.

ACT 5.

Scene.—Nuremberg—Dungeon.

“*Faust.*”

In the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and with the full and earnest sympathy of an audience unusually distinguished even for the Lyceum, the curtain drew up on Saturday night on the latest dramatic version of Goethe's tragedy of “Faust,” by Mr. W. G. Wills.

Faust is in his study, moody, despondent, and meditative. Strange birds and beasts surround him. He is in a hopeless state of despair. Religion, science, magic—everything that can stimulate the brain of man—he has tried them all. But the keen intellect is fatigued with excess of study, and the fine nature is distorted with the conviction that all human effort is futile. On the verge of the grave the curse of hopelessness stares him in the face. He knows he must die, but of what value has life been to him? Through the open windows are heard the soft and consoling strains of the Easter hymn. Yes, this is Eastertime; memories of new resolves, of the hour of confession, of the beauty of an old and neglected religion, arise before the sceptical doctor, and just as his distracted mind is attuned to better things, just as he holds a skull under one hand, and surveys a ghastly, grinning skeleton on his study wall, a mist arises, and Mephisto appears.

A wretched dog had followed the Doctor in one of his lonely walks; he has given a refuge to the hunted animal, but the hound turns to a sulphurous flame, and out of the smoke comes the devil, attired in travelling habit. Surely it is not Mephisto; it is Dante without his wreath of laurel. But what an interesting face, how clear cut, how expressive! How the eyes shine with intelligence,

how the white teeth gleam! It is a face human and yet mysterious; always varied, but ever mischievous. The compact with Faust is soon made. What the old Doctor wants is happiness, the happiness he has dreamed of, but never known. What easier than to shew him that which he wants—visions of pleasure, visions of refined sensuality, visions of love. An ideal life is to be made manifest to him, an ideal woman. Faust is to enter into a new existence, with the passion of a boy, and the understanding of a man. What a prospect! All this last should have been seen on the stage. This keynote to the mystery should have been given, but, alas! fate works against the best stage management, and the visions were invisible.

It is necessary to point this out, and to point it out strongly, for the absence of these mental pictures, the loss of the prospective Margaret, gave the opening scenes of the play a lassitude from which they recovered with extreme difficulty. What an audience has never seen, it can seldom understand. The keynote to the dramatic scheme was lost by an accident. Mephisto is full of mischief. He must needs borrow the Doctor's gown, and pretend to lecture a young, trembling student on logic, philosophy, and medicine.

The description of the doctor, who worms himself into the confidence of weak women, was an admirable touch on the part of Mr. Irving, a subtle and finished incident of acting, and the audience watched every look and movement of the fascinating demon. The bargain is soon signed, and sealed with Faust's own life-blood, and away they go, still through the flames and mist, on their fatal and unholy mission. Mr. Conway as Faust has been excellent up to this point. He has spoken out his words clearly and distinctly. He is not a weak, doddering old man, but even in age is virile. Just where he was expected to fail he has succeeded. The lines could not have been better spoken. The sad part of the introductory prologue has been the absence of the vision, but it could not be helped.

We meet Faust and Mephisto again in front of a grand old church porch at Nuremberg. The stage is full of life and light and colour. We live in fancy in another age. The dresses, the satins, the brocades, and stuffs

are none too new. They look as if they had been worn. Each figure is a picture, the beggars at the church porch, the Franciscan friars travel-stained and muddy, the grand dames with their trains upheld by pages, the soldiers, and burgomasters, who might have stepped out of panes of old German glass. It is a feast for the artistic eye. In front of this church, at an inn hard by, an attempt is made to suggest the revolting license of the Auerbach cellar. We venture to think it is a mistake. Goethe placed side by side, and in immediate contiguity, the human licentiousness of the wine-cellar scene and the supernatural horror of the Witches' Kitchen. He wanted to disgust Faust with filthy depravity before he entered upon the theme of love. But as we could not have the kitchen, we might well have dispensed with the substitute for the cellar.

The actors did their best, but the scene fell flat. Their merriment was forced, their jollity was unnatural. The incidents of drawing the wine from the table, and tricking the drunken boors were cleverly suggested, but they were accepted coldly. Everyone waited anxiously for the first appearance of Margaret. Her sweet face and influence were anticipated as a relief to all this abstract philosophy. We wanted to approach the humanity of the play. Strange to say, Margaret's first appearance was a distinct disappointment. It is a most difficult position for any actress to suggest unaided by music. Gounod's charming strain has spoiled for ever this entrance in an unmusical play.

Margaret has only two lines to say :—

" Sir, I am not pretty, nor yet a lady,
I have no need of any escort home."

What is Margaret at this moment ? More in heaven than on earth. She has just come from confession. She is dead to all the world. Her eyes are on the ground, and her thoughts on pure things, when she is accosted by Faust. It wants a complete mastery of self to suggest the beauty of this delicate position. Two things militated against its success.

First, the natural and inevitable nervousness of the actress; second, the equally natural and inevitable

reception of Miss Ellen Terry. She looked better now and to the end, than any Margaret who has ever appeared on the English stage. She well and truly realised Mephisto's subsequent description, "Ah, brighter gems are yours—your air, your grace." But the actress was unnerved—she was bound to be Miss Terry to an enthusiastic house. She could not recover Margaret in two short lines. All ideas of church, confession, surprise, innocence, and simplicity vanished. It was Ellen Terry received with enthusiasm, at the expense of the play. The train, however, is laid; the love drama has begun. Faust pursues Margaret in a fever, and the mocking Mephisto crams his fingers into his ears as the curtain falls on the clash and booming of cathedral bells.

The whole of the first act is familiar to those who know the veriest outline of Goethe's play and have learned it from the opera. The visit of Faust and Mephisto to Margaret's bed-chamber, which provoked laughter from the irreverent, because it was so absolutely simple and correct, the depositing of the jewels; the ballad of the King of Thule, and the discovery by Margaret of her treasure; Mephisto's interview with Martha, and the well-known garden scene, follow one another in the ordinary course. Before the act had well-nigh started, it was discovered that Margaret had all but conquered her nervousness.

Every moment she was on the stage she gained new strength and interest. The scene in her bed-chamber was delightfully natural, and faultlessly delicate; her visit to Martha was full of the candour of youth and the modesty of maidenhood, and as someone has already observed, her love-making should have illumined a stone. Such a Margaret, gracious and pure, innocent and natural, could not, however, break down the stolidity of her Faust. Unless these scenes are played with fervour, they go for nothing.

The passion of the music gives interest to the most unimaginative Faust, but here we had the tenor of the stage without his inspiring song. We believe Mr. Conway to have been acting in fetters. So anxious was he to obey instructions that he lost his own individuality. From one circumstance or another, he weighed down the scene just when it should have been lifted. What words

they were that this Margaret, most gentle and most sweet, poured in succession into his ear?

" My heart is full ; tears come I know not why,
To-night is like the first day spent in Heaven,
I had no warning of this happiness ;
The blessed Virgin sent no dream to me,
And now I am so joyed."

Who could not love when such a Margaret made love like that ! Who could not get free of modern tone and style when she said :

" A moment wilt thou give to thought of me,
I shall have time enough to think of thee."

But so it was. The love-scenes went flat. They had no fervour or sincerity. We lost the music, it is true, and its enchanting melody was not even dimly suggested by an orchestra, determined to be classical at all cost. And why was this? All we wanted was melody. The Easter Hymn; could it not have been some chant that came home to the heart; the King of Thule, the inimitable spinning-wheel song, " My Peace has Fled " (" Meine Ruh ist Hin "), could they not have been suggested even dimly by a familiar melody? Some of the music—in particular, all the incidental numbers composed by Mr. Hamilton Clarke especially for the Lyceum version of Goethe's immortal work—was beautiful, but why was Gounod, who has truly understood the passion of this play, so obstinately ostracised? To make up, however, for all this failure in fancy and fervour, we had scenes between Martha and Mephisto, inimitably played by Mrs. Stirling and Mr. Irving. It was not the Martha of our imagination, but what actress of our time could do so much with so little? Every line on each side was a point, and the best point made by Charles Kean,

" Where will she go to by and by,
I wonder ? I WON'T HAVE HER !"

was doubly emphasized by Mr. Irving.

The whole house rose at it ; and, indeed, Mephisto had not missed one chance throughout the evening, this curious, mischievous, aggressive, and limping fiend. "And why did he limp?" asks the audience. "Why is he a lame demon?" All we know is that Goethe says he was ; all we are confident of is that he is often played in Germany with a club foot ; and, in the original, does not Siebel say when he accosts Mephistopheles :

"The fellow limps a little on one foot!"

Mr. Irving never forgets anything, though the line we have quoted might just as well have been preserved in the text to prevent doubt.

By the time that we have got to the second act, the acting is found to be improving at almost every point. Miss Ellen Terry is becoming more and more the ideal Margaret, and her scene with Mephisto is better played than anything that has gone before. For the drama is gaining in strength and interest—the gloom of the on-coming tragedy is approaching. Mephisto has given to the moody and meditative Faust the fatal sleeping draught which is to create the first disaster. Margaret is agitated between love and religion.

It is this last idea which will distinguish Miss Terry's Margaret from any that have preceded her—the idea of her absorbing religious faith. She has shewn it faintly before at her night prayers in her modest room. She is to shew it bitterly afterwards when on her knees in agony before the Mater Dolorosa, or when tortured by the avenging spirit in the church. Even now in her first supreme outburst of affection she questions Faust about his religious faith—not so critically as Goethe does, but enough to justify Faust's after taunt to the mocking spirit :

"Mocker! thou could'st never understand
How this deep loving-one, full of her faith,
The only shining pledge she has of Heaven,
Is agonized to think that one she loves
Can never meet her there."

All this is cleverly and delicately led up to by the dramatist and exquisitely illustrated by the actress. But, un-

fortunately, in carrying it out he goes too far, and, out of some sort of deference to the prudery of the age, suddenly—and as we hold wilfully—breaks straight away from Goethe and misunderstands the poet he has hitherto followed so faithfully. The Faust of Goethe never wanted to marry Margaret and was never awed into the crime of seduction by an angry and threatening Mephisto.

The change gives Mr. Irving the chance for a fine speech, which is nobly delivered; but Faust was no terrified schoolboy frightened under the lash of Mephisto's tongue, and Mephisto was no vulgar scold. The one was an intellectual man, with the passions of a boy; the other was a cynical demon, who achieved his end by sneers, not by personal invective. The ruin of Margaret, according to Goethe, is the necessary outcome of the compact written in blood. It is as much inevitable as the murder of Margaret's mother, the assassination of her brother, the destruction of her child.

Faust, who has been called by Mephisto a "most sentimental sensualist, philosopher, at once and beast," cheats himself with the idea that the devil does not know that Margaret will fall. To Mephisto's words, "To-night?" He simply answers, "What's to-night to thee?" He has not been bullied by the fiend, and told "gobbets of his mangled flesh" are to be "scattered to the dogs," but has himself called Mephisto, "Abortion! spawn of fire and dirt." "To-night," he says in his scorn, "what's to-night to thee?" Mephisto knowing all, can only grin. "I've my amusements too; we'll see!" Faust has ignored his fate; why should Mephisto threaten Faust? At what period of their pilgrimage could Mephisto threaten Faust? He has no need to threaten, for he is master. Faust is not terror-stricken with the prospect of a doubtful eternity. He has signed his bond, and he will have his pound of flesh. The conclusion of the second act is theatrically effective, but artistically false. It destroys the idea of tempter and tempted. Luckily no harm comes out of it, and the play goes on as Goethe planned it.

The third act is unquestionably the best—best in arrangement, best in colour, best in idea, best in execution. It contains as fine moments as have ever been seen in the acting of Miss Ellen Terry; and the arrange-

ment of Valentine's death scene is a triumph of stage management. The celebrated picture at the well, with the girls' chatter over Barbara's fall, reveals the deplorable sorrow of Margaret, her agony of shame, the abiding presence of despair. The absolute truth of Miss Terry's acting as she places the flowers before the Virgin's shrine, and kneels prostrate with contrition before the Mater Dolorosa, brought tears into the eyes of the most hardened in the audience. Her deep pleading voice—that wonderful voice of hers—half-choked with sobs that poured forth the pitiable lamentation—

"Oh! holy maiden! thou who knowest sorrows—
Thou through whose anguished heart the sword hath pierced—
Incline thy gracious countenance to me,
My misery is past my tongue to tell."

Every word and every tone told upon the audience. Not one suffrage in this litany of sorrow was lost.

"O, heal this bleeding heart! O rescue me
From death and shame! Mother of many sorrows
Have pity! O, have pity! Turn to me."

Here was pathos drawn to its finest point. But the tragedy is inexorable. The story has, indeed, its thought too deep for tears. Valentine has to come home from the wars, to find his loved sister dishonoured, and to fall under the sword of her betrayer. This is one of the very finest scenes ever designed or realised on the Lyceum stage. The advance of the soldiers, the hurrying of the crowd, the tramp of the men, are all quick and effective. The duel itself is rapid and instantaneous, and Valentine, in the dying daylight, falls by the well at which the women have chattered over the ruin of a woman. Then comes, as Margaret issues from the house, one of the truest and soudest moments in the recorded art of Miss Ellen Terry.

"My brother! Ah! God help me! it cannot be! (*wildly*)—
Who?
Oh! he will curse me!"

We hold that those words, "Oh! he will curse me!" are as finely spoken as can be; it was the true ring of

agony that one so seldom hears. And then the scene was so wonderfully well played. A bad actor would have spoiled it all; but Mr. Alexander was found the best of all modern Valentines, and there have been good ones within our memory, Mr. Charles Santley included. There was no suspicion of raving or of excess. The voice struck with welcome contrast on much that had hitherto been rough and discordant, the manner was earnest, the bearing dignified. Mr. Alexander has considerably advanced in the estimation of the public by this able, thoughtful, and spirited performance. The play had its very finest moment here, and should attract all London, even for this one scene alone. But the inexorable dramatist speeds on. For Margaret, there is no cup of cold water, there is no pity for her. Her old companions jeer and flout at her, only one alone being found to kiss her in her agony.

"Leave me!" she cries. "Leave me to think and pray!" And so she totters from the speechless shrine to the full church where the organ and choir peal forth that awful hymn:

"DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,
SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA."

But, alas! she cannot pray. Mephisto is ever by her side, dinning into her ears the hideous consequences of her crime, her mother's death, her brother's murder. She would pray still, but her heart is crushed within her. Despair has taken the place of prayer, and when the "hell-fiend" has whispered his last devilish temptation to further mortal sin:

"Hast thou not killed thy mother?"
Scruple not to kill thy babe."

She falls fainting in the church, and the weird "DIES IRÆ" drives Mephisto out of the church into the darkness and shadows of the streets. The scene of wild devilry on the Brocken Mountain must be witnessed; it cannot be described. We venture to think that nothing so daring or effective has ever been seen on the stage before. It comes so late that the audience is well-nigh exhausted

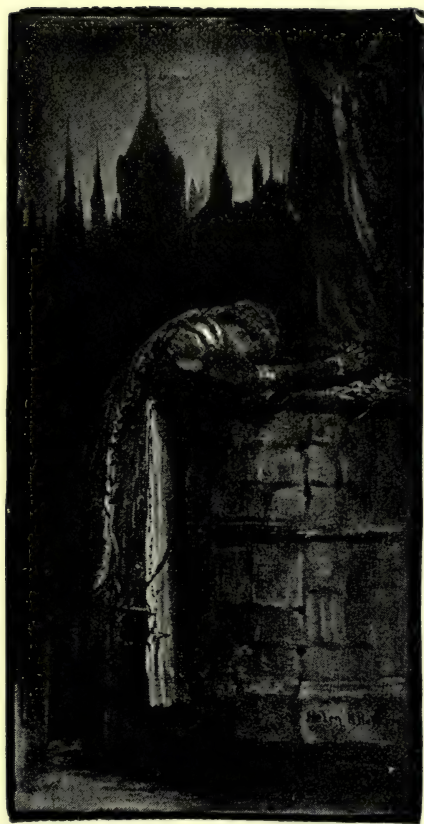
but the whole thing is so striking that it is worth a separate visit.

In the heart of this pandemonium, this shrieking, gibbering crowd, amongst those witches and apes, in the glow and glare of this "feu d'enfer," contrasted with these shadowy greys and greens that suggest Gustave Doré in every corner of the picture, stands the bright-red figure of this incomparable Mephisto. And it is not alone the figure that attracts; it is the face—that calm, destructive, mischievous face; it is not alone the terror of the spirits that appals us—it is the kingly splendour and familiarity with evil that crown the master of them. Though the face is still calm and pale, the eyes glitter brighter than ever, the teeth shine whiter, as Mephisto pats the head of some nauseous ape, or consoles a gibbering goblin. It is Mr. Irving who is the dominating power of this extraordinary scene; it is his cry of exultation that leads them on to still more hideous excess.

The scene must have cost an infinity of labour; but it is full of fantasy, and that last effect of the bare and outstretched arms around the scarlet King Fiend is an inspired moment of modern spectacular art. There is one more act, and we must get back to the play. We must wrench our minds from this demoniac fury to the cold terror of the prison cell, where Margaret, in chains, half crazed and dying, is huddled on the straw waiting her execution. We have not seen Faust or Mephisto riding over the plain under the shadow of Margaret's gibbet. We have been spared that, and is not that enough? Once more we can praise unreservedly the acting of Miss Ellen Terry. To the infinite tenderness of her Ophelia she here adds a dramatic power and intensity for which very few had given her credit. No one who ever heard it will willingly forget the sweetness she gave to the lines descriptive of her approaching death:

"To-morrow I must die,
And I must tell thee how to range the graves.
My mother the best place—next her my brother,
Me well apart, but, dearest, not too far,
And by my side my little one shall lie."

The expression put into the words, "But, dearest,



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"OH, HEAL THIS BLEEDING HEART! O RESCUE ME
FROM DEATH AND SHAME! MOTHER OF MANY SORROWS
HAVE PITY! O, HAVE PITY! TURN TO ME."

not too far," is beyond description. It went straight to the heart. This scene, acted with such mingled purity, pathos, and intensity, was the climax of one of the most beautiful and remarkable performances Miss Ellen Terry has ever given to the stage. Margaret has been played and sung scores of times, but never so well understood or so beautifully expressed. A suggestion of ideas of Margaret has often been given, but here we seem to see and read the woman's very soul. In fact, the thoughts suggested by it are too many and varied to be contained in an article professing to deal with all the salient points of this remarkable production. At the very end we have one more fault to find with the adapter, who may, however, be warmly congratulated on his honest appreciation of Goethe's work, and on his beautiful rendering of many immortal and almost untranslatable passages. Why does he leave out the words that are the delight of commentators? "She's judged!" says Mephisto, in his triumph appealing to the God he has outraged. But the heavenly voice replies, "She's saved!" Then says Mephisto to Faust, "Hither to me!" and so Mr. Wills ends his play in despair. But Goethe was more merciful; he gave in addition the marvellous line:

"VOICE (from within)—Henry! Henry!"

And that voice meant that for Faust also there was an ultimate salvation. He disappeared with Mephisto, it is true, but his guardian angel still called upon him with pity and mercy. He had to suffer the pains of purgatory: but still even for him there was hope! Those two words ought to be restored to the text.

When all was over, Mr. Irving, in his short and confidential speech, implied that the play, though presented with all the difficulties attendant on such a production, would still be under his watchful care for alteration, addition, or improvement. We cannot doubt it. A man who has done so much for a masterpiece will not in this instance let well alone. He has proved that Goethe's "Faust" can be put on the stage. To the ordinary spectator he has given a feast of beauty; to the man of thought a theme of endless pleasure. He cannot fail to do this at any rate, and who can overvalue it; he will

make most men who study this grand poem, even on the stage, more merciful and gentle ; and to each woman's nature, influenced by the scene, he will happily add more tenderness and beauty.

“Werner.”

By Lord Byron. Arranged for the Stage in four Acts, by
Mr. F. Marshall, and produced June 1st, 1887.

Werner (Count Siegendorf)	- - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Ulric (His Son)	- - -	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Gabor (A Hungarian)	- - -	Mr. T. WENMAN.
Baron Stralenheim (usurping Werner's right)	-	Mr. C. GLENNEY.
Idenstein (Intendent)	- - -	Mr. HOWE.
Rodolph (Friend of Ulric)	- - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Fritz	- - -	Mr. J. CARTER.
Henrick	} (Retainers of Siegendorf)	Mr. ARCHER.
Eric		Mr. CALVERT.
Arnheim		Mr. CLIFFORD.
Ludwig		Mr. HARVEY.
Josephine (Wife of Werner)	- - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Ida Stralenheim (Daughter of Stralenheim)	-	(For this occasion only). Miss EMERY.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

Act 1.

Scene.—Hall of Palace in Silesia.

Act 2.

Scene 1.—Exterior of Palace. Scene 2.—Hall of the same.
Scene 3.—Secret Passage. Scene 4.—Garden.

Act 3.

Scene.—Hall in Castle Siegendorf, near Prague.

Act 4.

Scene.—The Seine.

Period 1648.—Close of the Thirty Years War.

“ *Werner.* ”

Apart from the desire to give cordial and substantial help to so old a stage friend as Dr. Westland Marston, playgoers of all ages, those who have seen Macready, and all who have heard of his *Werner*, made a point of being present yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Henry Irving played the character for the first time. To do them justice, it was the old playgoers this time who were a little nervous as to the result. Long before the curtain rose, and whilst the theatre was wrapped in gloom, and full of apprehension, even the devoted followers of Macready candidly owned that “ *Werner* ” was a very dull play.

No doubt the character admirably suited Macready's manner ; in it he pulled out the stops of his organ ; he literally revelled in the paternal anguish of the Count Siegendorf. Those who have not seen Macready play “ *Werner* ” are at any rate familiar with the pictures of him sitting at the table in the decayed Silesian palace, and even they were not suggestive of much liveliness or mirth. There was much to tell the youngsters, however, of George Bennett's Gabor and Wallack's Ulric ; but now that they had talked and preached “ *Werner* ” for so many years, the members of the old school warned the young playgoer that “ *Werner* ” might, after all, in the present time, be considered a trifle dull.

The followers of Samuel Phelps, and the devoted band who got their theatrical education at Sadler's Wells, spoke in pretty much the same strain. Of course, they protested that, let the Macreadyites say what they would, there never could be another *Werner* like Phelps,

or a Gabor comparable to Henry Marston. But they, too, admitted that not much of the sparkle of Lord Byron's verse, and very little of his impulse or vivacity, could be found in the heavy text of the play, founded on one of Harriett Lee's "Canterbury Tales," called "Kruitzner."

However, the house was full: the disputants agreed to differ; the old were interested, even if the young were anxious; and the curtain rose and discovered Mr. Henry Irving, with his sad face and "sable-silvered" hair, sitting at the table in the familiar Macready attitude; the whole scene enveloped in gloom and sadness, with Miss Ellen Terry in the dark background, and for the first time in her life with pretty grey hair, as befitted the wife of so sorrowful a man as Werner, and the mother of so impulsive and handsome a lad as Ulric. The picture presented was a striking one, and for longer than the accustomed period this deeply interested and unusually intelligent audience expressed its approbation in loud and demonstrative cheers.

There evidently must be some magic in Mr. Irving's method of production. We have only to read the accepted acting version to see that, unless well attended to, such a text might prove unutterably tedious. To the surprise of everybody, however, the interest that was started at the outset was sustained to the finish. The scenes were dark, but the play was never dull; the story was sad, but every actor in it was picturesque. How, then, can we account for this remarkable transformation, which fairly astonished the devoted admirers of Macready and Phelps alike? It could not have been alone the beautiful dresses, designed by Mr. Seymour Lucas, A. R. A., and worn with such distinction by each individual character; it could not have been due only to the bright touch of Mr. Hawes Craven's magic brush in his fanciful pictures of beautiful Bohemia.

It was not due to one cause only, but to a happy combination of circumstances, which the thoughtless call luck and the wise consider judgement. "Werner" was produced with loving care, with lavish expense, and with unerring judgement—a rare quality possessed by one whom Dr. Westland Marston in his most graceful speech declared to be "The greatest actor in his de-

clining years." First of all, Mr. Frank Marshall's acting version is infinitely preferable to any that the stage has ever seen. Lord Byron knew very little of the practical working of stage plays; he was a poet in the study, not a constructor on the boards, and even Macready's skill and tact were not strong enough to polish off the rough edges of "Werner." This Mr. Frank Marshall has done with remarkable skill.

He has not only carefully pruned and edited the text, cutting away superfluous scenes, incidents, speeches and sentiments, but he has in addition made one bold stroke that materially assists the fortunes of the play. It has always been a mootpoint with playwrights whether it is best to keep a secret from an audience or to boldly tell it them at once. Should the mystery of a drama be immediately acknowledged or indefinitely postponed? Experience teaches us that an audience resents being kept in the dark. A novel reader likes to be baffled in a search; a playgoer loves to be assisted in guessing a complication.

Now "Werner" as originally acted is built upon a sustained surprise. No one knew who really murdered Baron Strahlenheim—whether it was Werner himself, or Ulric, his son, or Gabor, the Hungarian soldier of fortune—until the curtain was about to fall, and the passionate Ulric acknowledged the truth of Gabor's accusation before his horror-stricken father. Mr. Frank Marshall has boldly taken the bull by the horns, and shows the audience the actual murder of the Baron in bed by Ulric, and the discovery of the assassin by Gabor, who has found his way out by the secret passage. Not to be too profane, the added scene is dimly suggestive of our good old transpontine friend, "Jonathan Bradford;" but we must not forget that this same "Jonathan" is the father of more than half the play-motives that have been invented in the Victorian era.

If innocent men were never murdered on the stage and the wrong men accused, we should have very few dramas in our literature. Elsewhere Mr. Marshall has done wonders with the accepted text. He has cut away a whole act, worked up cleverly to four important climaxes, and in the new scene between Werner and Ida, his adopted child, has shown a very pretty gift of poetry.

Lord Byron's text is not so brilliant as to be beyond the aid of a careful and discriminating editor and annotator.

The actor who plays Werner in a good cast in almost every instance—has to hold his own under circumstances of exceptional difficulty. By his side we have the showy, interesting, and declamatory character of Ulric, to say nothing of the bold, brusque Gabor, one of the finest, if not the best, of the acting characters in the play. But the grief of Werner is necessarily set in the same key. There is not much change in the accent of his sorrow. It is difficult to exaggerate the picturesqueness and uniform consistency of Mr. Irving's Werner. He always dives deep into a character, and gets under it, as it were, and in this example of what may be called the poetry of paternity, he has given us few more beautiful or thoughtful pictures.

From the first he is a curse-haunted man. The fang of his father is branded on his brow, and has eaten into his nature. He is foredoomed, and well he knows in his heart of heart that there will be but one end to his ill-fated family—ruin complete and absolute. The grief of the new Werner was never maudlin; his despair never verged into irritability; but there was a world of sorrow in his expressive eyes, a stamp of destiny on his calm white features. We here saw the affection of the father that had penetrated into the sad man's very soul, and had become part of his. Every gradation in this symphony of sorrow was delicately touched. The pride at the boy's physical beauty, the delight at welcoming him to his side, the absolute sympathy with him before the murder, the sudden swift antipathy after it, the on-creeping terror of the truth, the shock, the surprise, and then the only possible end of such a life—a broken heart.

At the outset Mr. Irving was in magnificent voice, and delivered some of the impassioned speeches as well as he has ever declaimed on the stage. Towards the conclusion of the play the actor tired a little, as well he might, after rehearsing all day and playing such characters as Louis XI at night. His finest scene was in the well-known speech that ends in an abrupt change—a device in which Mr. Irving is remarkably skilful.

“ When he who lives but to tear from you name,
Lands, life itself, lies at your mercy, with
Chance your conductor, midnight your mantle,
The bare knife in your hand, and Earth asleep
Even to your deadliest foe ; and he, as 'twere'
Inviting death by looking like it—he
Whose death alone can save you—than your fate,
If then, like me, content with petty plunder,
You turn aside. *I did so.*”

This change was remarkably effective, as was also the parallel one that concludes the first act, when, more dramatically than in the Macready version, Werner replies to Josephine's question, “What hast thou done?”

“ One thing I've left *undone* :
Thank God for that ! ”

Mr. George Alexander got his great chance in the showy character of Ulric, and availed himself of it. He has a good voice, enunciates admirably, and was in every way suited to this hot-headed, impetuous youngster, whom the act of murder changes from a frank and affectionate youth to a morose young savage.

We doubt if that excellent and useful actor, Mr. Wenman, has ever been seen to greater advantage than as Gabor. His indignation of injured innocence was as spirited as it was natural, and, from first to last, everyone understood the nature of the man. A third very capital performance came from Mr. Glenney as Baron Stralenheim. He looked well in his beautiful Hungarian dress, and his sarcastic sullenness was excellently assumed. These three performances did very much towards enhancing the interest of the play, and they elicited the approbation of those who well remember the Wallacks and George Bennetts and Marstons of other days.

Miss Ellen Terry, as the grey-haired wife of Werner, set an excellent example to her fastidious sister actresses who consider they are insulted when asked to play mothers of grown-up sons, and only do so by appraising their services at an extraordinary value. The part is nothing, but, as Dr. Marston remarked, it was made valuable by the assistance of such an actress. Mr. Howe as the

intendent Idenstein, and Miss Winifred Emery as Ida, completed a very admirable cast. The play in every detail was as perfectly done as if it were destined for a run, and this fact adds considerable value to the generous gift from Mr. Irving to Dr. Westland Marston.

Not the least interesting feature of the afternoon was the appearance on the stage of the veteran dramatist, who touched on his private sorrows, and expressed his heartfelt thanks in a speech distinguished for its graceful good taste, so impressive, so gentle, and so manly, that it deeply affected many present. After paying a generous tribute to Mr. Irving's liberality, and thanking everyone concerned for the gift that had been presented to him, Dr. Marston remarked that nearly half a century ago he had been connected with Macready—the "greatest actor in the days of his youth"—and now he was finishing his career with the help of the "greatest actor of his declining years." It was a speech that came from the heart of a true gentleman, and was from first to last a model of tender feeling and good taste.

This over, the audience would not be contented without a few words from Mr. Irving, who regretted that "Werner" could not be played again, and expressed his thanks to one and all for their cordial co-operation and support. Mr. Irving would, however, be well advised to produce "Werner" in America during his forthcoming tour, for it is an historical fact that one of Macready's greatest successes in America was in this play, and the young generation is as susceptible to the influence of good work as the old.

“The Dead Heart.”

By Watts Phillips. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
September 28th, 1889.

Robert Landry	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
The Abbé Latour	- - - - -	Mr. BANCROFT.
The Count de St. Valery	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Arthur de St. Valery (His Son)-	- - - - -	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
	(His first appearance on the Stage).	
Legrand	- - - - -	Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.
Toupet	- - - - -	Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.
Rebout	- - - - -	Mr. F. TYARS.
Michel	- - - - -	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Jean	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Pierre	- - - - -	Mr. TAYLOR.
Jocrisse	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Guiscard	- - - - -	Mr. BLACK.
A Smith	- - - - -	Mr. RAYNOR.
A Crier	- - - - -	Mr. DAVIS.
A Woman	- - - - -	Mrs. CARTER.
Cerisette	- - - - -	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
Rose	- - - - -	Miss COLERIDGE.
Catherine Duval	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Aristocrats, People, Soldiers, Gendarmes, Gaolers, etc.

SCENE.—Paris.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

PROLOGUE.—1771.

Scene 1.—The Garden of the Café de la Belle Jardinière. Scene 2.—
A Street. Scene 3.—Bedchamber of Catherine Duval.

ACT 1.—1789.

Scene 1.—The Bastille. Tableaux Curtain. Scene 2.—Apartment
in the Hotel St. Valerie. Tableaux Curtain. Scene 3.—The Café
Jocrisse.

ACT 2.—1794.

Scene 1.—Entrance to the Prison of the Conciergerie. Scene 2.—
Corridor in the Prison. Scene 3.—Room in the Prison.

ACT 3.—1794.

Scene 1.—The Guillotine. Scene 2.—Room in the Prison.

“*The Dead Heart.*”

More than thirty active years are evidently required to separate the earnest playgoers of the present from the enthusiasts of the past. Round and about the dim corridors of the fashionable Lyceum, on Saturday night, were scores of so-called veterans, with memories still bright and green, and hair still unwhitened, who could remember well the days of the old Adelphi in 1859, the genial reign of Benjamin Webster; the first strong original success of the popular dramatist, humourist, and caricaturist, Watts Phillips; the awkward clash between the unburied play and the famous novel by Charles Dickens dealing with the same revolutionary period; the double excitement of “The Tale of Two Cities” and “The Dead Heart.”

How time flies, and what memories come back with the revival of a tragedy of our boyhood! “Have thirty years really passed and gone?” said one Posthumus to another. “Years glide away and are lost to me! *Eheu fugaces anni*”; but how the old memories steal back through the mist of the past! How the gauzes rise, and the limelight is turned on as one by one the ghosts of the bygone time mingle with the figures of the present on the accustomed scene! First, the grave earnestness, the settled melancholy, the vivid artistic skill of Benjamin Webster as Robert Landry, the saddened man with the “dead heart,” whose love and life’s ambition were buried in the dungeons of the Bastille; next, the dapper, debonnaire, aristocratic Abbé Latour of David Fisher, with his soft, catlike purring manner, but underneath the velvet paw, claws that scratched and tore his enemies; then the boyish man and man-boy of John

Billington, who appeared as father and son, lover and rake, in the same play; the searching grief of Miss Woolgar, as the saddened mother of the young Count St. Valery; and the gruff tones of old Tom Stuart, as the faithful Legrand, contrasting with the cheery revolutionism of Kate Kelly, as Cerisette, and the undisguised cockney fun of young J. L. Toole, who had just succeeded Wright, and was allowed by tradition to play a comic part, independent of period, be it Court barber, or Republican gaoler, in the good old Adelphi fashion.

Of this famous cast, only the faithful friends, Mr. J. L. Toole and Mr. John Billington, remain to us on the stage; but the recollections of the production of that far-back time are still pleasant, even to the scenic excitement of the "Taking of the Bastille," the devilish dance of the "Carmagnole," and the wild singing of "Ca Ira," which Robert Brough had just rendered with such uncommon spirit in his "Songs of the Governing Classes," a "Song for Ministers," that might well be on the lips of the enthusiastic Radical of to-day.

"All will go right, will go right, will go right;
Papers may bully and meetings may rave.
Folks in the gutter may starve out of sight;
Fevers may wither, and choleras blight;
Warships may sink, magazines may ignite;
Suicide bankrupts may razors make bright;
Wine is abundant, and damask is white;
Let us to supper, and see out the night;
Put up the shutters to keep out the light;
All will go right, will go right, will go right;
All will succeed, though committees are strong."

But we have not to deal with 1859, but with 1889; not with the old Adelphi, but with the re-opened Lyceum. The old play is there, but in a new dress. Mr. Walter H. Pollock has been called in to revise the text of Watts Phillips, exposed to thirty years' torture of burlesqued melodrama; M. Jacobi is asked to add new spirit and life to the revolutionary music that must wail with melancholy and shriek with the mad fury of the *Sans Culottes*; every authority on costume has to be ransacked by Mr. Joseph Grego, Mr. W. H. Margetson, and Mrs. Comyns Carr, in order that the modern stage may give accurate pictures of the chang-

ing life between 1771 and 1794; the æsthetic and romantic Miss Ellen Terry, accustomed to clinging robes and suggested mediævalism, must dance in the flounced muslin and rose-covered short skirts of 1771, and then like a faint replica of the white-haired, saddened Marie Antoinette, weep for her idolized son; Mr. Henry Irving must for the nonce assume the saffron suit of the early Republican dandy, the becoming long surtout of Danton and Robespierre, and know exactly at what moment to put round his waist the tricolour sash; the question of beards and moustaches in the Republican army has been decided to a hair, and all that need distress the sceptics, is whether Robert Landry, in 1794, would write a swift despatch to Robespierre with a Cumberland black lead pencil.

The gain to the playgoer is that over all these stirring scenes of love, revenge, and hate, and terror—when the careless tripping of students, artists, and grisettes changes to the dance of death; when the low murmur of revolutionary songs swells into the shouting of the assault on the grim Bastille; and the story that starts in a merry garden ends with the tree of liberty and the blood-red guillotine—there stand the presiding genius and the restless invention of Mr. Irving, who, whether the play be too sad or too brief, too episodical or too consistently in the minor key, too monotonous or too old-fashioned, has unquestionably found in Robert Landry a character after his own heart, and added one more striking picture to the gallery of stage portraits, instinct with life, brilliant in colour, and illumined by art, that from time to time he has hung round the walls of the Lyceum Theatre.

With Mr. Irving's creations most are sufficiently familiar; and for the rest it matters not whether Macready has played this part, or Charles Kean that, or Benjamin Webster the other, it is certain that Mr. Irving has something new to say, and that he will say it in his own thoughtful, artistic, and impressive manner.

But familiar faces have been recognised, old friends made welcome to the play, and the new overture by M. Jacobi, cordially appreciated, when the curtain draws up on the prologue of the revived "Dead Heart." It is the year 1771, Revolution is whispered in bated breath.

Over the wine-cups in the gay garden of the Café de la Belle Jardinière, the surly old Legrand growls in an undertone the dangerous stanzas with the ominous refrain :

" There's hope for me, there's hope for you,
There's hope for man and woman, too :
There's hope for France."

But away with melancholy, and the dull foreboding of the oncoming storm. Robert Landry, the handsome young propagandist of the new faith, is engaged to pretty Catherine Duval. There must be drinking, there must be music, there must be dancing on the volcano under their feet. Landry is a sculptor whose masterpiece of Justice looks suspiciously like Vengeance! Catherine is a coquette, whose heart is as light as a butterfly. *Vive la Bagatelle!* Robert will wed Catherine some day, when the dance is over and the song is sung. But who are these shadows falling on the innocent scene? The scented Abbé Latour, with his snuff-box and his dainty air of Versailles, is telling the weak, love-sick Count de St. Valery how he may steal the pretty Catherine from her earnest lover. The thing is so easily done, particularly when the sensual Latour has a sneaking regard for Catherine himself. A false charge of insult to one of the King's mistresses; an order of arrest; and then off goes Landry to the Bastille.

No sooner said than done. The reckless, aristocratic Count, who honestly loves the girl, but is goaded on by his unscrupulous adviser mounts to the bed-chamber of Catherine, to compromise her honour; the jealous Landry finds his rival in the arms of his betrothed, and before the Radical artist can chastise the aristocrat, on comes the crafty Abbé, with the King's order, and condemning Robert Landry to the Bastille. It is an effective, stagey picture; and so the curtain falls.

There have been innumerable welcomes, and all hearty; Miss Terry in her muslin flounces and furbelows, as the frivolous Catherine; Mr. Irving, who looks wonderfully handsome in his yellow coat and dark, wavy hair, leading the dance of the students in the Parisian pleasure-garden;

and Mr. Bancroft (to the Lyceum for the first time) as the Abbé, received most cordial greeting; but it is found also that the Abbé wants character, subtlety, incisiveness. He has neither the affectation of the aristocrat, nor the craft of the sensualist. Mr. Bancroft is either very nervous, or he has not mastered the pitch of the house. And should not the reviser have told us briefly that the young Count de St. Valery is earnestly, not frivolously, in love with the fair Catherine, and that Robert Landry's devotion is not a pastime but a passion? The prologue, as it stands, requires those suggestive hints; but it is bright, pretty, novel, and picturesque, and it passes.

Eighteen years have passed away. We are at 1789, and the maddened mob is storming the Bastille. Flags wave, men cheer, women shriek, cannons are brought up, and down come the ponderous gates with a crash. In rush the men-maniacs and she-devils, and out come the tortured, and long-forgotten prisoners all reported dead. Last to be rescued is a doleful creature, with matted hair, unkempt beard, and wandering eye, blinking like an owl in the light, and beating his brain in his frenzy to get back memory as the blacksmith files away the murderous chains.

It is Robert Landry! who through all these heart-breaking years has lived on the thoughts of vengeance that must befall the two men—the Abbé Latour and the Count de St. Valery. How little does the poor wretch know what has happened! His enemy, the Count de St. Valery, is dead, but he has married the fickle Catherine, who lives only for her son, the boyish Arthur de Valery.

The wily Abbé is tutor to this callow youth, and is making love to the handsome mother. It is high time that the revengeful Landry returned from the prison grave. He spares the Abbé Latour when he first comes into his clutches, resolving to torture him still more, as a cat does a mouse; and when he meets his faithless but repentant Catherine his face is marble, his hand is cold, his heart is dead.

The first act is over and the play is waking into life. Mr. Bancroft has recovered from the tremor that possessed him, and has played the scene with the Countess in the manner of a soft and insinuating Tartuffe, with great delicacy of perception, if with not much accent.

The scene could bear still more colour, more force, more grip, more intensity. Neither Mr. Bancroft nor Miss Ellen Terry need be afraid to act it out, for finished comedy cannot be thrust into the crevices of such a drama. The acting should be crisp, incisive, and full of character.

But Mr. Irving has already had two fine opportunities, both greedily seized—the one when the distraught and half-witted imbecile is rescued from prison, and breaks through the mist of terror to the day-dawn of reason; the other when Landry, accosted by his idolised Catharine, stands motionless, statue-like, and nerveless in her presence. No touch of hers can heighten his pulse; no prayer of hers can touch his heart; no smile from that once idolised face can bring one response into the saddened and impassive countenance. The man is there; but his heart is dead. Mr. Irving with singular skill, has touched the key-note of the story. He is interesting, absorbing, as he ever is.

Action now, not reflection. It is the year 1794. The mob is in power; Robert Landry is one of the leading spirits of the Convention; the wretched Abbé and the boy Arthur are condemned to death. Now comes the turn for the implacable and revengeful Robert. He has to strike at two of his enemies: the serpent who condemned him to a loathsome imprisonment, the son of the man who became husband of his betrothed. Landry is in power at the prison of the Conciergerie. He summons the dissolute Abbé from his cell; he locks the door, and he offers him a chance of life, of repentance, and of freedom, but on one condition—there must be a duel to the death, alone! unheard, undisturbed! in that silent prison-house.

It is a splendid fight—craft and recklessness on the one side, determination and vengeance on the other. The pale calm face of Landry is opposed to the shifty, treacherous countenance of the Abbé. They fight and the Abbé falls. He dies with a secret on his lips, grovelling at the feet of his relentless adversary. "That man attempted my life, and I killed him. Remove the body of the citizen Latour!" So says the citizen Landry to the attendant soldiers, and the curtain falls.

The situation is one of thrilling excitement, and the

acting is admirable throughout. Mr. Bancroft is no longer Tartuffe, but Triplet. He is a new man. He jauntily carols in his prison Monarchical songs, and enters Landry's presence with a pathetic air of defiance. The duel has been well studied. Mr. Irving's pale, determined features were in superb contrast to the weak "fribble," with his lank grey hair. So effective indeed was the scene, that the curtain fell on genuine enthusiasm, and the brother actors were called three times.

Now comes the turn of Robert Landry's second victim. Arthur, the son of his once beloved Catherine, is condemned to die, and the weary mother is waiting in agony at the scaffold steps in the cold grey of the early morning. Will the relentless man save her son or not? Can she waken into life a heart so dead? Love can do nothing now; pleading awakens little pity. At last, by a lightning flash, the grim purpose of the cold stern man is changed. Catherine's husband has not, after all, been so much to blame. He would have rescued Robert from his prison, but the cruel Abbé held his hand.

This was the secret on the dying Latour's lips; this is the miracle that changes the dead heart of Landry into life, and love, and warmth again. "Give me back my son!" pleads the widowed Catherine, at the feet of her old lover. "If you have not forgotten all, if there linger yet in this voice which first whispered in your ear, 'I love you,' but one sweet echo of the past, let it plead for mercy now! I cannot live without my son—kill him, and you kill me! Ah, Robert! by the memory of our old love, I implore you, save my son!" To which impassioned appeal, spoken in exquisite accents of true grief by Miss Ellen Terry, the sad-voiced Landry replies, "A voice speaks to me from the grave! In the heart that I thought dead the old love lives. Come, Catherine! you shall see your son!"

Then comes the sacrifice, the beautiful devotion of Sydney Carton, the sublime self-sacrifice of Hugh Trevor in "All for Her," the true and only ending to this tale of woe. When the numbers are called, the faithful Robert Landry, who has nothing left to live for, takes the young boy's place, and sees mother and son united in a wild and passionate embrace, and Robert Landry, mounted on the

scaffold and under the knife of the guillotine, smiles sadly on the idol of his life as the curtain falls. There is but little tender or womanly interest in this sad and impressive story. Still it fell happily to Miss Ellen Terry to awaken it in tearful accents and melting moments ere the curtain fell. The scene at the base of the scaffold in the cold morning light was beautifully played alike by Miss Terry and moved the audience to genuine emotion. Of action and excitement there had been plenty; here was the pathos, true, direct, and unaffected.

It would be ungenerous not to testify to the careful aid given by others of the company. First and prominently stands out Mr. Arthur Stirling, who, as the rugged, tender-hearted soldier, Legrand, helped the drama at its most awkward moments. With his fine, resonant voice and impressive manner, always an important figure in the scene, distinct and clear in outline, he should have taught many a young actor present, that the old school not only makes itself heard, but felt. Not one word spoken by Mr. Arthur Stirling was wasted. The lines given him to speak were spoken, not smothered; things he had to do were done, not shirked. Many a foolish actor of to-day would think Legrand a bad part; Mr. Arthur Stirling made it a good one.

Mr. Edward Righton and Miss Kate Phillips may be congratulated on their restraint and artistic sense of propriety. It is not an old Adelphi drama, but a modern Lyceum play, and the comedians in these days dare not indulge in the frolics of their predecessors. They must be seen, but not heard too much. Mr. Gordon Craig, who made his first appearance as the boy, Arthur, is a comely youth, the handsome son of a beautiful mother, whom he much resembles. It is but a small character, but the young actor made it stand out in intellect and picturesqueness. Mr. Craig will be taught well, and he has every advantage in his favour. Mr. Tyars and Mr. Archer, as usual, did clever and useful work; but it might have been thought worth while to start the play and its interest with a better specimen of the Count of gay Versailles than Mr. Haviland. The very type of character he was intended to suggest, he, with great caution, successfully concealed. The prologue, which requires force of character, broke down exactly where

it should have been strengthened. The other scenes do not need so much bolstering up, though we still venture to think that the singing of one or two revolutionary songs would help the action, which, strange to say, at the Lyceum, is often flat, hesitating, and depressed.

It only remained for Mr. Irving to make one of his graceful first-night speeches, which was generously applauded, whereupon, the audience scattered in excellent time to discuss the many merits, artistic, scenic, and dramatic, of the famous old play, "*The Dead Heart.*"

“Ravenswood.”

By Herman Merivale. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
September 20th, 1890.

Edgar (The Master of Ravenswood)	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Hayston of Bucklaw	-	Mr. TERRISS.
Caleb Balderstone	-	Mr. MACKINTOSH.
Craigengelt	-	Mr. WENMAN.
Sir William Ashton	-	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.
The Marquis of Athole	-	Mr. MACKLIN.
Bide-the-Bent	-	Mr. H. HOWE.
Henry Ashton	-	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
Moncrieff (An Officer)	-	Mr. TYARS.
Thornton	-	Mr. HAVILAND.
A Priest	-	Mr. LACY.
Lockhard	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Lady Ashton	-	Miss LE THIÈRE.
Ailsie Gourlay	-	Miss MARRIOTT.
Annie Winnie	-	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Lucy Ashton	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Friends, Soldiers, Retainers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene.—The Chapel Bounds.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Ravenswood—The Library. Scene 2.—Tod's Den.
Scene 3.—The Wolf's Crag.

ACT 3.

Scene.—The Mermaid's Well.

(An interval of one year.)

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Ravenswood—A Room. Scene 2.—The Sea Coast.
Scene 3.—The same. Scene 4.—The Kelpie's Flow.



“*Ravenswood*.”

It is often used as a reproach to the present generation that it does not read Sir Walter Scott. Ruskin is never tired, in his addresses to the boys and girls of to-day, of contrasting the heroes and heroines of Scott with the ideal men and fair women of Shakespeare. The reproach can exist no longer. If we will not read the grand old Sir Walter, we can see him now, and know him, and understand him, not in a cheap and gaudy fashion, not in a mere theatrical sense, leaving the eye satisfied and the mind untouched, but thanks to Mr. Henry Irving we have all of us an opportunity, if we will only use it, of getting at the very heart and marrow, and watching the relentless finger of fate in one of the most fascinating romances of the mighty “Wizard of the North.”

Ruskin himself would be delighted with “Ravenswood.” Author, actor, painter and musician have worked together with one generous accord to treat the familiar “Bride of Lammermoor,” not as a mere melodrama, not as the tawdry theatrical version of a novel, not as a mere occasion for showy acting and beautiful scenery or alluring music, but as a wild and weird romance which has in it all the fierce elements of Greek tragedy.

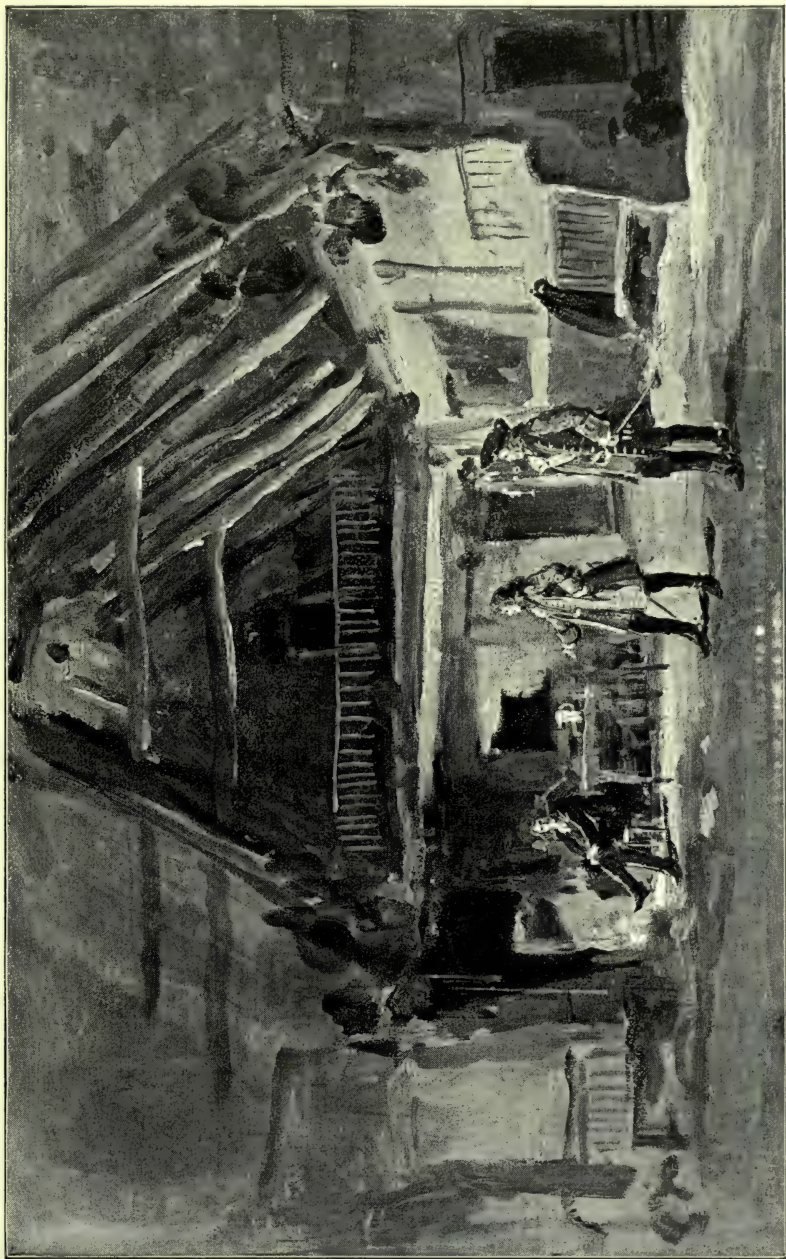
A dozen times Sir Walter’s familiar story has been utilised for the stage, as we have before pointed out. It has been used for an opera for tuneful tenors and enchanting prima donnas; it has been turned to account for East-end melodrama and West-end sensation plays; it has been seized upon as a subject for comic Scots actors, who delighted in old Caleb Balderstone and cowardly Craigengelt; it has been an alluring subject for pictur-

esque actors like Frederic Lemaitre and Charles Fechter; it has been talked about for its sensation scenes, its Kelpie's Flow and sinking quicksands, triumphs, as they were called, of modern scenic art. But it has been reserved for Mr. Herman Merivale and Mr. Henry Irving to give the old romance its highest dramatic significance and its most beautiful and poetic illustration. Yesterday it pleased the fancy, to-day it arrests the imagination.

The accusing finger of fate! The awful foreboding of destiny! These are the keynotes of the present remarkable composition; these are the themes that have inspired writer and artists alike. They have left nothing to chance, they have had before them one dominant and central object. Scott's story has been compared again and again to well-known scenes and characters in Shakespeare. We see here, dimly and fitfully, the love passages of "Romeo and Juliet," the funeral episode in "Richard III," the burial scene in "Hamlet," with Ophelia on her bier, and the Prince of Denmark waiting in shadow whilst Laertes springs into the open grave; the fateful scenes of "Macbeth," with the midnight hags hovering about the wild heath that encircles the Scottish castle.

Edgar of Ravenswood, Lucy Ashton, Hayston of Bucklaw, the ominous Ailsie Gourlay, and the crooning Annie Winnie all have their counterparts in the plays of Shakespeare. But never before, perhaps, has the spectator seen how the spirit of Greek tragedy pervades the pages of Sir Walter's work. Fate—resistless, unconquerable, dominant fate—hangs like a dark cloud over the spirit of the romance. The sibyl, Ailsie Gourlay, is the attendant chorus that proclaims the inevitable. From the moment the curtain rises with the awful Wolf's Crag, perched on the beetling cliff in the distance, haunted and cloud-wreathed, to the instant the curtain falls on that lovely and poetic picture of the lonely Caleb, in the full glow of the evening sun, bending down in reverence over the eagle's plume of his lost and loved master, we are in the presence of Fate. We see it in the face of the gloomy Master of Ravenswood, who struggles again and again against implacable destiny. No love, no resolution, no wandering can break the spell that hangs over his unhappy life.

Gradually, the light-hearted Lucy Ashton departs



"PROVOKE ME NOT!
MY MIND IS TOSSED AND HARASSED AS THE SEA,
AND I MIGHT PROVE AS ROUGH."

from sunshine into the shadow, from innocence to love, from love to doubt, from doubt to disappointment, despondency and death. When we do not hear Fate's warnings in the rhyme and legends of the old, grey-haired Scottish prophetess, moaning of destiny and the inevitable, we hear it in the thundercrash that breaks over the castle and rolls along the everlasting hills, as Edgar, struggling to be free, clasps Lucy in his arms, and the lips of the ill-starred lovers meet.

Surely some such thought as these must come to the mind of the spectator as he watches the unfolding of this remarkable romance, as the pictures of Scottish heath and lonely castles, the flower-starred forests and Mermaiden's Well, pass before his eyes, and as his imagination is stimulated with the wailing chords and enchanting melodies of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's beautiful incidental music. We are taken to the Chapel Bounds, in a picturesque landscape in the Lothians, when the curtain rises. At the back is a mountainous coast, and in the distance stands the ruined tower of Wolf's Crag, the last possession of "dark Ravenswood." "So he is gone, then, Adam Ravenswood!" Yes, the last Earl, persecuted by the Ashton feud, has gone to his rest, and he is to be buried in the lonely chapel ground by the remnant of his faithful retainers, with Edgar of Ravenswood at their head.

"Thou mystery of death, which every day
 Since first the weary world came plodding forth
 Upon its endless, aimless pilgrimage,
 Strikes home and home to lives which feel it not,
 Till face to face they grapple, and in vain,
 Pushing with passionate hands the phantom back,
 Show me thyself! Make clear thy rede to me,
 Who, from a dying mother's womb, half dead,
 Crept all unwelcome to the cruel breast
 Of this inhospitable step-dame, Earth,
 Which nourished me on robbery and wrong.
 Father! my father done to such a death,
 As ne'er before clipped crest of Ravenswood,
 Outlawed from home in very sight of home
 By low-born cunning, fat fed upon gold
 Wrung from the honest—wrested from the poor,
 Dealt from the damned coffers of the State!
 O God! Thou God!
 If that Thou be a God compassionate,

Sentient like us—like us of heart to feel
 And bleed before a keen calamity,
 Comfort my father, love him, cherish him,
 For he hath won the right through suffering.
 Take Thou his spirit to Thine arms, and say
 That all the Ashton's pride of place and pelf
 Shall reap the robber's harvest on the day
 When Ashton's head shall be like Ravenswood's.
 And as for me, that am the slave of Fate,
 To do Fate's bidding, and my father's hest,
 Answer for what Thou madest while I live,
 And when I die, plead Thou Thyself my cause,
 For what I may do is Thy work, not mine.
 Father! my Father! and my only friend!"

So sobs this sad Orestes of the Scottish hills, as he sinks on his knees before his father's bier. By the light of torches they have brought the sad burden up the mountain path. Friends and retainers are here, and all is prepared for the burial according to the rites of the religion that the old Earl loved. The priest is here with bell, book, and candle; Edgar is in his position as chief mourner; the old Latin hymn is dying away among the hills, when an officer of the Scottish Guard breaks upon the scene, armed with an official warrant.

"Set down your book, Sir Priest, and let the corse
 Be given to our care, to be bestowed
 Even as the holy presbytery bids
 According to the law."

For a moment Edgar pauses, and so do his kinsmen and retainers. But it is simply a ruse. The dark-browed Ravenswood stamps his warrant under his foot, and defies the law, and all the Ashton brood. Sir William Ashton arrives on the scene, and with him his fair daughter Lucy. The moment is vital. Ravenswood hungers for revenge, and longs to crush or kill his father's enemy. The momentary quarrel threatens to end in bloodshed. "Then let my sword hilt mark you from to-day!" shouts the impetuous Master of Ravenswood. But the maiden stays his hand. "What are you, lady?" he asks, awestruck as he gazes into her gentle face. "I am his daughter, sir, and I am by." Mechanically the sword falls from the hand of Ravenswood, the light of anger dies out from his eyes. Still dreaming, he looks at her, half angry, half

unconvinced. "A daughter of that race! I bide my time!"

And so the curtain falls on a very remarkable, striking and picturesque prologue. Fate has worked its mysterious ways through the blue eyes of a gentle girl.

In the old library of Ravenswood, now owned by the Ashtons, Lucy pleads with her father the cause of the lonely Edgar. Has he not suffered enough without being placed under the ban of the Council for yesterday's scene? Scarcely has light-hearted Lucy rushed off with her madcap to scamper in the park, ere Edgar Ravenswood is announced. Revengeful and gloomy as ever, he would finish the Ashton quarrel straight off with the enemy of his race. Sir William thinks this hurried duel is assassination. "No, sir," says Edgar. "Justice! Are you a coward, then?" As they cross swords, Edgar's look falls on a maiden's portrait. "Whose is that picture? That face shall arm me 'gainst your best assault!" "It is my daughter's!" "Put that weapon down. I will not fight with you!" Fate has interposed. The girl's voice rings in Edgar's ears; her sweet face haunts him.

Impetuous, changeable as ever, he will leave Scotland and go to exile in France. Scarcely are the words uttered than a cry is heard. Lucy is in danger, and is being pursued by a maddened bull. Ravenswood seizes a gun from the rack. "Is the gun charged?" "Yes, Yes!" Edgar aims, and fires from the window, and adds, sententiously. "There is no cause to fear." Lucy's life has been saved, and the man who has saved her, according to her father, "in these halls, has now a worthier title, Edgar Ravenswood." Presumably this mad bull scene was inevitable. Lucy's life must be saved somehow by her lover. But what is natural in the novel, with the aid of description, becomes dangerous in the play. It is the only "risky" moment in the drama, but the inevitable inclination to an irreverent laugh was at once suppressed.

The drama immediately relapses into gloom again. After the incident of the disarming of Bucklaw by Ravenswood and the insults heaped upon the impetuous youth by his erst friend and companion—all of

which takes place in a lonely Scottish tavern, and not on the open moor—we arrive at Wolf's Crag, where, in the interior of a ruinous tower, the fate-haunted Ravenswood apostrophises the sea:

"Roll on, roll on, thou everlasting sea,
Unstilled by ages and untouched of time,
On thine unmeaning Mission!
Art thou not weary, ocean, of thy doom
Of long imprisonment? Irks it thee not
To beat thine heart out on the surly coasts
And twice a day th' eternal siege renew
Without an answer, or the voice of nature.
To read thee what thou art, and whence and why!
Ah! yield me up your secret, sea and stars
And tell me what you are and what I am.
Are we one deathless substance born of God,
Or wandering vapours of the silken mist,
Self-formed, self-nourished, self-annihilate.
Out of these fancies that so crowd the brain,
Exhausting and not filling."

The moody philosopher is interrupted by the mysterious arrival of Sir William Ashton and Lucy. They have been caught in a storm, and demand the hospitality of shelter. What wonder that love should spring from such an interview! Hate and revenge are to disappear, and Lucy is the peacemaker. Ravenswood is to be taken in her fair company to be an honoured guest at Ravenswood. Alas! how soon they have forgotten the fateful ring of the old rhyme:

"When the last Ravenswood of Ravenswood shall ride
To woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's Flow
And his name shall be lost for evermore."

Fate for the moment is forgotten, but it asserts itself in the thunder clap when the lips of man and maiden meet. But away dull care and the forebodings of old Caleb Balderstone.

"Heaven fairly prosper this so well begun,
To-morrow we set forth to Ravenswood."

To the relief of everybody there is a break in the

thundercloud. The sky is blue again, for love is lord of all. Who should be sad in such an enchanting spot as the forest glade by the Mermaiden's Well? The under-wood is carpeted with primroses and cowslips and blue hyacinths that seem the heaven upbreking through the earth. We can almost catch the sweet odour of the country in Mr. Hawes Craven's enchanting picture—his very masterpiece. What a place for love and vows and interchanging kisses! Hither come Edgar and Lucy to gaze into the deep pool, to clasp one another's hands, to interchange love tokens, to divide the ring as a token of everlasting fidelity.

EDGAR :

"Look at this pool! Out of its crystal depths
They say a doom is mirrored from my race.

LUCY :

"I only see mine own face mirrored there.

EDGAR :

"Should that, then, be thy doom?"

They cannot, try as they will, get rid of the impending destiny. How they, unknowing, babble on of love, like careless children! He kisses her.

"Sweetheart, so!

One glimpse of joy in an hour of this
May make amends for all.

LUCY :

"A life shall do it.

EDGAR :

"May God send it so!
And whatsoever hap between us two,
Plight me your faith, as I will pledge you mine
In good Scottish manner. See this ring?
It was my mother's, love! wear you this half,
As I will wear the other.

LUCY :

"At my heart.

EDGAR:

"And so be all ill-omen exorcised.

LUCY:

"Dream of dreams! Be it my task to cure you!"

But again sailing across the love sky comes the rain-charged cloud. Ailsie Gourlay stands under the forest trees, warning them like the chorus in a Greek tragedy. Lady Ashton is on the road, and Lucy shudders. "You do not know," she murmurs, drearily, "The dread which did o'ercast your spirit, lies on mine." Love, that has them in his net, cannot override Fate. And so the lovers are parted by the Mermaiden's Well in the springtime forest glades. What an embrace it is, so full of love, of joy, of hope, of rapture! "Edgar!" she cries, burying her face in his breast, and the two factions, Athole and Douglas, take a different path through the sun-kissed forest ways.

"Good-bye, this is but for the hour,
In one year's time I come to claim my bride.
Till then, my love, keep troth and wear my ring."

We are hurried on to the inevitable conclusion. Fate, a laggard before, is now endowed with winged feet. The Douglas faction has been too strong for pale and sorrow-stricken Lucy Ashton. More than a year has passed. Her lover's letters have been denied her; her own passionate entreaties to the absent Edgar have been kept back; her mind has been poisoned by her relentless mother with lying tales of Edgar's perfidy. The Bride of Lammermoor is to be contracted to the fire-eating young Hayston of Bucklaw. Trembling, agonised, entreating, she is compelled to sign her life away, when, travel-stained, worn, and risen as from the grave, arrives the wretched Edgar. It is too late. Feebly, dazed, and in a dream, Lucy reproaches her long lost lover:

"Is this all true?

LUCY:

"I do not know; I scarcely think it is
The foreign woman whom they have said you wooed.

EDGAR

"What foreign woman? *Womanhood to me is foreign,*
Save yourself! What have you done?"

What need to ask! There stands the accursed deed
before the dejected eyes of the dazed lover.

"Then so it ends! Here, Lucy, is the ring,
A very petty broken hoop of gold
In token that a bond more strong than that
Is snapped more easily. Return to me
The token of my foolish confidence,
The broken part is yours for evermore."

And so the end comes. Edgar rushes from the scene,
heaping insult upon insult on his assembled enemies,
and Lucy, left alone, heart-broken, abandoned, waits for
her lost ring in half-maddened agony.

"The ring! where is the ring? the ring he gave me,
Plighting me his, his for life, for death.
'Twas here a moment since, here on my heart!
Ah! it is stolen. Back! I know you not, Edgar!
My heart; yes, God is merciful, Edgar.
My love! I meet you; yes, I come."

But there is no response. Edgar is gone, and Lucy
has swooned to death. Her madness is only hinted at;
it does not actually exist. Not even for the sake of
such an actress, an actress who has played Ophelia and
Lady Macbeth, are we allowed a mad scene. She is not
permitted to slay Bucklaw in their marriage chamber, or
to exult over the ghastly murder. The actress could
have done it, done it nobly and well, with power and
without offence. But the tragedy is complete without it.
Edgar has gone, and Lucy is dead. Fate awaits outside
with the fulfilment of the prophecy. With a quick and
savage sword thrust the assertive Bucklaw is disposed of,
and tearing himself away from the faithful Caleb, poor
Edgar Ravenswood rushes to his doom. No one is left
on the stage but Fate, embodied in the old Scotch sibyl.
The last Ravenswood has ridden to Ravenswood.

"The dead bride is wooed,
The steed is stabled in the Kelpie's Flow,
And Ravenswood is lost for evermore."

No, there is one scene more, a lovely allegory, a fitting picture to conclude the poetic romance. In the red glare of the setting sun, over a waste of sand, nothing is seen but the raven's plume of the dead Ravenswood. Over this the lonely servitor bends lovingly. We seem to hear the tears falling upon his cruel grave. He at least has been faithful unto death.

In Edgar of Ravenswood, Mr. Irving has a character after his own heart—romantic, picturesque, impressive, and full of influence. His good work on this remarkable drama does not end with the moulding of it, but in the acting of the scenes that give it life, and meaning and vigour. He is the dominant figure in every one of the important scenes. We have need to do more than look at him ; we are bound to be attracted by him. Always, as is right, the figure on which the eye rests with most satisfaction, from the first moment he struck the chord of the drama that by his power was steadfastly maintained. But in one scene Mr. Irving rose to very special excellence. We never remember in a play of this kind to have seen him to such advantage as when the exiled Ravenswood returns to face the faithless Bride of Lammermoor.

How difficult it is to be original at such a situation—one of the most theatrical and conventional on record. Yet here Mr. Irving displayed his power of originality and of thinking out an old scene in a new way. We saw the man who had been ill, harassed, distracted and well-nigh heart broken. He did not bound on to the scene in the accepted manner. He tottered on—spent, haggard, and forlorn. On his face were the lines of a year's agony and anxiety. He did not storm or scold. He looked dazed, as if he were recovering from a blow. He was a man, a Ravenswood, not an actor. The fate that had pursued him with such relentless vengeance was combated with yet one struggle more. But it was the struggle of a spent man. He had done his utmost, and the end was at hand.

And what did Mr. Irving look like ? will be the inevitable question. Well, sometimes like his old picture in "Vanderdecken"—one of the finest things he ever did. Sometimes like Mr. Long's picture of him as Hamlet. But he looked younger, by fifteen years, as Ravenswood.

It was the author's fault that Miss Ellen Terry had to play a waiting game. For the first few scenes Lucy Ashton was nothing. No actress in the world could make her effective. What looked like insincerity on the part of the actress was want of material. She could do nothing, for she had nothing to do. But as the character came into prominence, so did Miss Terry. When love came, then came the artist. Weary of coyness, of maiden modesty, of nothingness, the actress woke up with the part. She could do nothing with the scene at Wolf's Crag, because the dramatist left her in the lurch; but the scene at the Mermaid's Well, the poetic episode, the plighting of troth, and the romantic parting with her lover, were all in her best manner. The death was sudden and it gave little opportunity. It was worked up to with exquisite detail, which the audience fully appreciated; and if we were not permitted to see Lucy's mad scene, we saw her touching and poetic death.

From the point of view of art, one of the most remarkable performances was the Ailsie Gourlay of Miss Marriott. One false note here would have ruined the whole composition. A bad and inexperienced actress would not only have been a bore, but a bane. Experience teaches, and never did Mr. Irving exercise greater judgment than when he gave Ailsie Gourlay to this actress of a sound and good old school. Her elocution was as admirable as her art was faultless. It might have been a slight advantage to the play if Mr. Wenman as Craigen-gelt, and Mr. Alfred Bishop as Sir William Ashton, had changed places. The one wanted character, and the other, impressive dignity.

A thoroughly admirable performance throughout was the Bucklaw of Mr. William Terriss, who, like Mr. Irving, put back the clock of life by fifteen or twenty years. He played it exactly in the right spirit—assertive, but never vulgar; domineering, but never loud; conceited, but never foppish. The play wanted all the relief it could get, and Mr. Terriss gave the welcome touch of change from persistent gloom. If Mr. Mackintosh lacked humour in the comic scenes as Caleb Balderstone, he displayed unexpected power at a vital moment of the play. It is not every actor who can hold an audience by force of description just when the hero has gone, and the

tale is well nigh told. Mr. Mackintosh never had a more difficult part to act. He succeeded when failure would have been fatal.

Mr. Howe, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Tyars, and Miss Le Thiere all gave useful help to a work which, in ensemble and finish, has rarely been exceeded, even on the Lyceum stage. And there is no need to say how Mr. Irving, in his spirited and artistic enterprise, was materially assisted by such artists and art lovers as Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., Mr. Hawes Craven, and Mrs. Comyns Carr.

Within a few days the recollection of every spectator will be stimulated with this or that scene, or pose, or grouping; but the colour—the wondrous harmony of colour—can never be seen except on the Lyceum stage, which, in this recent play, has appealed forcibly to the imagination, and added glory to the poetic drama.

After such a success there could be only one scene more. The whole house testified their approval in the most unanimous fashion, and when Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and their companions, had been called again and again, it only remained for the manager gracefully to regret the absence of the author, Mr. Herman Merivale. It is to be hoped that his success will help him to health and life again.

“ Henry the Eighth.”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
January 5th, 1892.

King Henry VIII	- - - -	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.
Cardinal Wolsey	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Cardinal Campeius	- - - - -	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Capucius (Ambassador from Charles V)	- -	Mr. TABB.
Cranmer (Archbishop of Canterbury)	-	Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.
Duke of Norfolk	- - - - -	Mr. NEWMAN.
Duke of Buckingham	- - - -	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.
Duke of Suffolk	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Earl of Surrey	- - - - -	Mr. CLARANCE HAGUE.
Lord Chamberlain	- - - - -	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.
Gardiner (Afterwards Bishop of Winchester)	-	Mr. LACY.
Lord Sands	- - - - -	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.
Sir Henry Guildford	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Sir Thomas Lovell	- - - - -	Mr. STEWART.
Sir Anthony Denny	- - - - -	Mr. DAVIS.
Sir Nicholas Vaux	- - - - -	Mr. SEYMOUR.
Cromwell (Servant to Wolsey)	- - -	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
Griffith (Gentleman Usher to Queen Catherine)	-	Mr. HOWE.
Gentlemen	- - - - -	{ Mr. JOHNSON.
		{ Mr. ARCHER.
Garter King-at-Arms	- - - - -	Mr. BELMORE.
Surveyor to Duke of Buckingham	- -	Mr. ACTON BOND.
Brandon	- - - - -	Mr. SELDON.
Sergeant-at-Arms	- - - - -	Mr. POWELL.
A Messenger	- - - - -	Mr. LORRIS.
A Scribe	- - - - -	Mr. REYNOLDS.
A Secretary	- - - - -	Mr. CUSHING.
Queen Katherine	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Anne Bullen	- - - - -	Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH.
An Old Lady	- - - - -	Miss LE THIÈRE.
Patience	- - - - -	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—London—The Palace at Bridewell. Scene 2.—Outside the Palace. Scene 3.—The Council Chamber in the Palace. Scene 4.—A Courtyard. Scene 5.—A Hall in York Place.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—The King's Stairs, Westminster. Scene 2.—An Antechamber in the Palace. Scene 3.—A Garden in the Palace. Scene 4.—A Hall in Blackfriars.

ACT 3.

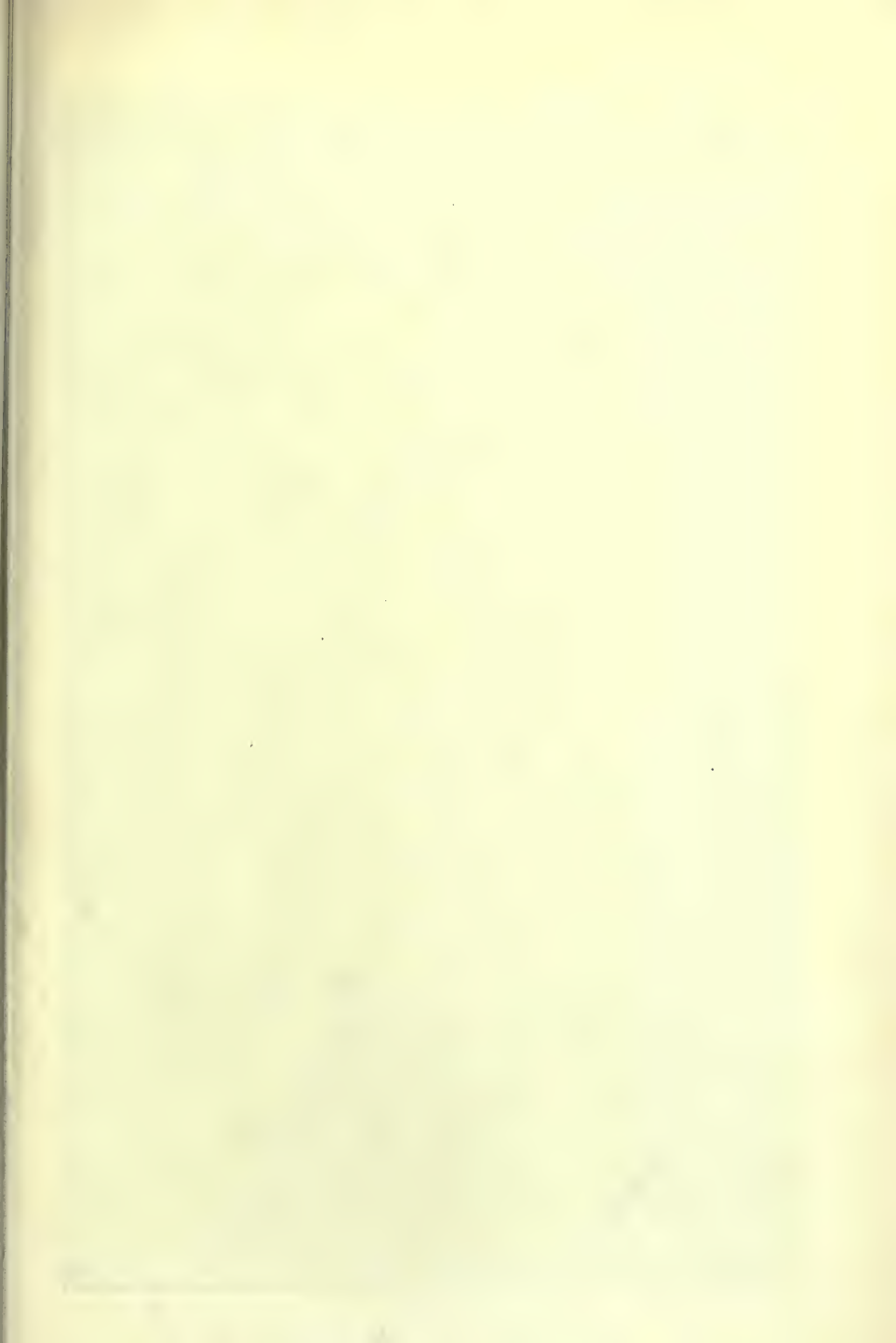
Scene 1.—The Queen's Apartment. Scene 2.—The Palace at Bridewell.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—A Street in Westminster. Scene 2.—Kimberton.

ACT 5.

Scene.—Greenwich—Church of the Grey Friars.





“*Henry the Eighth.*”

Never before in our memory has the old Lyceum contained such an exceptionally brilliant audience as assembled last night to see the glories—histrionic, musical, decorative, and spectacular—of Mr. Henry Irving's last and unexampled Shakespearean revival. And there have been grand first nights before at the Lyceum in the memory of many a devoted playgoer. Do you remember the first night of Charles Fechter's management—the Fechter who had turned the heads of all artistic London with his *Ruy Blas* and *Hamlet* when engaged by the elder Augustus Harris at the Princess's? That was a memorable first night.

Charles Dickens and his multitudinous admirers were in the ascendant, and they one and all believed in Fechter, and had come to see their favourite act in a showy French melodrama, “*The Duke's Motto*,” which was just the kind of thing he could do to perfection. The scene comes back as if it were yesterday. Kate Terry, the eldest of the gifted sisters, was then in the prime of her pure English beauty, and her persuasiveness, and the love scenes between Fechter and Kate Terry were a revelation to the playgoers of those days. And by their side were handsome George Jordan and clever Sam Emery.

It was a splendid first night at the Lyceum. And then, after an interval of nothingness, Fechter having departed, and quarrelled with all his patrons and friends, came the Bateman *régime*, and the sudden rise to fame of Henry Irving. He had stirred all London to the core with “*The Bells*,” performed first to a half-empty house,

but he had triumphed, and now he was advanced by "Colonel" Bateman to the position of Hamlet.

All the world wondered. But Fortune had turned her wheel, and young Irving was the hero of the hour. That was a memorable first night for all who pinned their faith to Henry Irving. Then, when the Batemans yielded up their throne to the accepted leader of the stage, came triumph after triumph, success after success. It did not matter what it was—Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, Goethe, or Wills—the interest in Mr. Irving's productions seemed to increase season after season. But last night crowned them all, and it is right that it should be so.

The interest in the theatre, the dignity of dramatic art, the superb glory of representation, have improved marvellously since Henry Irving's accession to power, and it is recognised loyally and with enthusiasm by the professors of the sister arts. Once they turned their backs on the poor drama; now they rejoice with her and love her when she has been rescued from the mud and mire. Every art was represented. The painters came in full accord with Mr. Irving's ambition. Had not Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., marvellously rescued from the dark journey, and happily present a most attentive listener in a stage-box, given his enthusiasm and knowledge to the glory of Shakespeare on the English stage? With his aid we live once more in the days of bluff King Hal.

Music sent her offering in the person of brilliant executants and composers, for never before have music and the drama been so happily blended as in the sumptuous Lyceum revivals. Sculpture, literature, poetry, journalism, all went with one accord to the Lyceum, and, needless to say, brother and sister artists of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, who were free to do so, made a point of supporting the "chief" whom they so loyally obey and unreservedly love.

But long before the curtain rises, and some time before the overture begins, it is inevitable that the guests should listen to a buzz of conversation, and to general out-pouring of recollections. When had anyone seen "Henry VIII" last? When had anyone seen "Henry VIII" before. It is a curious circumstance, and one that will make many people stare, that Mr. Henry Irving

himself has never in his life seen this Shakespearean play on the stage. There can be no saying this time that he copied this from Charles Kean, and imitated that from Phelps. Whatever he did was his own.

His familiar friend, J. L. Toole, now happily recovering from a grave illness, has played Lord Sands in a celebrated Edinburgh revival under the Wyndhams, but Henry Irving, the producer, has never seen the play. Let us begin with the young folks first. Some there were last night who happened to be at the Aquarium Theatre early in 1878, when the grand old actor, Samuel Phelps, was within an ace of dying on the stage, in the character of Cardinal Wolsey and during the recital of the exquisite "farewell" speech. Utterly exhausted, he had braced himself for a final effort, but he muddled the text, struggled to the close, and fell exhausted in the arms of Cromwell, his secretary, then represented by young Norman Forbes Robertson, who led him off. That was his last appearance. Samuel Phelps appeared on the stage no more. But his Wolsey was a grand performance; and his picture in that character, painted by his attached friend, Johnstone Forbes Robertson, hangs to-day on the wall of the Garrick Club.

Another leap further takes us to the year 1855, when Charles Kean revived "Henry VIII" at the Princess's, and, by indomitable energy, made such a mark, and so silenced his detractors that he was able to pursue his path of well-doing in greater peace and with renewed energy. Mrs. Charles Kean had been seriously ill, and it was believed that she had retired from the Stage; but she came back as Queen Katherine, and made, perhaps, the most brilliant success of her career. Until that time the old playgoers only talked of Mrs. Siddons as the Queen, and they recalled the story how the sister of the Kembles had declared to Dr. Johnson that she liked Queen Katherine best of all Shakespearean heroines, "because it is the most natural and feminine," whereat the old critic mumbled, "You are right, madam, and when you appear it that part, old and infirm as I am, I will endeavour to hobble out and see you."

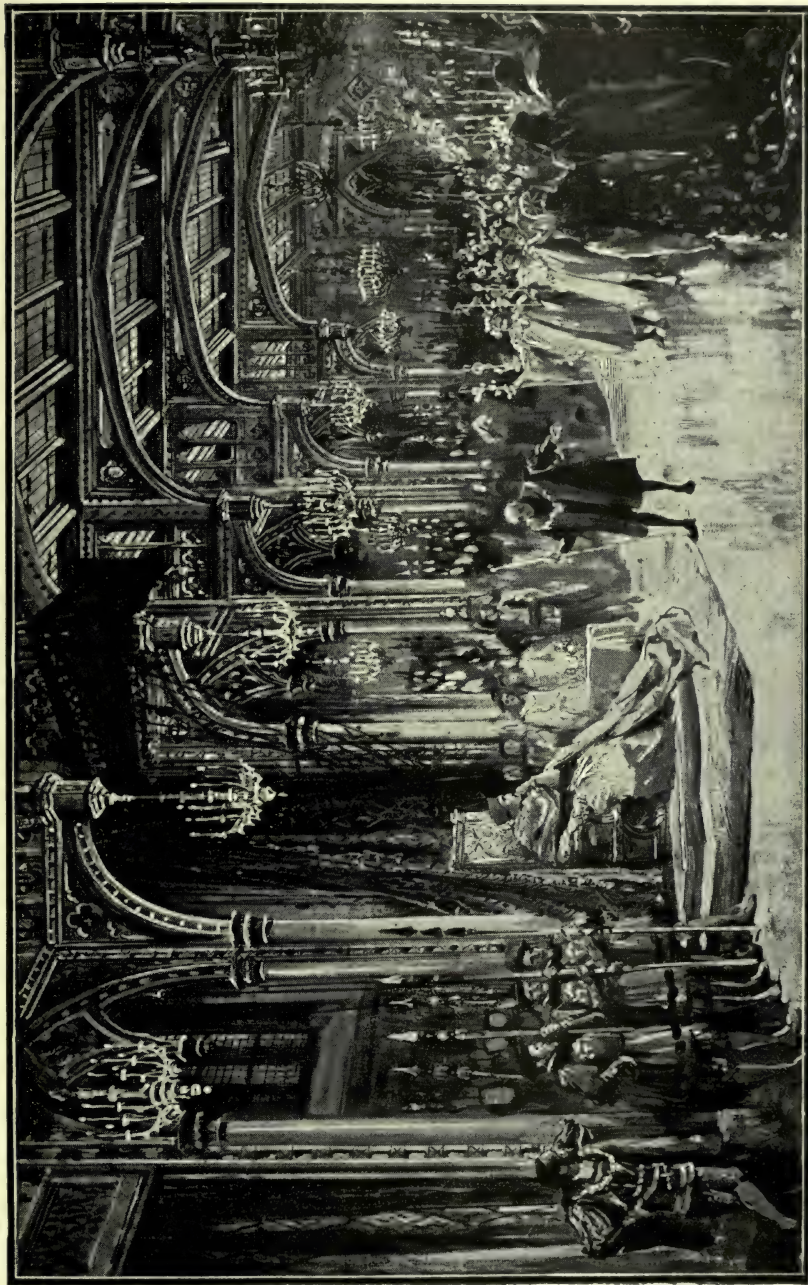
Playgoers not much over middle age can recall the Princess's revival distinctly. They can remember Charles Kean as Wolsey, a fair performance, but not so striking

as his Louis XI. They can recall with admiration the King of Walter Lacy, a splendid embodiment of dignity and sensuality, of good breeding and amorousness; and yet in their memories live the Buckingham of Ryder, the Griffith of old Cooper, the sweet Anne Boleyn of Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett). Meanwhile, the provincial playgoer has something to say of another noteworthy revival—it was at Manchester when Mr. Alfred Thompson was manager, and Charles Calvert produced "Henry VIII" on a splendid scale, and Miss Genevieve Ward made a superb Queen Katherine. And now comes a pause.

Few in the house remember Macready's Wolsey. We only hope that it was better than the picture of it in the old prints, which is not encouraging. No doubt he worked at it with his accustomed dogged industry, but in effect it was completely eclipsed by his Cardinal Richelieu. We must look from the audience to the stage to discover one of the few veterans who can recall the appearance of Edmund Kean as Wolsey.

Mr. Henry Howe, who played Griffith so excellently last night, might have been present at old Drury on May 20th, 1822, when Kean played Wolsey for the first time, with Cooper as Henry VIII, and Mrs. W. West as Queen Katherine. But it was not a performance that the Keanites rave about particularly, and, with these memories exchanged over the stalls, the huge audience settled down, stopped their reminiscences, and listened attentively to the overture, composed by Mr. Edward German and conducted by Mr. Meredith Ball.

Great was the wonder, naturally, to know what Mr. Henry Irving could possibly do to make more dramatic one of the most difficult of the historical plays of Shakespeare. Every student is perfectly well aware that it is a succession of pageants, a series of spectacular tableaux, with a thin thread of story loosely connecting them. In the midst of this blare of trumpets, these gorgeous processions, these masses of dress and panoply, we do occasionally obtain a vestige of dramatic moment. The humiliation and departure to death of Buckingham; the appeal of Queen Katherine for mercy before the court of Cardinals; her second scene with the Cardinals, unaccountably neglected by Mrs. Siddons, but restored with



Wolsey :

GO, GIVE THEM WELCOME; YOU CAN SPEAK THE FRENCH TONGUE.

[*face* 336



unanimous approval by Mrs. Charles Kean; the fall of Wolsey, with the pathetic farewell; and the dream of the dying Queen Katherine, have always been held by actors and actresses to compensate for the vivid current of interest that all good plays should have.

This was the view of the Kembles; this was the view of the Keans, father and son; this was the view of William Charles Macready; this has been the view of all managers who have paid serious attention to all the stage revivals of Shakespeare. Occasionally, as we all know, certain scenes of the play have been used for purely political purposes on occasions of State. If Shakespeare himself was not responsible for the courtly trick of pleasing Queen Elizabeth by a picture of her christening in the Church of the Grey Friars at Greenwich, with all its pomp and decorative splendour, surely it was permissible in after times to use the processional pageant in honour of Anne Boleyn as an exact reproduction of the coronation ceremonial of King George II.

What, then, would Mr. Henry Irving be able to do which his predecessors failed to accomplish? The curtain had not been up five minutes before he showed clearly enough in which direction his ambition led him. He intended, with the aid of modern effects, by a lavish expenditure of money, a careful study of every possible archæological authority, with Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., at his right hand, to guarantee correctness of every ruff, headdress, sword-belt, and shoe, to make this the most perfect reproduction of Court life in the days of Henry VIII, that this stage, or indeed the stage of any country had ever seen.

It would tax the imagination to believe what can be done on the modern stage until this splendid revival has been witnessed. There are fourteen complete scenes, elaborately set, and they change almost without descent of curtain as if by magic. The lights are turned down; there is a momentary darkness; and a gorgeously equipped scene, complete with furniture, is changed to another equally rich, literally in the twinkling of an eye. What would our forefathers have thought of this? What would our ancestors not have given for these marvellous mechanical appliances, which have not only done away with the wretched stage flunkey, and the rows of chairs

in front of the stage, but have enabled a capable manager to add beauty to beauty, and to bring the theatre as near to nature as it is conceivably possible to do? Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of reviving "Henry VIII," at all, one thing is certain, that at no time in the history of the stage has so superb a pageant been seen.

The first splendid effect is made with the entrance of Cardinal Wolsey, then in the fulness of his power, his wealth, and dignity. The silver trumpets sound, and amidst monks, retainers, servitors, choristers, and retinue, under a gorgeous baldaquin, the haughty Cardinal appears. Never before in our memory has Mr. Irving made so wonderful a picture. He is swathed from head to foot in what is miscalled the cardinal's scarlet. It is not scarlet at all, but an indescribable geranium-pink, with a dash of vermilion in it. The biretta on the head is of the same blush-rose colour, and it hides every inch of hair, bringing into relief the pale, refined, and highly intellectual face.

We see at once, at the first glance, how Mr. Irving intends to read Wolsey. He is to be far more like Richelieu than the humble trader's son of Ipswich. This is no man of ignoble birth who has risen by his brains to power. He is not coarse in feature, he is not gross, there is nothing of the vulgarian about him. There is majesty in his lineaments, a little foxiness in the face, but the power is that of the lynx, and not the British bull-dog. For the purposes of playing, Wolsey can be read anyhow.

True, the historian, Griffith, tells us in the penultimate act pretty well what manner of man Cardinal Wolsey was; still Henry Irving's Cardinal Wolsey is a cultured and crafty ascetic, not a man of dogged determination and of iron will. So fascinating, however, is this picture at the entrance of the Cardinal that the audience, if consulted, would have liked to stop it for a few moments. It was like so many of its fellows, a "living picture" that exactly fascinated the eye.

[We pass on to the first entrance of Queen Katherine, when summoned to the Council Chamber, in the Palace of Bridewell. Miss Ellen Terry, who seemed to be dreadfully nervous, looks every inch a queen—dignified, sensitive, delicate, and "like the lily that was once

mistress of the field and flourished." But it is clear to everyone that Miss Ellen Terry does not intend to play Queen Katherine like any single one of her recorded predecessors. If Mrs. Siddons is supposed to have said that the Queen is the most human and womanly of women, Miss Terry does not intend to show the kind of womanliness that Mrs. Siddons, or Mrs. West, or Mrs. Warner, or Mrs. Charles Kean, or Miss Genevieve Ward presented. She is to be no careworn matron, no good-hearted, tender-souled creature put on one side because she is not quite so pretty as she was, and cannot compare with the virginal grace of long-necked Anne Boleyn.

Miss Ellen Terry plays Queen Katherine with such infinite tenderness and pleading pathos that it is almost inconceivable that such a King, as even bluff King Hal, should not be troubled with qualms of conscience and a dream of divorcing so dainty a creature. } The scene in the Council Chamber, where the Queen is still by her husband's side, and, perhaps, too precipitate in urging her doubts of the loyalty of Wolsey, is followed by the superb masquerade in a Hall at York Palace, where the worldly and ambitious Cardinal sumptuously entertains his guests, and the festivities are interrupted by the disguised King and the maskers.

Half a dozen ballets in the ordinary and accepted sense could not contain the gaiety and picturesque variety of this scene. All is done by magic. In an instant the tables are cleared away, and the stage, occupied a few minutes ago by a Council of State, is now alive with bacchanalian dancers. Here the King, made up to admiration, and acted with wonderful *verve*, by Mr. Terriss, first meets the fatal Anne Boleyn.

The departure of the attainted Duke of Buckingham for death is the first important moment in the second act. Again a change, again dazzling variety. Fortunately for the interest of the play, the luckless Duke is represented by Mr. Forbes Robertson, who speaks the beautiful lines with rare emphasis, and gives to the scene that air of tender and manly resignation which it requires. The second scene of moment is the trial of Queen Katherine before the two Cardinals and the King. It is a picture of indescribable magnificence.

Raised aloft under a dais are the rose-robed Cardinals

as judges. The King is under a separate canopy on the left of the stage whilst Queen Katherine is on a low throne in what we should call the well of the court. This was Miss Ellen Terry's best scene. Here we had, in addition to the pathetic tenderness, a full measure of fire and dignity. The woman fairly held her own before the accusing man, and her scorn rang true. She was a little less powerful in the succeeding lines with the Cardinals; here again was the subject for a beautiful picture—the sad-faced Queen at her embroidery, and her singing maids around her, who gave the delicious song, "Orpheus, with his Lute, made Trees," to the delight of everybody.

At the close of the third act comes, as we all know, the only scene that can make Cardinal Wolsey an acceptable character for an actor of the first class. Hitherto he has been mainly in the background, but now Shakespeare makes him prominent, and gives to him the celebrated farewell speeches, that are familiar to every recitation class in the kingdom. Mr. Henry Irving does not swerve from his original reading of Wolsey. The Queen says of him, "He was a man of unbounded stomach, ever ranking himself with princes."

In Mr. Henry Irving's Wolsey we see nothing of the toady or parvenu. Apparently, he is the most refined and delicate-minded man at Court. Consequently, and true to this conception of the character, the farewell to all his greatness is not so much the regret of a strong and ambitious man baffled, but that of a keenly sensitive man disappointed in his friend. The fallen idol is not hewn out of stone or granite, but of dainty alabaster. Picturesque ever, Mr. Irving makes Wolsey's farewell one of tearful regret, and though taken at somewhat too slow a pace last night, it pleased the audience so much that Mr. Irving was called three or four times.

The play, such as it is, may now be said to be virtually over. There never, at any time, was much dramatic movement in it, but now it becomes once more purely spectacular. From a histrionical point of view, the death and visionary dream of Queen Katherine is as lovely and imaginative as any one could desire. It is a treat to hear Mr. Henry Howe declaim his lines exculpatory of the defeated Wolsey, but Miss Ellen Terry can do little else





but look lovely in whitened hair, and die gracefully with intermittent visions of the angelic hierarchy. Angels, with lilies and rustling wings, float all about the room and ceilings, and they become mundane angels, and present the Queen with the chaplet of St. Catherine. The music is soft and dreamy, the apotheosis, as it is called, is scenically effective, and the lovely Queen makes her swan-like end.

But we have not done yet with the pageants and the processions. We are shown a street at Westminster, when the long-necked Queen Anne Boleyn is going to her coronation. It is a marvellous picture of old London. Faces are seen at the casements and lattice windows. Garlands of roses are twined from house to house. Trumpets try to drown the orchestra, and the orchestra endeavours to defy the brass. Soldiers in armour, priests in cottas and copes, bishops, archbishops, and choristers, the Lord Mayor of London, with his official mace and robes of office, all pass before the cheering crowd, and at last comes Anne Boleyn, under a pallium, mounted shoulder high in the crowd. And even after that we are not allowed to rest our exhausted eyes.

For the baby Princess Elizabeth has to be christened at Greenwich; the burly King has to look very important at the font; Archbishop Cranmer, in the person of Mr. Arthur Stirling, has to pronounce a prophetic eulogium on the future Queen Elizabeth; and the interesting baby, of whom no one had ever heard before, has to be passed round to be kissed by a retinue of godmothers. By this time the audience is pretty well tired of pictures and pageantry, although they represent stage pictures unparalleled in the history of the stage. There can be no doubt that no play of Shakespeare has ever been adorned with such lavish expenditure, with such marvellous taste, and with such consistent accuracy.

Mr. Irving had so long died out of the play that he was able to exchange his Cardinal's robe for the manager's evening dress, and to thank the audience and the company for the assistance and courtesy he had received from them. There were shouts, and hearty ones, for Miss Ellen Terry, who seemed sadly fatigued all the evening, and special honours were awarded to Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. William Terriss, who

shared the minor honours between them. Mr. Edward German's specially composed music—particularly his processional marches—were very much admired, and it is marvellous to relate that this extraordinary production was concluded without a hitch or a wait before half-past eleven. Such a spectacular play has never been seen before, and it will be the distinct duty of everyone to go to the Lyceum and feast on the decorative splendour of the revived historical drama, with its innumerable costly pictures of life and costume in the reign of Henry VIII.

“*King Lear.*”

By William Shakespeare. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
November 10th, 1892.

Lear (King of Britain)	- - - - -	Mr. IRVING.
Edgar (Son to Gloster)	- - - - -	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.
Edmund (Bastard Son to Gloster)	- - - - -	Mr. FRANK COOPER.
Earl of Gloster	- - - - -	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP
Earl of Kent	- - - - -	Mr. W. J. HOLLOWAY.
Duke of Cornwall	- - - - -	Mr. HAGUE.
Duke of Albany	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
King of France	- - - - -	Mr. PERCIVAL.
Duke of Burgundy	- - - - -	Mr. BOND.
Curan (A Courtier)	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Old Man (Tenant to Gloster)	- - - - -	Mr. HOWE.
Fool	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Oswald (Steward to Goneril)	- - - - -	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
Physician	- - - - -	Mr. LACY.
A Knight	- - - - -	Mr. TABB.
A Gentleman	- - - - -	Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.
An Officer	- - - - -	Mr. LORRISS.
A Herald	- - - - -	Mr. BELMORE.
A Messenger	- - - - -	Mr. POWELL.
Goneril (Wife of Albany)	Daughters to Lear.	Miss ADA DYAS.
Regan (Wife of Cornwall)		Miss MAUD MILTON.
Cordelia		Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and
Attendants.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—King Lear's Palace. Scene 2.—Earl of Gloster's Castle.
Scene 3.—Duke of Albany's Castle.

ACT 2.

Scene 1.—Court within Gloster Castle. Scene 2.—Open Country.
Scene 3.—Court within Castle.

ACT 3.

Scene 1.—A Heath. Scene 2.—Another part of the Heath.
Scene 3.—A Farm House.

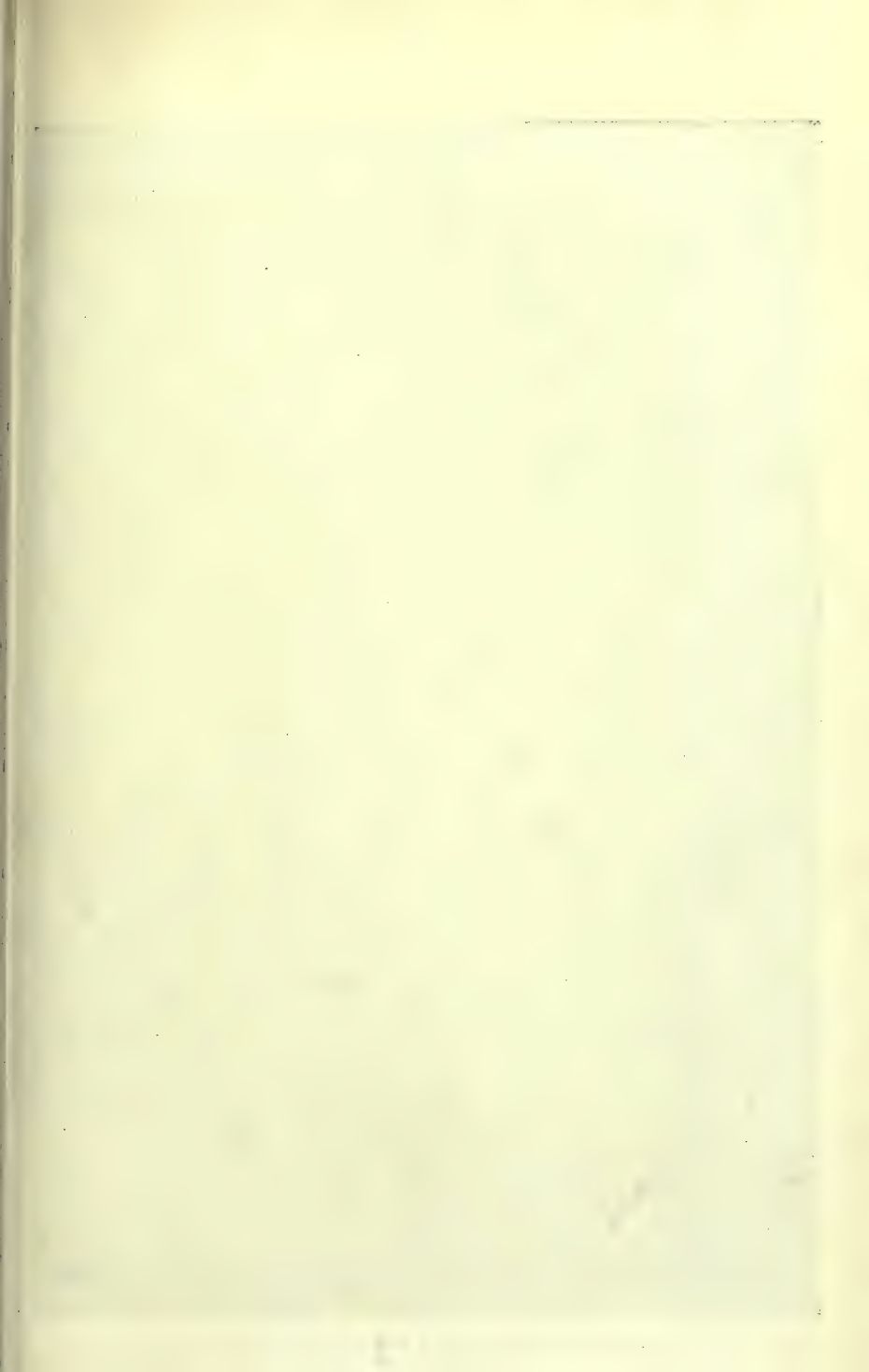
ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Albany Castle. Scene 2.—Open Country. Scene 3.—
Country near Dover. Scene 4.—French Camp.—Scene 5.—Tent in
the French Camp.

ACT 5.

Scene 1.—British Camp near Dover. Scene 2.—The same.

Scene.—Britain.





“*King Lear*.”

When close upon midnight the distinguished audience, released from its tension of spellbound excitement, gave way to an uproarious burst of cheering, it demanded, as usual, from Mr. Henry Irving, the customary speech. With that ready tact and graceful courtesy, for which he is distinguished, the great actor-manager explained, in the briefest manner possible, the mission of *King Lear* on the Lyceum stage. “If,” said Mr. Irving, “our humble efforts have been able to suggest to any one here assembled one of the countless beauties of this Titanic work, we have indeed been amply repaid.” Here, in fact, is the keynote of the situation. Here is the manager’s triumph in a nutshell. In the fifteenth season of the management of the Lyceum, the daring manager elects to play the most difficult work that Shakespeare ever wrote, a work that might have been so easily ridiculed, a theme that to the uninformed might have been so readily misunderstood. Yet what was the result? Not a ripple of irreverent laughter was heard, not a suggestion of indecorum was audible, and all the house, from stalls to topmost gallery, followed the fortunes of the infinitely pathetic and storm-tossed Lear. It was that very pathos which hall-marked the play with interest.

There have been wild Lears, Bedlamite Lears, Lears frenzied from the outset; here was a Lear who, from first to last, emphasised the chord of human affection. His brain only gave way when all the love he had to bestow was turned to gall. The actor’s task was one of heroic magnitude, particularly when we consider Mr. Henry Irving’s temperament and method. He is not an actor to do a thing by halves. He gets an idea into his head,

and steadily works it out to its legitimate conclusion. Never was there an actor who played less to the gallery, or was more indifferent to the applause of the moment. Often, he seems to stultify himself, and raises doubt in the minds of those who watch him. But he is working for an end, and in the end he triumphs. Without such an ideal Cordelia as was found last night in Miss Ellen Terry, such a Lear might have been considered a rash and hazardous experiment. But the artist knew where he had posted his reserves.

He was perfectly well aware from whom would come the relief, and it came certainly and surely when the distraught King found his pathetic solace in the arms of the daughter he had wounded and impetuously misunderstood. The play woke up and gained new life when Cordelia was discovered, and her great love tempered the anguish of the uncrowned King. Seldom has Miss Ellen Terry, in recent years, so risen to the occasion. Cordelia is not, after all, a very telling character; but the actress did wonders with it. She illuminated the play. Whether arrayed in pale blue or virgin white, she seemed to have cast away ten or fifteen years of anxious and harassing life. She looked as young as when she played Beatrice, and in every scene and situation she seconded the desire of Henry Irving to bring out the intensely affectionate nature of this tremendous father.

It would be difficult—nay, rather it might be considered rash and presumptuous—to attempt to describe in adequate language the barbaric splendour of the background against which stand this grand and patriarchal Lear, this auburn-tressed, most feminine, and enchanting Cordelia. The King, as we know, is a monarch created by the brain of the greatest of imaginative poets, and rightly does he dwell in a lovely land of imagination. Where then is this kingdom of old Lear? Who shall say? and who is there that rightly understands the fields of poetry, would care to ask such an unnecessary question? It is a fanciful England, no doubt, but certain it is that the Romans must have quitted the loveliest of lands, and that the Britons who supplanted them were mighty men and warriors of heroic stature. The eye is enchanted with pictures of fascinating and harmonious



"WHAT SHALL CORDELIA DO? LOVE, AND BE SILENT."

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colour, and the mind is absorbed in countless scenes of rare and imposing magnificence. The "dear white cliffs of Dover," are, of course, contrasted with the everlasting blue of the ocean that washes and engirdles our island home.

Traces there are on many a hill and wind-swept down of the lost age of stone and of Druidic worship. Temples there are, rude but stately, chipped and battered and moss-grown with time; columns and porticoes that have displaced the wattled huts and cliff caves of our more savage ancestry; but high, on many a hill in the Roman-deserted Kent, we see miniature Stonehenges, barrows, and Celtic relics of the days when the great cathedrals of Druidism were at Avebury and Salisbury in the adjacent Wiltshire. But the gifted artists, Mr. Harker and Mr. Hawes Craven, who have carried out with such skill and daring Henry Irving's magnificent idea, have not been too precise and exacting. Imagination has been their guiding principle. It is not unpleasant to believe that our island was once inhabited by these splendid men, who seemed like Vikings in the panoply and war apparel; or by women, noble and fair to look upon, who might have attended a court of King Arthur, as well as belonged to a retinue of King Lear. Nor can it distress the most precise and pedantic critics to have it suggested that in the oldest England there were vales as fair as in ancient Thessaly, and coloured panoramas as soft and beautiful as in sunny Italy. Differences there may be as to the precise artistic value of this or that conception of character. The Earl of Kent may be lacking in imagination and tenderness; the Edgar and Edmund may appear to the student a trifle too modern in tone; the Dukes of England and of France may not always come up to the high standard of the Shakespearean scholar; but, notwithstanding all that has been said and written of the revivals of the past, we do not believe that the English stage has ever seen the play of "King Lear" mounted and set in such a splendid frame or coloured with such artistic taste.

To Edmund Kean may belong the credit of shaking the stage free from the puerilities of Tate; we may owe it to Macready that the Fool was not banished from the old King's side; we may reverence the devotion to the

poet of a Samuel Phelps and a Charles Kean—the prince of archæologists—but, could they be with us once more to "re-visit the glimpses of the moon," they would own that Henry Irving has distanced them all, and put modern science and stage appliances to a noble use. It is not alone in the thunders, or the lightnings, or the pitchy darkness flash-illuminated, or the blue and purple shadows of the hills and vales, or the superb effects in armour and costume that this last Irving revival distances all rivals and improves upon precedent and the past. The matter for congratulation is, that the Shakespearean masterpiece is guided, directed, and arranged for modern audiences by a master hand.

Naturally, the question asked this morning by the countless playgoers who were unable to be present at the Lyceum last night, will be, "How did Henry Irving look as Lear?" There he stands before the mind's eye, and there he is indelibly stamped on the memory. Of all Henry Irving's tragic personations, this is at once by far the most picturesque and imposing.

A tall, gaunt, supple, and kingly figure, the thin and attenuated body weighed down with a swathing load of regal garments. A splendid head, indeed, with finely-cut features; the restless eyes; the yellow parchment skin, set in a frame of snowy-white hair and silvered, straggling beard; and, of course, those eloquent hands which have been so often discussed, and so frequently described. When the play is over, and the glamour of the scene is faded away, the new Lear will come back to the mind with vivid force. We see him at his entrance with the Court, tottering down a steep decline in an ancestral castle, half-supported, and leaning on the gold scabbard of the broadsword, which serves as a staff; he comes before us, kneeling and prostrate, before he delivers the mighty curse, "Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!" We recall him, magnificent in repose, resting on the couch when "oppressed nature sleeps." We leave him like some historic oak, shorn of its leaves by wind and storm, but with limbs and trunk still unshaken, even by the "rack of this tough world," calm in the majesty of death.

But the picture that will most delight is the Lear of



Cordelia.—SIR, DO YOU KNOW ME ?
Lear.—YOU ARE A SPIRIT, I KNOW. WHEN DID YOU DIE ?

reconciliation, the "foolish, fond old man," with the beloved Cordelia ever now in his arms, the gold of her sunny hair contrasted with the snow of his, father and daughter sublimely united in an embrace of love. That exit of Lear and Cordelia will linger long in the memory of all who instantly appreciated it. But, as yet, the question has not been answered. What kind of man, known to the student, does this splendid personality resemble? Someone will say Merlin. Yes, there is a something of Tennyson's Merlin in this rugged, impetuous, nervously sensitive old man, tall, erect, hoar-frosted, with the hard and cruel winter of life.

Shut your ears to the text, and, in scene after scene, it might be Merlin and Vivien, and not Lear and Cordelia. But these impressions are fitful and momentary. In its external aspect the comparison that at once suggests itself to the mind is one from sacred, and not profane, history. When the grand figure stands erect against a dark background, illumined with flashes of lightning, how is it that Biblical, and not Shakespearean, lore is uppermost in the thoughts? Henry Irving—not to speak it profanely, but in all reverence—in his character of Lear, might have stood for Moses on Mount Sinai, or Noah at the hour of the flood. His appearance is patriarchal, not theatrical. The stage vanishes, and we seem to be in the presence of the sublimest instances of hoary senility.

Many may think—and nervousness may possibly account for it—that the actor started the impetuosity of Lear at too high a pitch and too great a strain. He seemed to have exhausted himself before the race was run. But he "came again," when Cordelia was safe in his arms. At that point all interest was revived. The play was charged with electricity. A beautiful touch it was when the doting father brushed away his daughter's tears with his worn finger, and tasted the salt drops. And surely never before has Henry Irving given us so elaborate or so fancifully conceived a death scene. The object of the dying King was to kiss and kiss again the lips of his dead child.

For an instant, the power and vigour of youth up-started in this octogenarian at the words, "I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee." But it was momen-

tary and spasmodic. The flame burnt out, the fire was extinguished, and all that Lear could do was to struggle once more for the life of his child, and to toy with the rope that had encircled her lily neck. The death scene in "Louis XI" was fine enough, but the death scene in "Lear" is infinitely finer, elaborated almost to a fault. But not a detail was lost on the profoundly interested audience. Whatever may be the fate of the play, there are scenes in it, inspired by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, that will count amongst their greatest achievements.

Lucky it was that so excellent and experienced an actor as Mr. William Terriss was at hand for Edgar, one of the most difficult characters in all Shakespearean literature. It is not the actor's fault that the counterfeit lunacy is not more strongly impressed on the audience; but when the "Poor Tom" and Bedlamite business was over, and Mr. Terriss got a sword in his hand, he rushed to the attack, and disposed of Edmund in a very few seconds. Mr. W. J. Holloway clearly did not understand the beauty of the nature of the Earl of Kent—if he did, he failed to express it. A more prosy rendering of Kent—a kind of middle-aged Horatio—has seldom been seen. Miss Ada Dyas and Miss Maud Milton were both effective as Goneril and Regan, and Mr. Haviland must be congratulated on his very intelligent and unobtrusive rendering of the Fool. Mr. Alfred Bishop, Mr. Frank Cooper, and Mr. Tyars were all seen to advantage, and Mr. Gordon Craig came very much to the front by his vigorous performance of the detested Oswald.

It would take the space of an essay to describe the various subtle effects introduced at odd times by this scholarly stage director. For instance, at the close of the second act, Lear says :

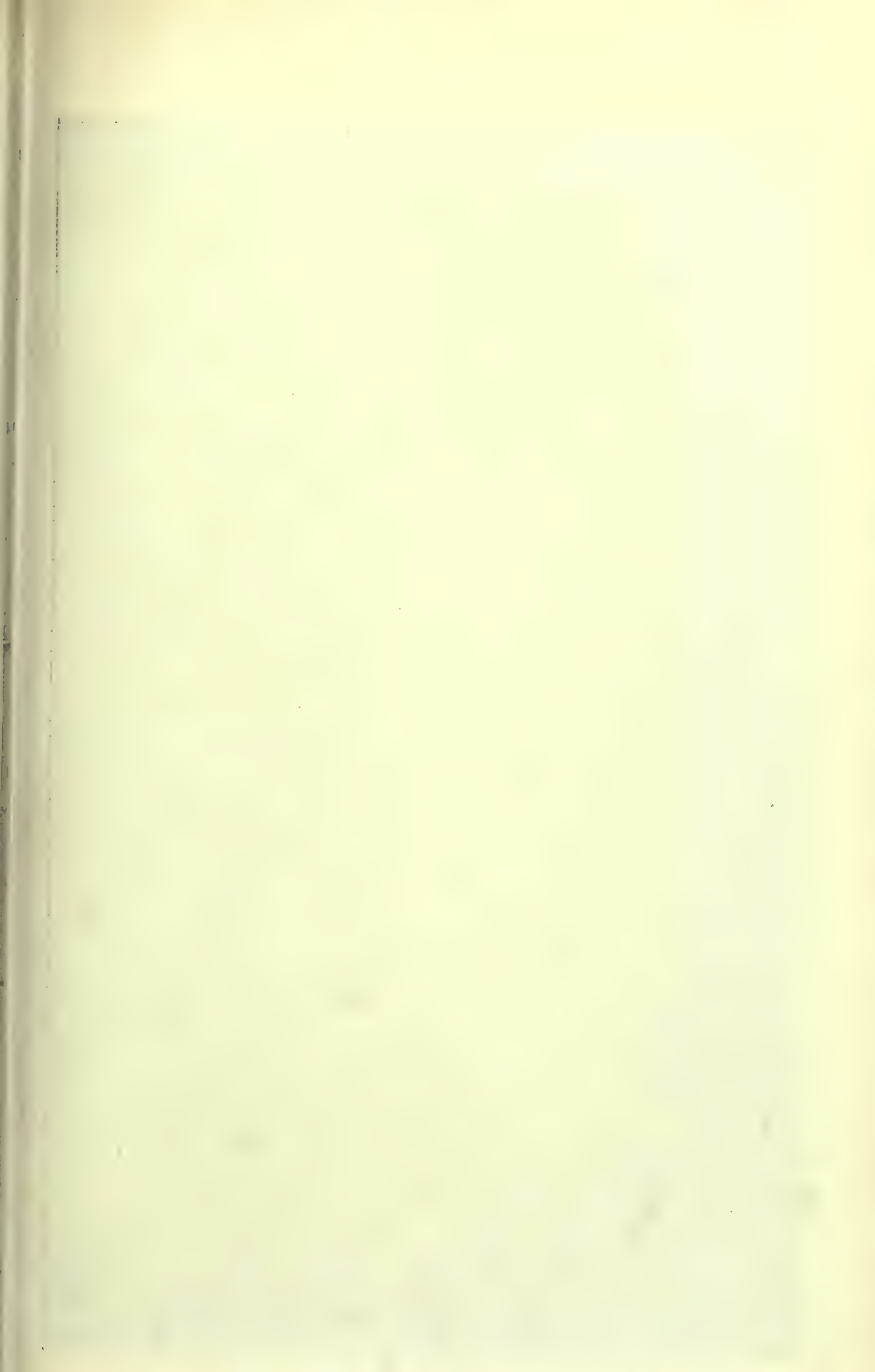
"You think I'll weep ;
No, I'll not weep.
I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O, fool ! I shall go mad."

But in the middle of this boast a thunderclap is heard.

Nature is greater than man. This is the beginning of the end. From that moment the mind gives way.

The tragedy is illustrated by most effective music, written by Mr. Hamilton Clarke and Mr. Meredith Ball, and it is needless to say that all the five acts went off without a hitch or interruption under the watchful eye of Mr. H. J. Loveday.

In conclusion, we must plead guilty to an accidental error in doubting recently whether Salvini ever played King Lear in London, or, indeed, anywhere in Great Britain. The great Italian tragedian gave a most remarkable performance of Lear at Covent Garden Theatre in March, 1884, based on a conception of the character which he had previously explained with some elaboration in the pages of the *Century Magazine*. Salvini, at the outset of the play, emphasised the hardy character of the old King. He was a sportsman, a hunter, and a rider, and in the first act there was no trace or suggestion of madness. It may be added, also, that Edwin Booth delighted the London public with his performance of Lear when acting at the Princess's Theatre, and he should, of course, be numbered amongst the famous Lears of theatrical history.





“Becket.”

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
February 6th, 1893.

Thomas Becket	{ Chancellor of England (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury)	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Henry II (King of England)	- - - - -	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.
King Louis of France	- - - - -	Mr. BOND.
Gilbert Foliot (Bishop of London)	- - - - -	Mr. LACY.
Roger (Archbishop of York)	- - - - -	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Bishop of Hereford	- - - - -	Mr. CUSHING.
Hilary (Bishop of Chichester)	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
John of Salisbury	{ Friends of Becket	Mr. BISHOP.
Herbert of Bosham		Mr. HAVILAND.
John of Oxford (Called the Swearer)	- - - - -	Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.
Edward Grim (A Monk of Cambridge)	- - - - -	Mr. W. J. HOLLOWAY.
Sir Reginald Fitzurse	{ The Four Knights of the King's household, enemies of Becket	Mr. FRANK COOPER.
Sir Richard de Brito		Mr. TYARS.
Sir William de Tracy		Mr. HAGUE.
Sir Hugh de Morville		Mr. PERCIVAL.
De Broc	- - - - -	Mr. TABB.
Richard de Hastings (Grand Prior of Templars)	- - - - -	Mr. SELDON.
The Youngest Knight Templar	- - - - -	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
Lord Leicester	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Philip de Eleemosyna (The Pope's Almoner)	- - - - -	Mr. HOWE.
Herald	- - - - -	Mr. L. BELMORE.
Monk	- - - - -	Mr. POWELL.
Geoffrey (Son of Rosamund and Henry)	- - - - -	Master LEO BYRNE.
Retainers	- - - - -	{ Mr. YELDHAM.
		{ Mr. LORRIS.
Countrymen	- - - - -	{ Mr. JOHNSON.
		{ Mr. REYNOLDS.
Servant	- - - - -	Mr. DAVIS.
Eleanor of Aquitaine	{ Queen of England (divorced from Louis of France)	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Margery	- - - - -	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
Rosamund de Clifford	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Knights, Monks, Heralds, Soldiers, Retainers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

PROLOGUE.

Scene 1.—A Castle in Normandy (W. Telbin). Scene 2.—The same (W. Telbin).

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—Becket's House in London (J. Harker). Scene 2.—Street in Northampton leading to the Castle (Hawes Craven). Scene 3.—The same (Hawes Craven). Scene 4.—The Hall in Northampton Castle (Hawes Craven).

ACT 2.

Scene.—Rosamund's Bower (Hawes Craven).

ACT 3.

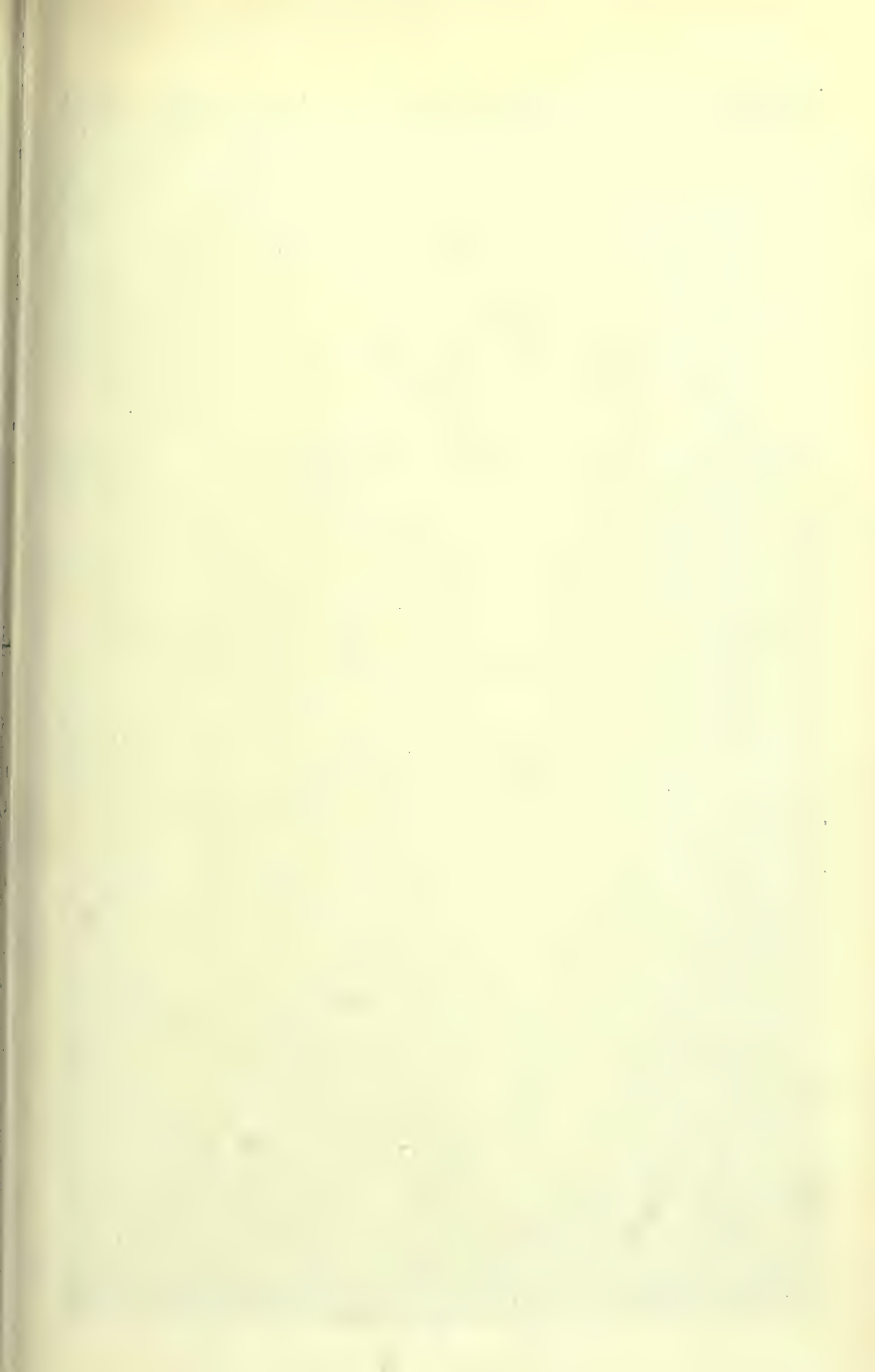
Scene 1.—Montmirail—"The Meeting of the Kings" (Hawes Craven). Scene 2.—Outside the Wood near Rosamund's Bower (Hawes Craven). Scene 3.—Rosamund's Bower (Hawes Craven).

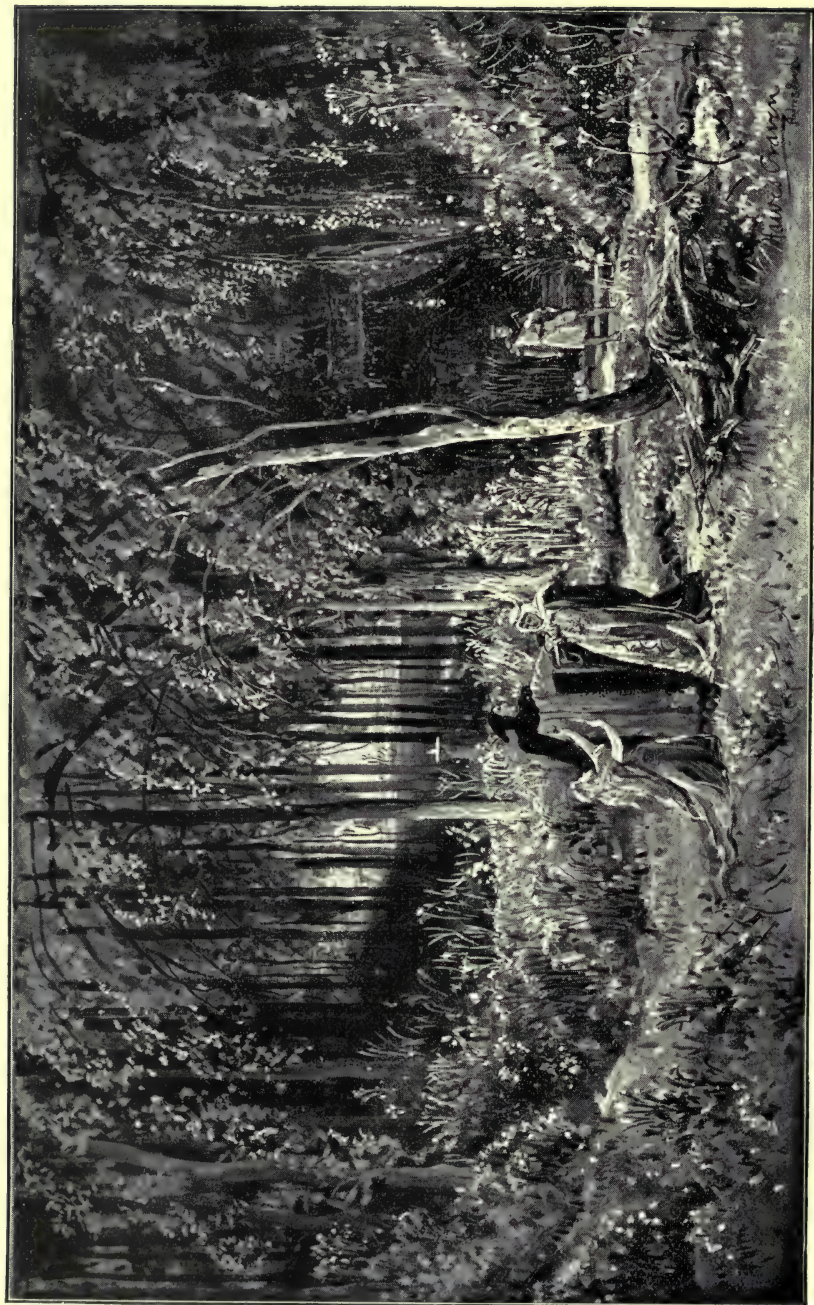
"At Merton the Archbishop assumed the ordinary habit of the black Canons of the Augustinian Rule, which dress he wore to the end of his life."—GRIM.

ACT 4.

Scene 1.—Castle in Normandy—King's Chamber (W. Telbin).
Scene 2.—A Room in Canterbury Monastery (W. Telbin).
Scene 3.—North Transept of Canterbury Cathedral (W. Telbin).

Period—Twelfth Century.





"DAUGHTER, THE WORLD HATH TRICK'D THEE; LEAVE IT, DAUGHTER.
COME THOU WITH ME TO GODSTOW NUNNERY."

“*Becket.*”

The noble play by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, exercised its old spell over an enthusiastic audience last evening. We are inclined to think that “*Becket*” is the very greatest of all Henry Irving’s stupendous achievements at the Lyceum. Splendid as have been his artistic gifts to the stage, this is, in a measure, the greatest gift of all. In the first place—a fact so little understood by the public, and less than ever by the poet with a hunger for the stage—Mr. Henry Irving has created a play out of an undramatic poem. He has formed, fashioned, and modelled a dramatic substance out of an undramatic cloud.

Take Lord Tennyson’s play, as written by the poet in his study. For the stage—impossible. Look at it now, as deftly handled by the craftsman, and behold a play that will last as long as an actor is found who can live in the part of the Chancellor Churchman as Henry Irving does. The actor has done splendid things before now, but we regard his *Becket* as the crowning point of his artistic career. The more one sees the performance, the more one is rivetted and fascinated by it. For in *Becket*, thanks to the artist’s delineation, we find, not exactly two men, but the worldly man gradually ennobling himself, and aspiring to the religious life.

The *Becket*, Chancellor of England, as we see him when the curtain rises on the scene, is not yet the same *Becket* as the priest who dies a martyr to his religious convictions. It is a triumph for an artist to be able in so short a space of time to convey the illumination, as it were, of a life vowed to duty and consecrated by faith. The *Becket* who plays chess with the King, who wears

his gorgeous lay robes, who shows his statecraft and ambition, is not the same Becket who has become half divine with the sense of his coming martyrdom.

Mr. Henry Irving has never done anything so subtle, so delicate, or so artistically graduated, as this merging of the statesman into a saint. The smile is ever there—very sweet, very captivating, most indicative of character. The smile of the man that won the King's favour is the smile of the martyr, ennobled by self-sacrifice and a sense of approaching death.

And there is always power. Becket is no weak priest. Look at his eye, and you will see his commanding force. But the power and the sweetness ultimately combine in all the last scenes of Becket's life, as depicted in the beautiful play. We can recall no artistic passage in the whole of Mr. Irving's stage career so exquisitely tender, so absolutely truthful, and so full of beauty, as the one scene where Becket seems to yield to fate, and arm himself, like a saint, for the inevitable martyrdom. If ever an actor lived in a part, Mr. Henry Irving does in that of Becket. He is never astray, never out of the picture. We have often and often heard of Mr. Irving's faults—of his variegated moods and accentuated manner; but when ever before, by the old school or the new school, during the last thirty odd years, has poetry been more faultlessly delivered by an actor? Every line, every sentence, every syllable, falls with rhythmical measure on the delighted ear.

In his time, Henry Irving has had hard knocks, and borne them bravely, but to hear him declaim or muse as Becket is to hear the music of perfect elocution. The fact of the matter is, he likes the part, and lives in it, and an inspiration of this kind is never lost on an attentive and appreciative audience. Miss Ellen Terry, as the fair Rosamund, takes us back into the past, and lives again in the dramatic days of "*Iolanthe*, or *King Rene's Daughter*," or the unequalled "*Amber Heart*." All the poetry that the play requires is given it by Miss Ellen Terry, who, to a serious and absorbing study, elsewhere imparts grace and feminine charm. And it would be difficult to find a better Henry, King of England, than Mr. William Terriss, bold, defiant, irritable, impetuous, good-hearted; or a statelier Queen Eleanor, more impos-



"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE GOES AGAINST THE KING :
THE VOICE OF THE LORD IS IN THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."



ing, picturesque, and beautiful, than Miss Genevieve Ward, who suggests the "grand style," which, alas, the modern stage has lost. We cannot have great plays without style, and here is the gift of an artist who has studied with the best, and profited by her instruction.

The modern stage and its professions are all very well, but the absence of training is as patent to the spectator, as is the absence of education when a smatterer chatters nonsense. We end, as we began. "Becket" is the great achievement of Mr. Irving's career, and the play should be studied and registered as one of the most perfect artistic productions of our time.

When I was sitting in my stall the other evening at the Lyceum Theatre, watching with renewed interest the superb performance of "Becket," I was attracted by a familiar face. Where had I seen that face before? It was like a great actor I had seen, and yet unlike him. Of course! It was M. Coquelin, *cadet*, the younger brother of the celebrated comedian, Coquelin, and an honoured member of what was once the finest acting society in the world, the Comédie Française. My thoughts ran into various channels, and a train of reflection was given me when I noticed how Mr. Bram Stoker, in the name of Mr. Henry Irving, offered the hospitality of the house to the brother of the great Coquelin. To this home of art, any great artist was welcome.

As I sat watching M. Coquelin, *cadet*, in the Lyceum stalls, I wondered if ever, on the stage of the Théâtre Français, with which he is so familiar, he had ever seen anything finer than the production of "Becket." It is the kind of play that Englishmen can show off with considerable amount of pride to any French critic. To begin with, it has literature. That is a point beyond dispute. Impracticable as "Becket" might have been before Mr. Henry Irving took it in hand, it now stands out as a very fine and bold piece of workmanship, interesting, dramatic, and, so far as the stage will allow, historically accurate.

I have been looking over Southey's memoir of Arch-

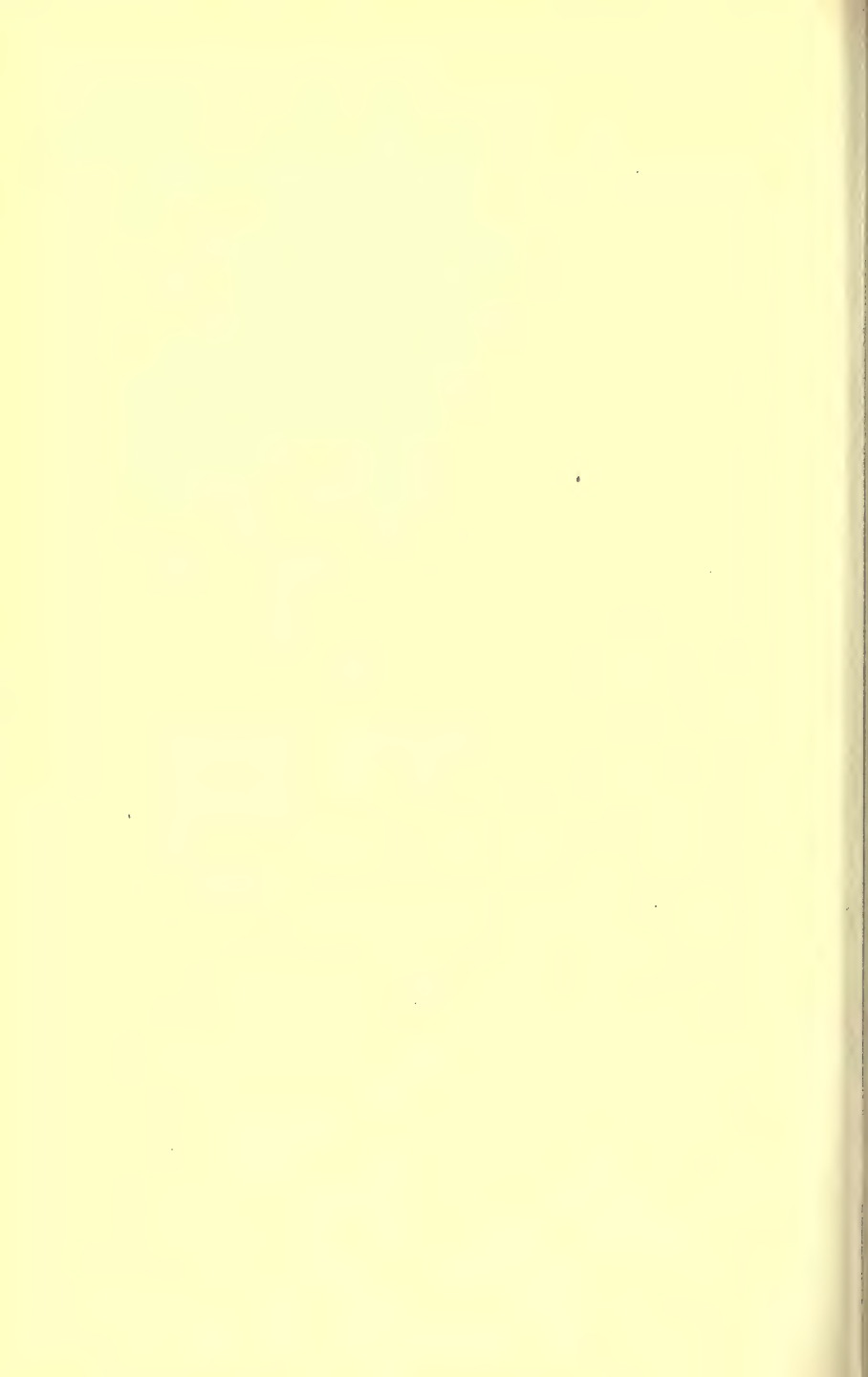
bishop Becket in his "Book of the Church," and I cannot see that history has been falsified by the Lyceum production. The play starts well, centres well, and ends well. There are no dull or unnecessary moments in it. Then as regards dress, scenery, and archæological detail, it is very doubtful if it could be improved upon. Charles Kean, with all his passion for archæology and his student researches, never did anything at the Princess's Theatre better than "Becket." The scene that shows the revolt of the nobles and barons is as magnificent as is the death of Becket, both impressive and true.

When we come to the acting, there is still no fault to find; on the contrary, it can be pointed to as the very best example of English acting that London can show at the present day. For inspiration, Henry Irving's Becket; for grace and charm, Miss Ellen Terry's Fair Rosamund; for sterling and typical English qualities of blustering good nature, the King Henry of Mr. William Terriss; and for distinction in style and art, the Queen Eleanor of Miss Genevieve Ward, would take a good deal of beating. If, over in France, M. Coquelin, *cadet*, had chanced to hear of Henry Irving's peculiar affectations, of his deeply-rooted mannerisms, of his curious angular ways, irregularities, and eccentricities, how surprised he must have been when he made the acquaintance of our leading actor as Becket! As to manner and affectation, they do not exist.

It would be difficult to find an elocutionist anywhere who could do more justice to the verse of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, than Henry Irving. If you want an example, take note of the speeches spoken by Becket, those tender, impressive, and prophetic speeches that are the forerunners of the scene of martyrdom in Canterbury Cathedral. For good balance, accent, music, and discretion in elocution, I have listened to nothing better for many a long day. And then the smile! We have heard of an actress's laugh, or an actor's chuckle, or some other memorial link that brings back the past to the present, but it seems to me that in after years, if ever they come, the sweet smile of Henry Irving as Becket will "haunt me still." Resignation, determination, and the proud spirit of a man chastened by religion were never shown with greater effect. I once thought that Henry

Irving could never beat his own record in "Louis XI," but he has done it in "Becket."

As I write, I can see his parting with Ophelia in "Hamlet," his superb individuality in "Vanderdecken," his exit as Shylock, his resignation as Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, his picturesque devilry as Iago, and his combined comedy and tragedy as Louis; but high above them all stands that exquisite preparation for martyrdom in "Becket." Nothing more beautiful, or less stagey, or less conventional, has ever been seen, I believe, on the stage of our time. No familiarity with the great actors of the Comédie Française could have interfered in the mind of Coquelin, *cadet*, with his estimate of Henry Irving. He has never been seen to greater advantage, nor has his artistic assistant, Miss Ellen Terry, or the British bull-dog, William Terriss, or Miss Genevieve Ward, reared in the best classical schools of dramatic art. "Becket," in every respect, is a play of which English art can be justly proud.



“ *A Story of Waterloo.* ”

By A. Conan Doyle. First produced (*on any stage*) at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol, September 21st, 1894.

Corporal Gregory Brewster (Aged 86) - Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Sergeant Archie McDonald, R.A. - - Mr. FULLER MELLISH.
Colonel James Midwinter (Royal Scots Guards) - Mr. HAVILAND.
Norah Brewster (The Corporal's Grand-niece) Miss ANNIE HUGHES.

First performed in London at a *Matinée* at the Garrick Theatre,
December 17th, 1894.

Corporal Gregory Brewster - - - - Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Sergeant Archie McDonald, R.A. - - Mr. FULLER MELLISH.
Colonel James Midwinter - - - - Mr. HAVILAND.
Norah Brewster - - - - Miss ANNIE HUGHES.



“*A Story of Waterloo.*”

We must go back to the days of Lafont, incomparable comedian, and Lesueur, a perfect representative of old men, to find a parallel to the marvellous picture of senility, pathetic, varied, and wholly true to nature, presented last night by Mr. Henry Irving at the Bristol Theatre. We remember to have seen Lafont, the great French actor, play a desperately old man in an admirable drama called “*Le Centenaire* ;” but Henry Irving’s performance last night rivalled the greatest efforts of his gifted predecessors. Dr. Conan Doyle desired to paint in words and action what a Hubert Herkomer would have depicted on canvas. Here was a portrait straight out of Chelsea Hospital. Grey, bent, toothless, hungry for his rations, like an old grizzled wolf, the actor impressed the audience at his early entrance. He was affectionate and yet testy ; alternately maundering and manly.

The poor old man blubbered like a child over his broken pipe, gobbled up the food that warmed his withered old frame, and yet stood up alert as a dart, saluting as if on parade, when he is surprised by the Colonel, to whom he owes no allegiance save from courtesy. The play, “*A Story of Waterloo*,” written by Dr. Conan Doyle, though earnest, apposite, and always dramatic, does not claim to be strong drama ; but it draws real tears, and was rewarded with profound silence and abundant applause.

“Yes, I am a Guardsman, I am. Served in the 3rd Guards—the same they now call the Scots Guards. Lordy ! Sergeant ! but they have all marched away—from Colonel Byng right down to the drummer-boys ; and here am I—a straggler. That’s what I call myself—a straggler. But it ain’t my fault neither, for I’ve never had my call, and I can’t leave my post without it.”

This is how Corporal Gregory Brewster, a Waterloo veteran, eighty-six years of age, describes himself. He is first discovered—a garrulous old gentleman—in a little cottage at Woolwich, where he was lonely and badly attended, until the home and the veteran were taken in charge by pretty little Norah, the old soldier's grand-niece. Naturally, old Gregory is a character in the neighbourhood, for though his head is snow white, his back bent, his knuckles gnarled with gout and rheumatism, and his "toobes" are out of order, still his memory is all right. Gregory has been something of a hero in the old days of 1815. He was in one of the four companies of the Guards, under the command of Colonels Maitland and Byng, that held the important farmhouse of Hougoumont at the right of the British position. At a critical period of the action, the troops found themselves short of powder, and Corporal Brewster was despatched to the rear to hasten up the reserve ammunition. The Corporal returned with two tumbrils of the Nassau Division, but he found that in his absence the howitzer fire of the French had ignited the hedge round the farm, and that the passage of the carts filled with powder had become almost an impossibility. The first tumbril exploded, blowing the driver to pieces, and his comrade, daunted by the sight, turned his horses; but Corporal Brewster, springing into his seat, hurled the man down, and urging the cart through the flames succeeded in rejoining his comrades.

The Duke of Wellington had repeatedly declared that, if Hougoumont had fallen, he could not have held his ground, and, without this timely supply of powder, a disaster would certainly have taken place. In those days there was no special Cross for Valour, but in the presence of the Prince Regent, at a parade of the 3rd Regiment of the Guards, a special medal was presented to Corporal Brewster. "The Regent, he was there, and a fine body of a man, too," pipes old Gregory, as he stuffs some tobacco into a new pipe just presented to him by an admiring sergeant of Artillery. "The Regent was there. He up to me, and he says, 'The ridgement is proud of ye,' says he. 'And I'm proud of the ridgement,' says I. 'And a damned good answer, too,' says he to Lord Hill; and they both bust out a-laughin'."

As may be imagined, old Gregory lives wholly in the past. He can't understand soldiers without stocks, or newfangled rifles that are loaded without a ramrod, and firmly believes that, "when there's work to be done, see if they don't come back to Brown Bess!" The old man's perpetual comment on the new army regulations is the stereotyped one, "By Jemini, it wouldn't ha' done for the Dook! The Dook would ha' had a word to say!" After fighting the Battle of Waterloo over again in the presence of a modern Colonel of the Guards, with the aid of a pipe, a pill-box, and a bottle of paregoric, the old soldier is asked:

"What was it struck you the most, now, in connection with the whole affair?"

The veteran's answer is characteristic, and causes roars of laughter:

"I lost three half-crowns over it. I did. I shouldn't wonder if I were never to get the money now. I lent them to Jabez Smith, my rear rank man, at Brussels. 'Greg!' says he, 'I'll pay you true, only wait till pay day.' By Jimini, he was struck by a lancer at Quarter Bras, and me without a line to prove the debt. Them half-crowns is as good as lost to me."

That was the veteran's lasting impression of the battle of Waterloo. But old debts are always running in old Gregory's head. This is how he greets his little grand-niece: "Then you'll be brother Jarge's gal, likely. Lor, but little Jarge was a rare 'un. Eh! by Jimini! there was no chousing Jarge! He's got a bull pup o'mine that I lent him when I took the shillin'. Likely it's dead now. He didn't give it to ye to bring, may be?" Here is a characteristic and delightful scrap of conversation between the old soldier and his pretty niece. The girl is endeavouring to soothe the testy old man by reading a chapter from the Bible in the absence of the parson.

NORAH. (opening the Bible.) What part would you like to hear?

CORP. Oh! them wars.

NORAH. The wars?

CORP. Aye! keep to the wars. "Give me the Old Testament, parson," said I. "There's more taste to it," says I. Parson he wants to get off to something else, but its Joshua or nothing with me. Them Israelites was good soldiers, good growed soldiers, all of 'em.

NORAH. But, Uncle, it's all peace in the next world.

CORP. No, it ain't, gal.

NORAH. Oh, yes, Uncle, surely.

CORP. (irritably knocking his stick on the ground.) I tell ye it ain't, gal. I asked parson.

NORAH. Well, what did he say?

CORP. He said there was to be a last final fight. Why, he even gave a name, he did. The Battle of Arm—Arm——

NORAH. Armageddon.

CORP. Aye, that was the name. I specs the 3rd Guards will be there. And the Dook—the Dook 'll have a word to say.

The end of the old corporal's story is so good and dramatic that it may be quoted again in the author's own words. The pretty grand-niece has discovered a soldier lover, and the two are watching with intense interest the pale, worn face of the dying veteran. Suddenly the old man wakes to action. The ruling passion is strong in death, and this is what happens:

CORP. (in loud voice.) The Guards need powder!

SERG. Eh! What is the old gentlemen saying?

CORP. (louder.) The Guards need powder! (Struggles to rise.)

NORAH. Oh! I am so frightened.

CORP. (staggering to his feet and suddenly flashing out into his old soldierly figure.) The Guards need powder, and by God they shall have it! (Falls back into the chair. Norah and Sergeant rush towards him.)

NORAH. (sobbing.) Oh! tell me, sir, tell me. What do you think of him?

SERGEANT. (gravely.) I think the 3rd Guards have a full muster now.

And so the curtain falls on a fine dramatic end to a delightful little story.

The great merit of Mr. Irving's marvellous picture of senility is its suggestion of second childhood. Well may the bonny girl who waits on the old man think of her young lover, stalwart and brave, and say to herself, as Hamlet said to the skull, "To this complexion must you come at last." This is evidently the artistic idea of the actor. He wants to paint a strong, vigorous hero—who in the old days would fell an ox—reduced to mere impotence and babyhood. The fire is in his memory, the life-blood is in his heart: but he has to be helped from chair to chair, to be fed with a spoon; and this

grand hero of Waterloo, who saved a nation by his pluck, whimpers over a broken pipe and chuckles at the memory of days that are almost a forgotten dream.

The spectators were not prepared for such a superb performance as this. The artist had surpassed himself. When the first surprise had passed away—the surprise of the shrunken, shrivelled old man, with the long, half-paralysed arms and fingers, his sharp set face, like a grey old wolf, his voice alternating between a deep bass and a childish treble—the interest centred in the man himself. Was ever second babyhood better expressed than the whine and whimper over the broken pipe, a childish burst of petulance assuaged by a new toy in the shape of a newer and a better pipe?

Were the devotion, the loyalty, and the discipline of the old soldier ever better shown than when, at the lilting tramp of the soldiers, old "Martin, the Man-at-Arms," "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won," or when, at the sound of the name of his Colonel, the moribund man started to attention? In fact, there is no point or detail in this marvellous study of senility that escapes critical attention. It is a little masterpiece of art. We have no mere acting here, but a photographic picture of mental and bodily decay. To make up as an old man is a minor art. But to be old in all his peevishness, all his querulousness, all his sense of honour and duty, all his little acquired obstinacies and dim recollections of the "Dook," who was his hero—that is quite another matter. That is the Art that is priceless.

The English stage has seen no finer example of Art—nay, is it not genius?—than this, since Robson played Daddy Hardacre. Henry Irving has in this charming play no dramatic opportunity such as Robson had either in "The Porter's Knot," or "Daddy Hardacre"; but, unquestionably, his picture of senility is painted with a more delicate taste and finer touch, and this one thing is most certain, that Henry Irving touched the heart-strings of his audience as surely yesterday, as Robson ever did at the Olympic—and with material only suggestively, and not directly, dramatic. If Mr. Irving cared to, he could draw all London with a triple bill composed of "A Story of Waterloo," "The Amber Heart," for Miss Ellen

Terry, and say, "Jeremy Diddler" to wind up. It is certain that all London will want to see him in this exquisitely finished picture of age lapsed into childishness.

The little play does not require much acting, save from the principal, but to relieve it from monotony it wants every scrap of variety it can get. Miss Annie Hughes played the tender little waiting-maid with rustic accent and proper expression; and both Mr. Fuller Mellish and Mr. Haviland did their loyal best for this delightful drama in miniature. But the audience had come out to see Mr. Henry Irving in a new character, and watched every movement with intense interest, noting both the humour and the pathos of this absolute photograph of childhood in old age.

Needless to say, the theatre was crowded in every part, and when the curtain fell, it was raised at least four times in order to reward the actor for the extreme pleasure he had given to all whose hearts were responsive to his touch. When the actor had received his due praise, the turn came for the author, who has proved by this little play that he has within him the true gifts of the dramatist—tenderness, appreciation of character, and subtle strength. Dr. Conan Doyle writes well, and, as the profession would say, he acts well. This is no mean gift, for very admirable writers prove but indifferent dramatists. An author who can give us such a sketch as this, pregnant with humour and human nature, ought to give us in the future a drama of rich moment. Dr. Conan Doyle has under his fingers the art of drama. Unluckily, he was not among the audience last night, but in response to the enthusiasm with which his name was received, Mr. Irving promised to send him at once the good news of the complete English victory at Waterloo. One thing is quite certain, and that is, when Henry Irving has done with the Waterloo story, the amateurs will pounce upon it like hawks. They have had no such prize since the Grandfather Whitehead of the elder Farren. Dr. Conan Doyle has presented the actual and the amateur stage with a precious gift.

“King Arthur.”

By J. Comyns Carr. First produced at the Lyceum Theatre,
January 12th, 1895.

King Arthur	- - - - -	Mr. IRVING.
Sir Lancelot (By permission of Mr. Hare)	- - - - -	Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.
Sir Mordred	- - - - -	Mr. FRANK COOPER.
Sir Kay	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Sir Gawaine	- - - - -	Mr. CLARENCE HAGUE.
Sir Bedevere	- - - - -	Mr. FULLER MELLISH.
Sir Agravaine	- - - - -	Mr. LACY.
Sir Percivale	- - - - -	Mr. BUCKLEY.
Sir Lavaine	- - - - -	Mr. JULIUS KNIGHT.
Sir Dagonet	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Merlin	- - - - -	Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE.
Messenger	- - - - -	Mr. BELMORE.
Gaoler	- - - - -	Mr. TABB.
Morgan Le Fay	- - - - -	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Elaine	- - - - -	Miss LENA ASHWELL.
Clarissant	- - - - -	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Spirit of the Lake	- - - - -	Miss MAUD MILTON.
Guinevere	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Knights, Ladies of the Court, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

PROLOGUE.—Excalibur.

Scene.—The Magic Mere (Hawes Craven).

ACT 1.—The Holy Grail.

Scene.—The Great Hall at Camelot (J. Harker).

ACT 2.—The Queen's Maying.

Scene.—The Whitethorn Wood (Hawes Craven).

ACT 3.—The Black Barge.

Scene.—The Tower above the River at Camelot (Hawes Craven).

ACT 4.—The Passing of Arthur.

Scene 1.—The Queen's Prison at Camelot (Hawes Craven).

Scene 2.—The Great Hall at Camelot (J. Harker).



“ King Arthur.”

THE ARGUMENT.

At the dawn of a day when Arthur was led by Merlin to the Magic Mere he saw a great sword rising out of the water; and while he looked upon it there came voices from the Mere, saying unto him that the name of that sword was Excalibur, which had been forged beneath the waters of the sea; and that it should be given to the son of Uther Pendragon, who in aftertime, should rule over a kingdom that should rule the sea. And while Arthur wondered, Merlin declared the truth unto him, that he was Pendragon's son, albeit he knew it not; and Merlin bade Arthur take the sword, telling him also that although the blade was of such temper that no man could withstand its stroke, yet was the scabbard worthier than the sword. And at the same time there appeared a vision of Guinevere, and seeing her, Arthur desired her for his Queen. But while he gazed upon her there came other voices which declared unto him that, by reason of her beauty, great evil should fall upon his kingdom; yet Arthur heeded them not, and resolved to make her his Queen.

And in the aftertime when they were wed, Arthur bethought him of the words of Merlin, that the scabbard was worthier than the sword; for with the coming of Guinevere, peace fell upon the land after a long season of havoc and war, and, therefore, Arthur likened his Queen unto the scabbard of Excalibur. But there dwelt at the Court one Morgan Le Fay, who loved not Arthur, for she desired the kingdom for her son, whose name was Mordred. And this same Morgan had learned from Merlin that he alone might stay Pendragon's son, who was born with the May. And this thing she kept in her heart, for Mordred had been born to her on May Day. Now at this time a strange thing happened at the Court, for the cup of the Holy Grail, which in long time past had been brought to this Isle, and had since been snatched away no man knew whither, appeared again to Arthur's knights in the Great Hall at Camelot; yet was the cup so veiled that no man might see it with his eyes.

Then a great company of Arthur's knights took upon themselves a vow to seek this Holy Grail through all the world till they might openly behold the cup itself. And Sir Lancelot, who was the bravest knight of all the Court, would have joined himself to this Holy Quest; and Queen Guinevere was willing he should go, for

she knew of his great love for her, and would not that they should bring shame upon the King. But Arthur withstood them both, for he loved Lancelot better than any other knight, and so it chanced that Lancelot stayed. Whereat Morgan Le Fay was well content, for, knowing of the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, she hoped thereby to bring ruin upon the King. And yet, mindful always of Merlin's words, that the scabbard of Excalibur was mightier than the sword, she bethought her of how the King had likened the scabbard unto his Queen ! and so, one night while Arthur slept, she stole away the scabbard of Excalibur, and left him only his naked sword.

Whereafter followed great evil to the kingdom, for at this hour Caerleon was besieged, and Arthur, who had learned that his Queen was false to him, cared no more for his scabbard that was gone, but with his naked sword went forth to make war upon his enemies. And when the King had departed, Mordred gave out that he had been slain by Lancelot, and would have made Guinevere his wife ; and when she spurned him he cast her into prison, and condemned her to be burnt ; and, although Arthur came to fight in her cause, he could not save her, for Excalibur availed not against the blade of him who had been born on May Day. Yet Guinevere died not then, for Lancelot saved her from the fire, and slew Mordred, who had slain the King. And after he was dead, Arthur was borne by the Three Queens of Night to that sweet isle of sleep, which is called Avalon ; yet ere he went he commanded Bedevere to take Excalibur and cast it into the water, so that when his day was ended England should find her sword again in the sea.—(*Extract from the Original Play Bill of the first performance of "King Arthur."*)

It was a splendid first night, and everyone was on the tiptoe of excitement. Royalty was there, and eager eyes looked towards the well-known box, with a ledge of flowers and a brilliant mass of depending ribbons. When, indeed, has Royal favour been refused to the art that appeals from the palace to the cottage, or to artists like Henry Irving, who is as welcome at the Court as in the cabin ? His portrait in oils may be in the aristocratic or club picture gallery ; it is certainly pinned up—cut out of an illustrated weekly—in the humblest workman's house. All forms and features of art were there.

Painters assembled to congratulate Sir Edward Burne-Jones on his welcome wandering from the studio to the stage. Musicians came once more to cheer Sir Arthur Sullivan, to whom dramatic art has so often been indebted. Doctors were present, the best friends, the truest, kindest counsellors of the representatives of every phase of art. Judges and lawyers came, whose timely power of consultation has so often smoothed over diffi-

culties, and tempered the fury and the indignation that are inseparable from a life of nervous excitement. Literature in all its branches, journalism in all its various states, sent the "fine flower" of its nobility to the well-organised court of art—the Lyceum Theatre.

As to old playgoers, steady, loyal, consistent old playgoers, who shall count them? Some there were who knew the Lyceum and its history long before Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were names to venerate. One, at least, had sat in this very theatre, which has remained the same except in decoration and modern detail, during every change of stress and circumstances, and on every important first night, whether it was under Charles Dillon, or Charles Fechter, or E. T. Smith, ever since the year 1848, when Madame Vestris was playing in Planché's extravaganzas, and Charles Mathews was acting "Used Up." Prominent in the stalls was a retired actress, who had been in this very theatre—Fechter's incomparable heroine in "The Duke's Motto," and "Bel Demonio," and who is to devote her daughter to the stage next Thursday.

But enough of recollections started by that remarkable Lyceum audience. They would fill a bulky volume. The curtain is about to rise on "King Arthur," a drama by James Comyns Carr. At last "King Arthur" is to be acted at the Lyceum; at last Henry Irving is to be the "half-divine" ruler and founder of the Table Round! At last Ellen Terry is to be the Queen Guinevere we have pictured in our imaginations these countless years. Herman Merivale was to have done a version of the Arthurian legend—Merivale, the poet-dramatist; it was to have been written also by W. G. Wills, the most imaginative stage writer of our time. Everyone known and unknown had a dreamy, undetermined view of how "King Arthur" ought to be done. The poets, and the sentimentalists, and the æsthetes, pestered poor Mr. Irving with their ideas on "King Arthur."

One wanted this, and one wanted that; some would have been too mediæval, some too diffuse, some demanded Vivien, others insisted on Elaine, all naturally clamoured for poetical and pictorial effect. The disciples of Tennyson clung with desperation to the poem of Guinevere as the one thing essential. They saw the religious beauty

and calm of that superb climax; the retreat of the Queen after confession and contrition into the holy house of Amesbury, the prattle of the novice, the awakened woman with the sweet recollections of the past; the mental panorama of a dear lost life; the sudden arrival of the King with a compression of the finest dramatic speech in all modern poetry; the Queen's humiliation, kissing the feet of her saviour husband, and then the misty farewell, the departure into gloom, the long eternal good-bye for ever and for ever.

But these things were not to be. Mr. Comyns Carr cut the Gordian knot. He had not to vaporise or theorise, or to take the pretty scrap here or there; he had to do solid work, he had to make a play. And he has made a very effective and interesting drama, extremely well written, delicately handled, and bearing the impress of an artist, a scholar, and a man who understands the stage. We must not cry our eyes out because here and there modernity supplants mediævalism, and imagination is sacrificed for theatrical effect. We come to the theatre with our minds saturated with and steeped in the Tennysonian version of the Arthurian legend. It cannot be helped.

The world at large knows more of Tennyson than the countless books of Malory, and the disappointment that we do not get the King Arthur of Tennyson or the Queen Guinevere of Tennyson, that we do not see the pictures that have been presented to our minds for a lifetime, is inevitable. It cannot be helped. If we dramatise Fielding or Richardson, Thackeray or Dickens, or Charlotte Brontë, or Hardy, we experience exactly the same sense of vexation. We have our ideas of Tom Jones, Clarissa Harlowe, Becky Sharp, Agnes Rose Dartle, Jane Eyre, and Tess, though a thousand dramatists told us to the contrary. This is the penalty of dramatising classics. Sometimes, by rare accident, a dramatist of genius can give us a Charles the First, a Sydney Carton, an Olivia, and so on, exceeding our imaginative expectation, but the occurrence is infrequent. Our mental picture is not to be disturbed, except by a miracle.

However, Sir Arthur Sullivan's exquisite overture has finished, and the curtain rises on the scene of the Magic Mere. All is dreamy, fantastic, mysterious. The music,

always suggestive, never pronounced, helps the imagination. The idea is silence and isolation. It may be some water cave in the heart of the cliff-line of old England. But it is silent, and it is the unruffled sea. Water nymphs and lake spirits, half hidden, play and sing on the water's surface. This remote nook, hidden from all the world, is the casket that holds Excalibur, the enchanted sword. Sea sprites and fantastic creatures have fashioned its scabbard and its blade, and fate has willed that the owner of Excalibur shall be virtually immortal save to one who was born in the month of May. So Merlin pronounces, and Merlin is the chorus of fate. Here to the silent Mere, in the glimmering dawn, come Merlin and the King Arthur who is half Divine.

We wait for this coming with intense expectation. We have heard about Merlin: and we know, or think we know, King Arthur. Now, at this supreme moment, it is absolutely requisite, so we hold, that the key-note of the romance should be struck. The mind desires to see a King Arthur to excel our most feverish imagination. He is a warrior, but still he is a demi-god. A halo of light should be about his head. His face should be one of transcendent majesty. Arthur should be the sole ray of light in this mysterious, shadowy picture. He has to be told by Merlin that he is Pendragon's son; he has to be warned of his ominous future; he has to receive Excalibur from the mystic lake; he has to see, —as Faust saw, with Mephisto by his side—the vision of the woman who is to wreck his life; he has to be the glow, and radiance, and type of beauty in this fascinating and enchanting picture. At least, we are confident that this is the dramatic idea. Start the play with an absolutely ideal King Arthur, and the play leaps into consequence from that instant. But this is a fact that has not been mastered by Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who views the matter from the standpoint of the studio, and not the stage. He does not know—how should he? —the vital importance of the first appearance of King Arthur as an impression, so he dresses King Arthur in a tight-fitting suit of black armour, undraped in any way—a man unromantic, unheroic, unideal; and he places by his side a Merlin swathed like one of the old witches in "Macbeth."

There is no question of historical accuracy here. No one knows if King Arthur or his knights ever existed at all; and whether they wore armour must be decided by the records of Phœnicia, or the Cornish tin mines of ante-historic England. But this we do know, that it is absolutely essential at the outstart of an imaginative play not to suggest, when King Arthur first appears, either Marcellus or Bernardo waiting for the ghost outside the turrets of Elsinore in "Hamlet," or Don Quixote arming himself for a tilt at windmills. If Sir Edward Burne-Jones has allowed himself the luxury of imagination in the dresses of Queen Guinevere and her Court—and he has done so to perfection—if the women in the play can be called in "white samite, mystic, wonderful," if Miss Ellen Terry's dresses can be fairly described as "dreams," why should it be necessary to start our idea of King Arthur with Ivanhoe, or Edward, the Black Prince? The whole scene is a mass of mysticism, but the one figure we want to be ideal is planted into poetry, but out of another period.

If it is possible to make a Lohengrin, or a Parsifal, ideal to the eye and the imagination, why not King Arthur? Where is the fair hair, where the robes, where the drapery, where the air of dignity and distinction, in this tight-fitting black tin armour? An actor of the highest distinction has to work desperately hard to counteract the impression for which he is not in the least responsible. It was decided—we know not for what reason—that all the principal actors in this play should wear their own hair, Bond-street or Regent-street cut. Never was there a play where assumed hair seemed to be more imperative. If King Arthur, Lancelot, and Mordred really had their heads dressed in this fashion of the Lyceum stage, then the Knights of the Round Table differed little from the nineteenth-century exquisite.

However, what with the mystery and the music, the solemnity of the scene, the heroic determination of Mr. Henry Irving to show that he really was King Arthur—and not one of Sir Walter Scott's knightly heroes or Shakespeare's supernumeraries—what with the sonorous but occasionally monotonous declamation of Mr. Sydney Valentine as Merlin, the curtain fell on an interesting

prologue more theatrical than imaginative. The eye was delighted; the mind not quite satisfied.

The first act is by far the most interesting and impressive. It is arranged with rare dramatic skill; it is varied, full of colour, and lively with incident. The act might be called the temptation of Lancelot. He is a deeply religious man, tormented with an unholy love. Longing to go in quest of the Holy Grail, this saintly-minded and stainless man is held back by the chains of a lawless passion. He loves the Queen, the wife of his friend and King. The entrance of Mr. Forbes Robertson on the stage restores the lost balance of the play. At this moment it is no more theatrical, but romantic. At last the ideal that we have longed for comes to us with refreshing force.

We have had recollections of Goethe and recollections of Shakespeare, but with Mr. Forbes Robertson comes Alfred Tennyson. The change is short, but it is very thorough. To look at the Lancelot, with his resigned expression, his well-cut features, and his unsensual face, he might be a Galahad, and the scene in which the tempted Lancelot sees the vision of the Holy Grail, and on his knees prays, like a devout saint to resist the temptation of this peerless woman and superb Queen, is the most beautiful in the play. The actor rises to the topmost height of imaginative force. His diction and elocution are masterly, each word and sentence clearly cut, and falling on the ear like music; whilst the voice has that throb of tenderness in it which affects all who are under the spell of so genuine an artist. The entrance of Miss Ellen Terry—glorious in priceless costume—as the Queen Guinevere, intensifies the attention. Now the romance is about to begin, and the interest starts in real earnest.

Mr. Comyns Carr has designed the mental complication here with rare dramatic skill. Shall Lancelot go or not in quest of the Holy Grail? His conscience says "Go!" his inclination says "Stay!" If he goes, he will save his soul; if he stays, he will win the most beautiful woman on earth. The Queen is undecided, for she has a conscience, also; but the arrival of sweet Elaine, with her piteous, pleading love for Lancelot, sets the elder woman's heart on fire. We can less understand the

attitude of the King, but, then, he is not the Arthur of Tennyson.

The Tennysonian Arthur would not have kept back one of his dearest knights from saving his soul at the cost of personal friendship, or the more ignoble reason of personal safety; and, strange to say, all through this act we cannot detect a trace of the ideal Arthur. The actor strains every nerve to make him interesting, but the King Arthur of this ideal Court is not so very much more impressive than the King in "Hamlet," a play of which we are reminded again and again, with dim visions of King, Queen, Ophelia, Hamlet, and Laertes. But the beautiful love scene between Lancelot and the Queen is worked up to with great delicacy and tact, and is played with a grace and significance, rare indeed on the stage, by Mr. Forbes Robertson.

The crash has come, and the Queen, with delicate hesitation, has declared her guilty love, and we do not remember a more beautiful love passage than that between Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Ellen Terry, when the dear waist had been clasped at last by the eager, yet reluctant arms. In an instant the saint disappears in the lover; the obedient slave becomes the all-conquering master. The floodgates of reticence and reserve have been broken down, and out pours the full torrent of pent-up devotion. But it is only momentary, and, as is so true to nature, it is the woman now who shrinks back. Lancelot loves her—that is enough!

Here is the supreme romance. It will be the possession that will be so terrible to the woman. No! She will not kill her lover's soul. He shall save it himself in quest of the Holy Grail! They part in tears, but with chastened hearts—a beautiful scene, exquisitely played. Still the Queen temporises. She cheats her own conscience. The King—the poor blind, trusting King—who knows nothing, helps his wife to break her good resolution by almost commanding his faithful knight to remain. So weakness triumphs, and strength is washed away, and amidst a clash of armour, and a shout of soldiery, and a chant of goodly knights, the faithful go forth on their holy mission, and the faithless remain under the dark shadow of their self-made misery.

The second act was an exquisite episode. Lovely as

had been the picture in the prologue of Guinevree—we had almost said Margaret—in the joyous springtime "under the dreaming garden trees" of blossoming spring, still more exquisite is Mr. Hawes Craven's triumphant bit of nature as painted in an English woodland glade. The winding forest ways, the peeps of sky-line through the old trees, the masses of May and hawthorn blossom, that seem to scent the very air, make an enchanting picture. Of course, here the love-sick Queen brings her white-robed attendants to sing and talk of love. Where are we? At Camelot, or in the Forest of Arden? What is it? The play of "King Arthur," or "As You Like It?" Who are these? Guinevere, or Rosalind; Clarissant, or Celia? What does it all mean? Is not Dagonet Touchstone? and do we not here perceive a Touchstone in Dagonet? and an Orlando in Lancelot?

Anyhow, it is all very fair, and very beautiful: a pastoral so enchanting, that once more one wishes that Henry Irving had taken "As You Like It" in hand years ago, as he intended to do. However, let that pass. Lancelot and Guinevere have to hide like children in a bower of May, and to be frightened by a passing thunderstorm—so full of omen—and the Queen has to shelter in her lover's arms, closer and closer still, and to be kissed passionately on the lips again and again; whilst under the pure white May blossoms the traitor Mordred and his witch-mother, Morgan Le Fay, wait and observe, and threaten the vengeance that will crash down upon the lovers like the next thunder-clap. May, in good truth, is an ominous month in the saddened story. And the vengeance is not long in coming. Guilty love has a predestined doom.

First the crafty Mordred openly accuses Lancelot of his disloyalty, then he pours poison into the ear of the blameless King. We have left "Faust," and "Hamlet," and "As You Like It," and now we are plunged into the fierce passions of "Othello." There they are all—Othello, and Iago, and Desdemona, and Emilia, and Cassio, and the rest of them. The secret of the guilty love is discovered by means of the dead Elaine. To the exquisite wail of a minor dirge, the "Lily Maiden" is brought up on a bier to the castle, and in her hand is a

sealed letter addressed to the Queen. "Elaine, the fair, Elaine, the loveable"—whose honour, we regret to say, is assailed by none other than the King, who is her historic champion—has died for love of Lancelot. Why King Arthur should doubt her purity we know not, but here are his words in answer to the Queen's doubts about her sin. Says the King :

" Ay, for it must be so.
Some sin there was though unrecorded here,
Some stain that smirched her seeming purity,
Which Lancelot, all too noble, could not urge,
Else were it not in nature to refuse
So sweet a gift."

However, the letter in Elaine's hand brings nearer home the guilt of Guinevere and Lancelot. It is the Queen who, to the surprise of Lancelot, makes open confession of her guilt.

"What hast thou done?" asks Lancelot, in an agony of remorse; to which the Queen replies, "All that was left to do." For a moment the dazed King relents. He is paralysed at the position. "Take back that word, and none shall know 'twas said." But the guilty Queen remains unmoved. The King is heartbroken.

"Is this so much to ask? Ay, all too much.
There is no might can give back to the spring
Its lowliest flower, dead under changing skies.
Then how should I, with winter at my heart,
Plead with the ruined summer for its rose?"

The crash comes, and it is inevitable. Arthur rushes at his guilty friend, but the great sword, Excalibur, drops from his palsied hand. He cannot kill his more than brother, deeply as he has wronged him.

So Lancelot, abashed, steals from the fateful scene like some guilty thing, and, to the intense regret of the audience, is seen on the stage no more. It is Othello and Cassio over again. "Never more be officer of mine!" But once the stage is cleared—and, be it remarked, it is not cleared nearly soon enough, for the painful domestic scene is additionally harrowing from being witnessed by Lancelot and the greedy Mordred—

we come to the only scene of the play that gets near the Guinevere of Tennyson.

It is one of the best moments in the romance, and certainly the finest chance that Mr. Irving obtains throughout it. There may be a dramatic necessity, but not a great one, for the scene of the attempted murder of Lancelot by the King; but as yet, as acted, it is ineffective, and is counterbalanced by the presence of two onlooking men at the humiliation of a guilty wife. It was not so in Tennyson. Think how dramatic is the picture in the "Idylls of the King":

" She sat
Stiff, stricken, listening; but when armed feet
Thro' the long gallery from the outer doors
Rang coming, prone from off her seat she fell,
And grovelled with her face upon the floor.
There, with her milk-white arms and shadowy hair,
She made her face a darkness from the King,
And in the darkness heard his armed feet
Pause by her. Then came silence; then a voice,
Monotonous and hollow like a ghost's,
Denouncing judgment, but, tho' changed, the King's."

Author and actor are at their very best in this scene. Mr. Irving has hitherto had to play a waiting game. He has been a silent spectator. No opportunity has been given to him to show the calm and saintliness of King Arthur's disposition. We do not see, even from the Guinevere point of view, the "cold, high, self-contained, and passionless" Arthur of the legend, nor the saintlike husband held in venerated awe by his wife. King Arthur is a kind of Roman warrior; his wife an indifferent passionless helpmeet. But in this scene King Arthur is imbued with life and feeling. His anguish over his prostrate wife is infinitely pathetic. We have a suggestion here of the wail of Othello—"Othello's occupation gone." It is the true cry of the heart, and never did Mr. Irving move his audience more than in his delivery of by far the most beautiful speech in the play, the gem of Mr. Comyns Carr's most creditable and scholarly work.

" Ay; would Death's marble finger had been laid
On those sweet lips when first they hallowed mine!
For, locked in Death's white arms Love lies secure,
In changeless sleep that knows no dream of change.

'Tis Life, not Death, that is Love's sepulchre ;
 Where each day tells of passionate hearts grown strange,
 And perjured vows chime with the answering bell
 That tolls Love's funeral. If thou would'st boast
 Of this new sway a woman's wile hath won
 Go tell the world thy heart hath slain a heart
 That once had been a King's! Yet that's not all.
 Thou, too, hast been a Queen whose soul shone clear.
 A star for all men's worship, and a lamp
 Set high in Heaven, whereby all hearts
 Should steer their course towards God ; then, 'tis not I
 Whose life lies broken here, for at thy fall
 A shattered kingdom bleeds."

The threatened siege of Caerleon, the onrush of the soldiery, the departure of the King to battle, and the charge to the guilty Mordred of the prostrate and penitent Queen, brings down the curtain on one of the most brilliant scenes of the play.

" Sound out for war ! Yet pray you use her well,
 For there entombed lies one who was my Queen.
 Gawaine, I come ! The King will lead thee forth !
 My sword is drawn ! I want no scabbard now ! "

The last act suffered from the lateness of the hour, though never for an instant was there a sign of impatience—a wonderful circumstance on a Saturday night. It deals with the usurpation of the kingdom by Mordred, the charge of treason against the Queen, her public condemnation, her deliverance by an unknown, vizored knight and champion, who turns out to be King Arthur, and the death of the King—as predicted by fate—at the hands of Mordred, "born in May." Incidentally, we hear of the slaughter of Mordred by Lancelot ; but that scene is "played off," and the audience resented the loss of such a delightful knight as Lancelot, who was, if truth be told, the feature of the play. The apotheosis of the dead King in the dusky barge, with the three crowned Queens, fitly ends a beautiful drama.

The pictures of Mr. Henry Irving standing defiant with the sword Excalibur, accepting his doom with stubborn resignation, breaking his heart-strings at the ruin of all his faith and trust, and dying almost in loneliness at the command of inexorable fate, will be

treasured by all who admire his versatility and genius. So, also, will be the gentle and graceful touches of womanhood shown by Miss Ellen Terry, a picture in many a lovely scene. If the note of passion was sometimes thin and faint ; if the fierce fire of love burned a little low, still the accent of gentleness and tenderness was as true as ever.

Strange to say, brilliant and varied as is the dramatic theme, the hero and the heroine of the romance have the most uphill work. Only artists of the first rank could have mastered the difficulty. We have spoken before of the Lancelot of Mr. Forbes Robertson. It is a performance that cannot be praised too highly, delighting everybody, and the champions of every school. Charming, in every sense of the word, sweet, girlish, unaffected, and spoken to admiration, was the Elaine of Miss Lena Ashwell. There was not much to do, but that little was vastly important. The actress spoke from her heart, and when she was not speaking she was showing the workings of her soul ; an art that few young actresses understand. Her face, during the discussion of the departure of Lancelot, was a picture of conflicting emotions. This was one of the successes of the evening.

The value of Miss Genevieve Ward as Morgan Le Fay cannot be overrated. It was a most difficult character admirably played. One trembles to think what would have become of such a character in inartistic hands. But Miss Ward was as firm as a rock, and was at her very best in the last act, where her assistance was most urgently required. Handsome always, dignified ever, strong but never shrewish, alternately determined and suave, this Morgan Le Fay was even better than Miss Genevieve Ward's Queen Eleanor. The author owes much to her invaluable assistance. Mr. Frank Cooper was firm and commendably unstagey as Sir Mordred, who, like all his brother Arthurian Knights of the Round Table, wanted a wig very badly ; and excellent help was given by Mr. Tyars, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Harvey, Miss Annie Hughes, and Miss Maud Milton. Mr. Valentine will be a most valuable member of the Lyceum company, with his fine voice and his excellent elocutionary style. He suffered, as did many more, from extreme nervousness—a good fault in any earnest artist.

Late as was the hour, everyone present determined to see Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, Miss Ward, Mr. Forbes Robertson, and, of course, Mr. Comyns Carr, who was called again and again, and may be sincerely congratulated on his mastery of a supremely difficult task. Few living authors could follow Alfred Tennyson on a subject identified with his genius, and succeed so well and with so little ground of offence. We know where the poetry is; but the rhetoric is still very acceptable on a stage that pines for literature. And then came one of Mr. Henry Irving's brief, courteous, and delightful speeches, which sent away the audience happy in the thought that King Arthur is with us for many months to come.

Appendix.



Appendix.

A Summary of the First Nights and Important Revivals at the Lyceum Theatre, from 1874 to 1895.

PRODUCED.

Fanchette	-	-	-	-	September 11th, 1871.
Pickwick	-	-	-	-	October 23rd, 1871.
*The Bells	-	-	-	-	November 25th, 1871.
*Raising the Wind	-	-	-	-	April 1st, 1872.
*Charles the First	-	-	-	-	September 28th, 1872.
*Eugene Aram	-	-	-	-	April 19th, 1873.
*Richelieu	-	-	-	-	September 27th, 1873.
*Philip	-	-	-	-	February 7th, 1874.
Charles the First	-	-	-	-	June 1st, 1874.
Eugene Aram and Raising the Wind	-	-	-	-	June 22nd, 1874.
The Bells	-	-	-	-	September 28th, 1874.
*Hamlet	-	-	-	-	October 31st, 1874.
Hamlet	-	-	-	-	February 15th, 1875.
*Macbeth	-	-	-	-	September 18th, 1875.
Hamlet	-	-	-	-	December 27th, 1875.
*Othello	-	-	-	-	February 14th, 1876.
*Queen Mary	-	-	-	-	April 18th, 1876.
*The Belle's Stratagem	-	-	-	-	June 12th, 1876.

Macbeth	- - - -	December 16th, 1876.
*Richard the Third	- - -	January 29th, 1877.
*The Lyons Mail	- - - -	May 19th, 1877.
Hamlet	- - - - -	July 30th, 1877.
The Lyons Mail	- - -	December 26th, 1877.
*Louis the Eleventh	- - -	March 9th, 1878.
*Vanderdecken	- - - -	June 8th, 1878.
Hamlet	- - - - -	December 20th, 1878.
*The Lady of Lyons	- - -	April 17th, 1879.
The Bells	- - - -	September 20th, 1879.
*The Iron Chest	- - -	September 27th, 1879.
Hamlet	- - - - -	October 15th, 1879.
*The Merchant of Venice	-	November 1st, 1879.
Two Roses, Matinee	- -	December 10th, 1879.
*Iolanthe	- - - -	May 20th, 1880.
*The Corsican Brothers	- -	September 18th, 1880.
*The Cup	- - - -	} January 3rd, 1881.
The Corsican Brothers	- - -	
The Belle's Stratagem	- - -	} April 16th, 1881.
The Cup	- - - -	
*Othello—Irrving as Iago	- -	May 2nd, 1881.
Hamlet	- - - - -	June 18th, 1881.
The Bells	- - - - -	} July 23rd, 1881.
*Scene from The Hunchback	- - -	
Two Roses	- - - -	December 26th, 1881.
*Romeo and Juliet	- - -	March 11th, 1882.
Romeo and Juliet	- -	September 2nd, 1882.
*Much Ado about Nothing	-	October 11th, 1882.
The Bells	- - - - -	} June 2nd, 1883.
The Lyons Mail	- - - -	
*Robert Macaire, Matinee	- -	June 14th, 1883.
Charles the First	- - - -	June 30th, 1883.
Hamlet	- - - - -	July 11th, 1883.
The Merchant of Venice	- - -	July 16th, 1883.

Eugene Aram	-	-	-	-	} July 19th, 1883.
The Belle's Stratagem	-	-	-	-	
Louis the Eleventh	-	-	-	-	July 23rd, 1883.
Much Ado about Nothing	-	-	-	-	May 31st, 1884.
*Twelfth Night	-	-	-	-	July 8th, 1884.
Hamlet	-	-	-	-	May 2nd, 1885.
Louis the Eleventh	-	-	-	-	May 9th, 1885.
The Merchant of Venice	-	-	-	-	May 11th, 1885.
The Bells	-	-	-	-	May 16th, 1885.
*Olivia	-	-	-	-	May 27th, 1885.
Louis the Eleventh	-	-	-	-	December 7th, 1885.
*Faust	-	-	-	-	September 19th, 1885.
The Bells and Raising the Wind	-	-	-	-	July 24th, 1886.
Faust	-	-	-	-	December 11th, 1886.
Jingle and The Bells	-	-	-	-	April 23rd, 1887.
The Merchant of Venice	-	-	-	-	May 16th, 1887.
Louis the Eleventh	-	-	-	-	May 28th, 1887.
*Werner	-	-	-	-	June 1st, 1887.
The Amber Heart	-	-	-	-	June 7th, 1887.
Much Ado about Nothing	-	-	-	-	June 13th, 1887.
Olivia	-	-	-	-	June 29th, 1887.
Faust	-	-	-	-	April 14th, 1888.
Robert Macaire & The Amber Heart	-	-	-	-	May 23rd, 1888.
Macbeth	-	-	-	-	December 29th, 1888.
*The Dead Heart	-	-	-	-	September 28th, 1889.
Louis the Eleventh	-	-	-	-	May 3rd, 1890.
The Bells	-	-	-	-	May 10th, 1890.
Olivia	-	-	-	-	May 27th, 1890.
*Ravenswood	-	-	-	-	September 20th, 1890.
The Lyons Mail	-	-	-	-	February 7th, 1891.
Charles the First	-	-	-	-	March 4th, 1891.
The Corsican Brothers	-	-	-	-	June 2nd, 1891.
*Henry the Eighth	-	-	-	-	January 5th, 1892.

Richelieu	-	-	-	-	-	May 7th, 1892.
The Bells	-	-	-	-	-	September 24th, 1892.
Henry the Eighth	-	-	-	-	-	October 1st, 1892.
*King Lear	-	-	-	-	-	November 10th, 1892.
*Becket	-	-	-	-	-	February 6th, 1893.
King Lear	-	-	-	-	-	February 13th, 1893.
Louis the Eleventh	-	-	-	-	-	April 8th, 1893.
The Lyons Mail	-	-	-	-	-	April 22nd, 1893.
The Bells	-	-	-	-	-	May 22nd, 1893.
The Merchant of Venice	-	-	-	-	-	June 3rd, 1893.
Olivia	-	-	-	-	-	June 7th, 1893.
Charles the First, Matinee	-	-	-	-	-	June 28th, 1893.
The Lyons Mail	-	-	-	-	-	June 28th, 1893.
Much Ado about Nothing	-	-	-	-	-	July 3rd, 1893.
Becket	-	-	-	-	-	July 5th, 1893.
Henry the Eighth	-	-	-	-	-	July 10th, 1893.
Olivia	-	-	-	-	-	July 14th, 1893.
The Bells and Nance Oldfield	-	-	-	-	-	July 20th, 1893.
Faust	-	-	-	-	-	April 14th, 1894.
Becket	-	-	-	-	-	July 9th, 1894.
The Merchant of Venice	-	-	-	-	-	July 21st, 1894.
*King Arthur	-	-	-	-	-	January 12th, 1895.

All the first-night productions are marked with an asterisk ().*

*List of the parts played by Henry Irving at
the Lyceum Theatre.*

- ✓ Mathias, in "The Bells."
- Jeremy Diddler, in "Raising the Wind."
- ✓ Charles I, in "Charles I."
- Eugene Aram, in "Eugene Aram."
- Cardinal Richelieu, in "Richelieu."
- Philip, in "Philip."
- Hamlet, in "Hamlet."
- Macbeth, in "Macbeth."
- Othello, in "Othello."
- Philip of Spain, in "Queen Mary."
- Doricourt, in "The Belle's Stratagem."
- Richard III, in "Richard III."
- Dubosc and Lesurques, in "The Lyons Mail."
- ✓ Louis XI, in "Louis XI."
- Vanderdecken, in "Vanderdecken."
- Claude Melnotte, in "The Lady of Lyons."
- Sir Edward Mortimer, in "The Iron Chest."
- ✓ Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice."
- Digby Grant, in "The Two Roses."
- Tristan, in "Iolanthe."
- Louis and Fabien Dei Franchi, in "The
Corsican Brothers."

Synorix, in "The Cup."

Iago, in "Othello."

Modus, in a Scene from "The Hunchback."

Romeo, in "Romeo and Juliet."

Benedick, in "Much Ado about Nothing."

Robert Macaire, in "Robert Macaire."

Malvolio, in "Twelfth Night."

Dr. Primrose, in "Olivia."

Mephistopheles, in "Faust."

Alfred Jingle, in "Jingle."

Werner, Count Seigendorf, in "Werner."

Robert Landry, in "The Dead Heart."

Edgar, Master of Ravenswood, in "Ravenswood"

Cardinal Wolsey, in "Henry VIII."

King Lear, in "King Lear."

Thomas Becket, in "Becket."

Corporal Gregory Brewster, in "A Story of
Waterloo."

King Arthur, in "King Arthur."

Casts of Important Revivals.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Revived June 1st, 1874.

Charles the First	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Oliver Cromwell	- - - - -	Mr. JOHN CLAYTON.
Marquis of Huntley	- - - - -	Mr. J. CARTER.
Lord Moray	- - - - -	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.
Ireton	- - - - -	Mr. BEVERIDGE.
King's Page	- - - - -	Miss HAMPDEN.
Princess Elizabeth	- - - - -	Miss WILLA BROWN.
Prince Henry	- - - - -	Miss KATE BROWN.
Lady Eleanor Davys	- - - - -	Miss G. PAUNCEFORT.
Queen Henrietta Maria	- - - - -	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.

EUGENE ARAM AND RAISING THE WIND.

Revived June 22nd, 1874.

EUGENE ARAM.

Eugene Aram	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Parson Meadows	- - - - -	Mr. J. CARTER.
Richard Houseman	- - - - -	Mr. E. F. EDGAR.
Jowel	- - - - -	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Joey	- - - - -	Miss WILLA BROWN.
Ruth Meadows	- - - - -	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.

RAISING THE WIND.

Jeremy Diddler	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Fainwould	- - - - -	Mr. JOHN CLAYTON.
Plainway	- - - - -	Mr. GASTON MURRAY.
Sam	- - - - -	Mr. F. W. IRISH.
Waiter	- - - - -	Mr. TAPPING.
John	- - - - -	Mr. W. L. BRANSCOMBE.
Richard	- - - - -	Mr. COLLETT.
Miss Durable	- - - - -	Miss EWELL.
Peggy	- - - - -	Miss ISABEL BATEMAN.

THE BELLS.

Revived September 28th, 1874.

Mathias	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Christian	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. B. CONWAY.
Father Walter	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. COLLETT.
Hans	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CARTER.
Dr. Zimmer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Notary	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BRENNARD.
President of the Court	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BEVERIDGE.
Clerk of the Court	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BRANSCOMBE.
Mesmerist	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. A. TAPPING.
Catherine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss G. PAUNCEFORT.
Annette	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss St. ANGE.
Sozel	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss HAMPDEN.

HAMLET.

Revived July 30th, 1877.

[illegible]

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

Revived April 16th, 1881.

[illegible]

Ladies, Gentlemen, Masquers, etc., etc.

HAMLET.

Revived June 18th, 1881.

[illegible]

Revived July 23rd, 1881.

[illegible]

Revived June 2nd, 1883.

[illegible]

LOUIS XI.

Revived July 23rd, 1883.

[illegible]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Revived May 31st, 1884.

[illegible]

HAMLET.

Revived May 2nd, 1885.

Hamlet	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Claudius	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Polonius	- - - - -	Mr. H. HOWE.
Laertes	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Horatio	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Osric	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Rosencrantz	- - - - -	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Guildestern	- - - - -	Mr. LYNDAL.
Marcellus	- - - - -	Mr. C. HARBURY.
Bernardo	- - - - -	Mr. BENN.
Francisco	- - - - -	Mr. CLIFFORD.
1st Player	- - - - -	Mr. LOUTHER.
2nd Player	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Priest	- - - - -	Mr. CARTER.
1st Gravedigger	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
2nd Gravedigger	- - - - -	Mr. GUERNEY.
Ghost	- - - - -	Mr. T. MEAD.
Gertrude	- - - - -	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Player Queen	- - - - -	Miss FOSTER.
Ophelia	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

LOUIS XI.

Revived May 9th, 1885.

Louis XI	- - - - -	Mr HENRY IRVING.
The Dauphin	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Duke de Nemours	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Philip de Commines	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
Jacques Coitier	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Tristan l'Ermite	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Oliver le Dain	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
François de Paule	- - - - -	Mr. T. MEAD.
Cardinal D'Alby	- - - - -	Mr. HELMSLEY.
Count de Dreux	- - - - -	Mr. LOUTHER.
Montjoie	- - - - -	Mr. BAKER.
Monseigneur de Lude	- - - - -	Mr. DAVIS.
Count de Dunois	- - - - -	Mr. MARION.
Marcel	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Richard	- - - - -	Mr. HAMILTON.
Didier	- - - - -	Mr. LAMBOURNE.
Officer of the Royal Guard	- - - - -	Mr. GRAHAM.
Toison d'Or	- - - - -	Mr. MELLISH.
King's Attendant	- - - - -	Mr. BENN.
Jeanne	- - - - -	Miss BARNETT.
Marie	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Martha	- - - - -	Miss PAYNE.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Revived May 11th, 1885.

Shylock	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Duke of Venice	- - - - -	Mr. H. HOWE.
Prince of Morocco	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Antonio	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Bassanio	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Salanio	- - - - -	Mr. MELLISH.
Salarino	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
Gratiano	- - - - -	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Lorenzo	- - - - -	Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
Tubal	- - - - -	Mr. J. CARTER.
Launcelot Gobbo	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Old Gobbo	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Gaoler	- - - - -	Mr. HELMSLEY.
Leonardo	- - - - -	Mr. MARION.
Balthazar	- - - - -	Mr. BAKER.
Stephano	- - - - -	Mr. BENN.
Clerk of the Court	- - - - -	Mr. LOUTHER.
Nerissa	- - - - -	Miss L. PAYNE.
Jessica	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Portia	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

THE BELLS.

Revived May 16th, 1885.

Mathias	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Walter	- - - - -	Mr. J. CARTER.
Hans	- - - - -	Mr. JOHNSON.
Christian	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Dr. Zimmer	- - - - -	Mr. LOUTHER.
Notary	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
President of the Court	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Clerk of the Court	- - - - -	Mr. GUERNEY.
Mesmerist	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Catherine	- - - - -	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Sozel	- - - - -	Miss L. PAYNE.
Annette	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.

THE BELLS.

Revived July 24th, 1886.

Mathias	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Christian	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Hans	- - - - -	Mr. JOHNSON.
Father Walter	- - - - -	Mr. CARTER.
Notary	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
Doctor Zimmer	- - - - -	Mr. LOUTHER.
Mesmerist	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Clerk of the Court	- - - - -	Mr. GIBSON.
President of the Court	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Fritz	- - - - -	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Madame Mathias	- - - - -	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Sozel	- - - - -	Miss PAYNE.
Annette	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.

RAISING THE WIND.

Revived July 24th, 1886.

Jeremy Diddler	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Plainway	- - - - -	Mr. HOWE.
Fainwould	- - - - -	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Sam	- - - - -	Mr. JOHNSON.
Richard	- - - - -	Mr. LOUTHER.
Waiter	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
John	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Miss Durable	- - - - -	Mrs. CHIPPENDALE.
Peggy	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

THE BELLS.

Revived April 23rd, 1887.

Mathias	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Walter	- - - - -	Mr. J. CARTER.
Hans	- - - - -	Mr. JOHNSON.
Christian	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Dr. Zimmer	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Notary	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
President of Court	- - - - -	Mr. GURNEY.
Mesmerist	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Catherine	- - - - -	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Sozel	- - - - -	Miss HELEN MATTHEWS.
Annette	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.

JINGLE.

Revived April 23rd, 1887.

Alfred Jingle	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Mr. Pickwick	- - - - -	Mr. HOWE.
Nathaniel Winkle	- - - - -	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Augustus Snodgrass	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Mr. Wardle	- - - - -	Mr. JOHNSON.
Mr. Tupman	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
Mr. Nupkins	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Mr. Perker	- - - - -	Mr. CARTER.
Sam Weller	- - - - -	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFEY.
Job Trotter	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Fat Boy	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Waiter ("Angel")	- - - - -	Mr. LAWSON.
First Waiter ("Golden Cross")	- - - - -	Mr. MARION.
Second Waiter ("Golden Cross")	- - - - -	Mr. TAYLOR.
Cabman	- - - - -	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Bailiff	- - - - -	Mr. CALVERT.
Miss Rachel	- - - - -	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Miss Emily	- - - - -	Miss HELEN MATTHEWS.
Miss Arabella	- - - - -	Miss F. HARWOOD.
Chambermaid	- - - - -	Miss MILLS.
Mary	- - - - -	Miss DESMOND.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Revived May 16th, 1887.

Shylock	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Duke of Venice	- - - - -	Mr. H. HOWE.
Prince of Morocco	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Antonio	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Bassanio	- - - - -	Mr. G. ALEXANDER.
Salanio	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Salarino	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
Gratiano	- - - - -	Mr. GLENNEY.
Lorenzo	- - - - -	Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
Tubal	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Launcelot Gobbo	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Old Gobbo	- - - - -	Mr. CARTER.
Gaoler	- - - - -	Mr. HELMSLEY.
Leonardo	- - - - -	Mr. MARION.
Balthazar	- - - - -	Mr. BAKER.
Stephano	- - - - -	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Clerk of the Court	- - - - -	Mr. CALVERT.
Nerissa	- - - - -	Miss MATTHEWS.
Jessica	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Portia	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

THE AMBER HEART.

First produced June 7th, 1887.

Silvio	- - - - -	Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.
Geoffry	- - - - -	Mr. FRANK TYARS.
Ranulf	- - - - -	Mr. ALLEN BEAUMONT.
Sir Simon Gamber	- - - - -	Mr. H. KEMBLE.
Coranto	- - - - -	Mr. E. S. WILLARD.
Mirabelle	- - - - -	Miss CISSY GRAHAME.
Cesta	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN FORSYTH.
Katrona	- - - - -	Miss GIFFARD.
Ellaline	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Revived June 13th, 1887.

Benedick	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Don Pedro	- - - - -	Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY.
Don John	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Claudio	- - - - -	Mr. ALEXANDER.
Leonato	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Antonio	- - - - -	Mr. H. HOWE.
Balthazar	- - - - -	Mr. J. ROBERTSON.
Borachio	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Conrade	- - - - -	Mr. HARBURY.
Friar Francis	- - - - -	Mr. MEAD.
Dogberry	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Verges	- - - - -	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Seacoal	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Oatcake	- - - - -	Mr. BAKER.
Sexton	- - - - -	Mr. CARTER.
Messenger	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Boy	- - - - -	Miss K. BROWN.
Hero	- - - - -	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Margaret	- - - - -	Miss MILLS.
Ursula	- - - - -	Miss MATTHEWS.
Beatrice	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

OLIVIA.

Revived June 29th, 1887.

Dr. Primrose	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Moses	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. NORMAN FORBES.
Squire Thornhill	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. G. ALEXANDER.
Mr. Burchell	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WENMAN.
Leigh	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
Farmer Flamborough	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. H. HOWE.
Polly Flamborough	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss F. HARWOOD.
Phoebe	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss MILLS.
Gipsy Woman	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss BARNETT.
Mrs. Primrose	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Dick	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss M. HOLLAND.
Bill	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss D. HARWOOD.
Sophia	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss WINIFRED EMERY.
Olivia	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

FAUST

Revived April 14th, 1888.

MORTALS.

Faust	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Valentine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. C. GLENNEY.
Frosch	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARBURY.
Altmayer	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Brander	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARVEY.
Siebel	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSON.
Student	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HAVILAND.
Martha	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. CHIPPENDALE.
Bessy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss MATTHEWS.
Ida	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss BARRETT.
Alice	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss COLERIDGE.
Catherine	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss MILLS.
Margaret	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

SPIRITS.

Mephistopheles	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Witches	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
							Mr. CARTER.
							Mr. FORREST.
							Mr. MORGAN.
Witch of the Kitchen	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MEAD.
The He-Ape	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ABRAHAM.
The She-Ape	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ARCHER.

THE AMBER HEART.

Revived May 23rd, 1888.

[illegible]

ROBERT MACAIRE.

Revived May 23rd, 1888.

[illegible]

MACBETH.

Revised December 27th, 1888.

Macbeth	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Malcolm	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WEBSTER.
Donalbain	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARVEY.
Duncan	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HAVILAND.
Banquo	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WENMAN.
Macduff	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.	
Lennox	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. OUTRAM.
Ross	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
Monteith	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ARCHER.
Angus	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LACY.
Caithness	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEVERTON.
Fleance	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Master HARWOOD.
Siward	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HOWE.
Seyton	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FENTON.
Other Officers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	{	Mr. HENSTOCK. Mr. CASS.
Doctor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. STUART.
A Sergeant	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. RAYNOR.
A Porter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSON.
Messenger	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. COVENEY.
Attendant	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ROE.
Murderers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	{	Mr. BLACK. Mr. CARTER.
Gentlewoman	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss COLERIDGE.
Servant	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss FOSTER.
Lady Macbeth	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.
Hecate	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss IVOR.
1st Witch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss MARRIOTT.
2nd Witch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss DESBORIOTH.
3rd Witch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss SEAMAN.
Apparitions	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	{	Mr. BAIRD. Miss HARWOOD. Miss HOLLAND.

THE BELLS.

Revived June 22nd, 1889.

Mathias	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Christian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Hans	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Father Walter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Notary	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Dr. Zimmer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Mesmerist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Clerk of the Court	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
President of the Court	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Fritz	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Madame Mathias	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Sozel	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Annette	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-

Mr. HENRY IRVING.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Mr. JOHNSON.

Mr. CARTER.

Mr. COVENEY.

Mr. HAVILAND.

Mr. ARCHER.

Mr. HARVEY.

Mr. TYARS.

Mr. CLIFFORD.

Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.

Miss MARIE LINDEN.

Miss COLERIDGE.

LOUIS XI.

Revived May 3rd, 1890.

Louis XI	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Dauphin	Mr. HARVEY.
Duke de Nemours	Mr. TERRISS.
Philip de Commynes	Mr. HOWE.
Jacques Coitier	Mr. MACKLIN.
Tristan l'Ermite	Mr. TYARS.
Oliver le Dain	Mr. ARCHER.
Francois de Paule	Mr. HAVILAND.
Cardinal D'Alby	Mr. LORRIS.
Count de Dreux	Mr. BLACK.
Montjoie	Mr. LACY.
Monseigneur de Lude	Mr. CUSHING.
Count de Dunois	Mr. TABB.
Marcel	Mr. JOHNSON.
Richard	Mr. REYNOLDS.
Didier	Mr. MARION.
Officer of the Royal Guard	Mr. GRAHAM.
Toison d'Or	Mr. LINDSAY.
King's Attendant	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Marie	Miss COLERIDGE.
Jeanne	Miss FOSTER.
Martha	Miss PHILLIPS.

OLIVIA.

Revived May 27th, 1890.

[illegible]

THE LYONS MAIL.

Revived February 7th, 1891.

[illegible]

CHARLES THE FIRST.

Revived March 4th, 1891.

Charles I.	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Marquis of Huntley	- - - - -	Mr. H. HOWE.
Lord Moray	- - - - -	Mr. TERRISS.
Oliver Cromwell	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Ireton	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
1st Cavalier	- - - - -	Mr. LUCY.
2nd Cavalier	- - - - -	Mr. BELFORD.
King's Page	- - - - -	Miss HOLLAND.
Attendant	- - - - -	Mr. TABB.
Queen's Page	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Princess Elizabeth	- - - - -	Miss MINNIE TERRY.
Prince James	- - - - -	Miss WEBB.
Lady Eleanor	- - - - -	Miss ANNIE IRISH.
Queen Henrietta Maria	- - - - -	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

Revived June 2nd, 1891.

Fabien Dei Franchi	}	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Louis Dei Franchi		- - - - -	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.
Château Renaud	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. MACKLIN.
Baron Montgiron	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
M. Alfred Meynard	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Colonna	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. WENMAN.
Orlando	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. MARTIN HARVEY.
Antonio Sanola	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Giordano Martelli	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Griffo	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. REYNOLDS.
Boissec	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. LACY.
M. Verner	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
M. Beauchamp	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. TABB.
Thomaso	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. GURNEY.
Surgeon	- - - - -	- - - - -	Miss ANNIE IRISH.
Emilie de l'Esparre	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mrs. PAUNCEFORT.
Mme. dei Franchi	- - - - -	- - - - -	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
Coralie	- - - - -	- - - - -	Miss AMY COLERIDGE.
Estelle	- - - - -	- - - - -	Miss OLDCASTLE.
Eugenie	- - - - -	- - - - -	Miss FOSTER.
Celestine	- - - - -	- - - - -	Miss CLIVE.
Rose	- - - - -	- - - - -	Miss DE SILVA.
Marie	- - - - -	- - - - -	

THE FORESTERS.

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Performed once only (in private) at the Lyceum Theatre, March 17th, 1892.

[illegible]

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A Garden before Sir Richard Lea's Castle. Scene 2.—
A Hall in the House of the Earl of Huntingdon. Scene 3.—A
Garden before Sir Richard Lea's Castle.

ACT 2.

Scene.—Forest Glade and Woodman's Hut.

ACT 3.

Scene.—Heart of the Forest.

ACT 4.

Scene.—The Forest.

RICHELIEU.

Revived May 14th, 1892.

Cardinal Richelieu	-	-		-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Chevalier de Mauprat	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Baradas	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FRANK COOPER.
Louis XIII	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HAVILAND.
Gaston	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ACTON BOND.
Joseph	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING.
De Beringhen	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR.
Huguet	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
1st Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. DAVIS.
2nd Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ARCHER.
3rd Secretary	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. L. BELMORE.
Clermont	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LACY.
François	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss BESSIE HATTON.
Marian de Lorme	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss COLERIDGE.
Julie de Mortemar	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss MILLWARD.

THE BELLS.

Revived September 24th, 1892.

[illegible]

LOUIS XI.

Revived April 8th, 1893 (Matinee).

Louis XI	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
The Dauphin	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Duke de Nemours	- - - - -	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Philip de Commynes	- - - - -	Mr. HOWE.
Jacques Coitier	- - - - -	Mr. FRANK COOPER.
Tristan l'Ermite	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Oliver le Dain	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
François de Paule	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Cardinal d'Alby	- - - - -	Mr. LORRIS.
Count de Dreux	- - - - -	Mr. BOND.
Montjoie	- - - - -	Mr. LACY.
Monseigneur de Lude	- - - - -	Mr. CUSHING.
Count de Dunois	- - - - -	Mr. TABB.
Marcel	- - - - -	Mr. JOHNSON.
Richard	- - - - -	Mr. REYNOLDS.
Didier	- - - - -	Mr. MARION.
Officer of the Royal Guard	- - - - -	Mr. POWELL.
Toison d'Or	- - - - -	Mr. RIVINGTON.
King's Attendant	- - - - -	Mr. BELMORE.
Marie	- - - - -	Miss AMY COLERIDGE.
Martha	- - - - -	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.

THE LYONS MAIL.

Revived April 22nd, 1893.

Lesurques	- - - - -	} Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Dubosc	- - - - -	
Courriol	- - - - -	Mr. W. TERRISS.
Choppard	- - - - -	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Fouinard	- - - - -	Mr. ARCHER.
Durochat	- - - - -	Mr. LORRIS.
Jerome Lesurques	- - - - -	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.
Dorval	- - - - -	Mr. TYARS.
Didier	- - - - -	Mr. HAVILAND.
Joliquet	- - - - -	Mr. HARVEY.
Guerneau	- - - - -	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
Lambert	- - - - -	Mr. LACY.
Postmaster of Montgiron	- - - - -	Mr. HOWE.
Coco	- - - - -	Mr. REYNOLDS.
Postillion	- - - - -	Mr. ALLEN.
Commissary of Police	- - - - -	Mr. CUSHING.
Guard	- - - - -	Mr. TABB.
Waiter	- - - - -	Mr. MARION.
Julie Lesurques	- - - - -	Miss COLERIDGE.
Marie	- - - - -	Miss FOSTER.
Niece to Postmaster	- - - - -	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
Jeanette	- - - - -	Miss MILLWARD.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Revived June 3rd. 1893.

[illegible]

BECKET.

Revived June 19th, 1893.

Thomas Becket	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HENRY IRVING.
Henry II	-	-	-	-	-	Mr WILLIAM TERRISS.
King Louis of France	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BOND.
Gilbert Foliot	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LACY.
Roger	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BEAUMONT.
Bishop of Hereford	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. CUSHING.
Hilary	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. ARCHER.
John of Salisbury	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BISHOP.
Herbert of Bosham	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HAVILAND.
John of Oxford	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.
Edward Grim	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. W. HOLLOWAY.
Sir Reginald Fitzurse	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. FRANK COOPER.
Sir Richard de Brito	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TYARS.
Sir William de Tracy	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HAGUE.
Sir Hugh de Morville	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. PERCIVAL.
De Broc	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. TABB.
Richard de Hastings	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. SELDON.
The Youngest Knight Templar	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
Lord Leicester	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARVEY.
Philip de Eleemosyna	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HOWE.
Herald	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. L. BELMORE.
Monk	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. POWELL.
Geoffrey	-	-	-	-	-	Master LEO BYRNE.
Retainers	-	-	-	-	-	{ Mr. YELDHAM.
						{ Mr. LORRISS.
Countrymen	-	-	-	-	-	{ Mr. JOHNSON.
						{ Mr. REYNOLDS.
Servant	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. DAVIS.
Eleanor of Aquitaine	-	-	-	-	-	Miss GENEVIEVE WARD.
Margery	-	-	-	-	-	Miss KATE PHILLIPS.
Rosamund de Clifford	-	-	-	-	-	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

FAUST.

Revived April 14th, 1894.

Faust	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.
Valentiné	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. JULIUS KNIGHT.
Frosch	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARVEY.
Altmayer	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. REYNOLDS.
Brander	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BELMORE.
Siebel	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
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